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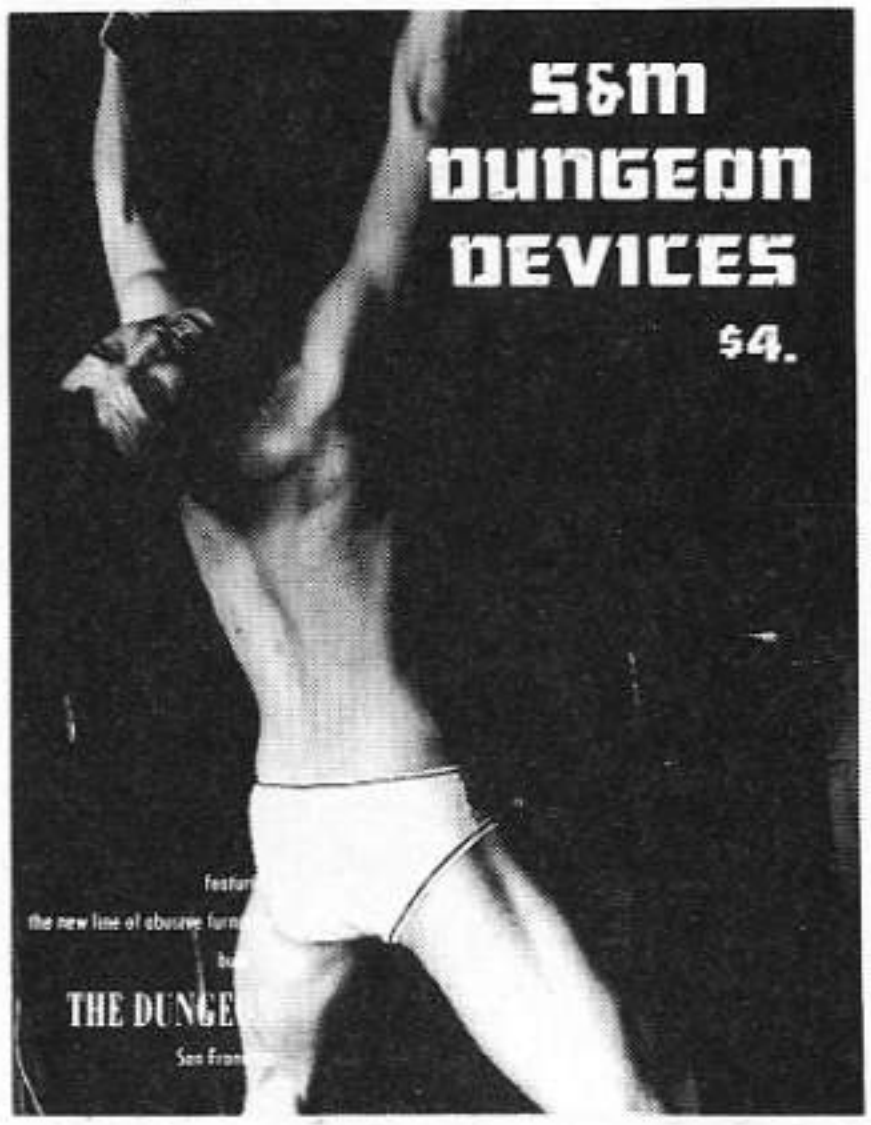
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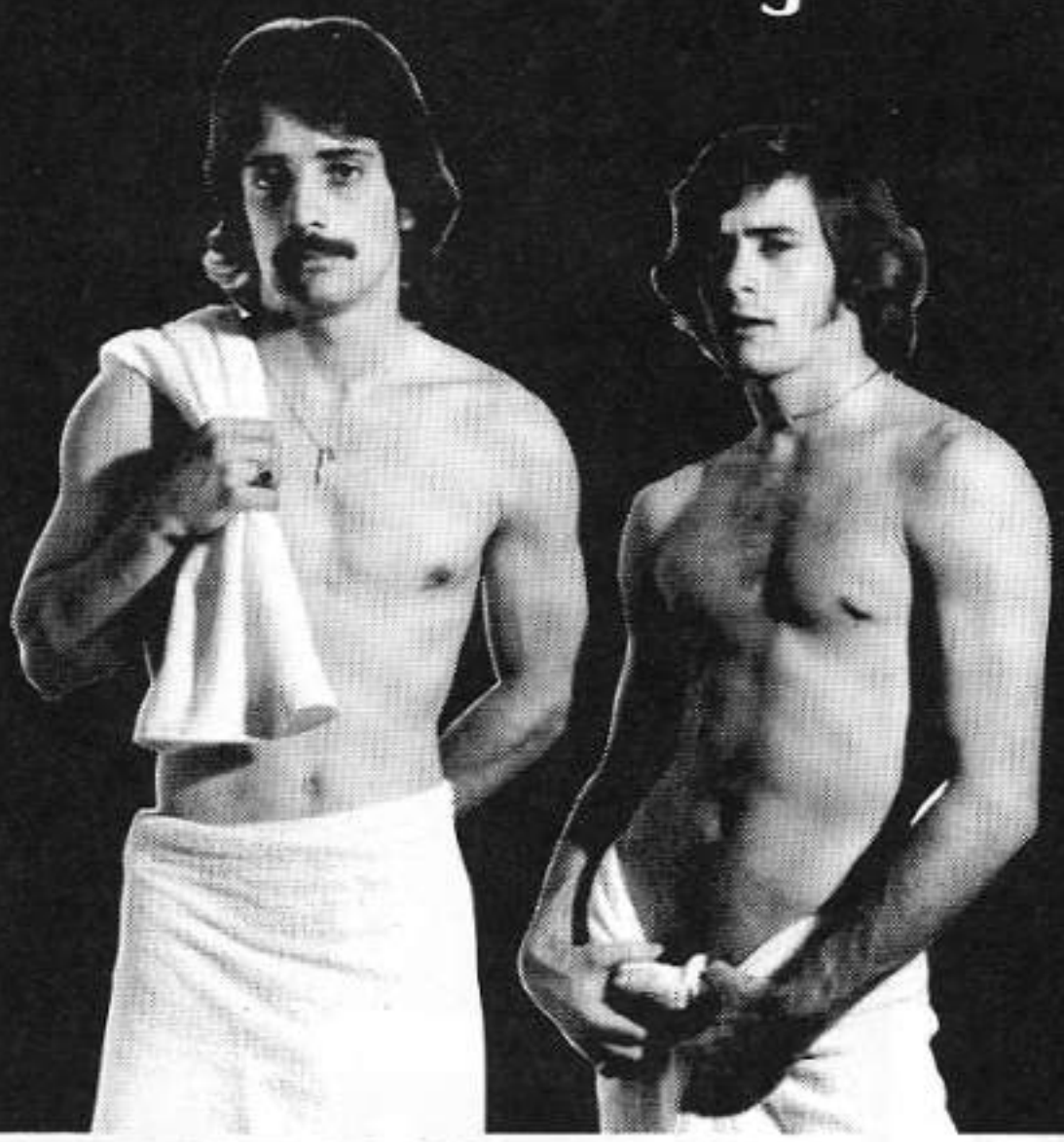
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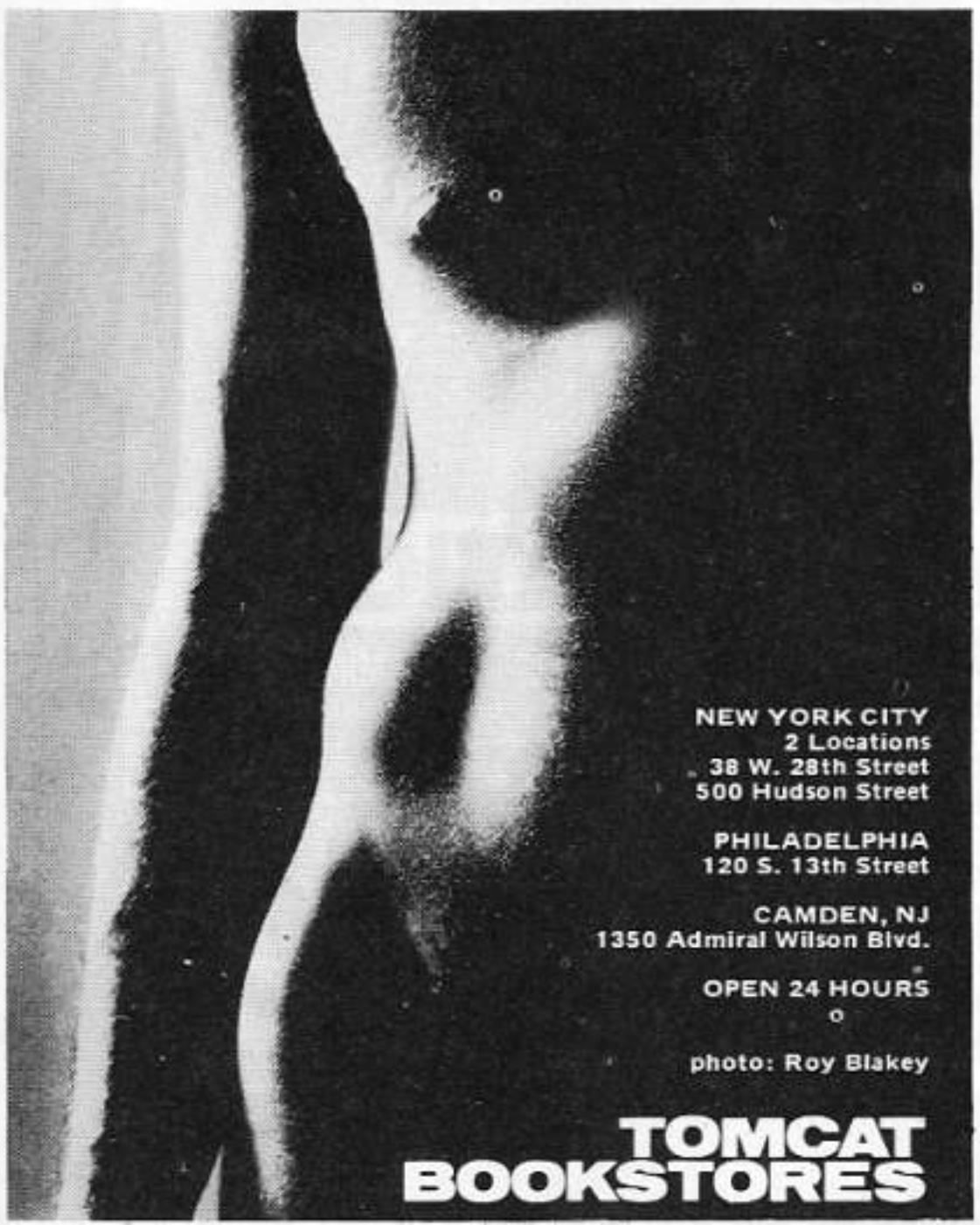
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EDITORIAL

You ain't seen nothin' yet, as they say, until you see Harry Bush's *IN TOUCH* sketch book. We became fans of Harry's when his drawings of young hunks in the "Pinup Art of Harry Bush" (Issue No. 21) turned us and nearly everyone else on. So we began sending our magazine to Harry at his Southern California studio to see if we might get him worked up enough to take pencil in hand and trip out on our hunks. He was and he did and the results lie between these pages.

Contributing photographer Hy Chase is back too. Last time around Hy gave us coverman and centerfold Bob Buck, and this time he gifts us with David George, a young man who loves to sun himself by the pool, preferably a private one. Stan was brought to our attention by Hollywood's long-time talent scout James Panama, who obviously knows talent when he sees it.

And if you've ever wondered what it's like to ride bareback, literally, Hugh Holland shot Mike Hartford, a horseman who likes to go riding about in nothing more than a pair of sox.

If you're curious about those test shootings on potential models, get a load of John Welles's session with a Hungarian named Zsolt that was so good, we figured why bother with the shooting?

Show biz fanciers are simply not going to believe Barnaby Shackleford's "run-in" with Warren Beatty (sigh!) at a Hollywood bash, and author Dick Sheppard's tale of Howard Hughes' filmmaking days with Jane Russell. Sheppard, as you'll recall, told us all about putting Liz Taylor between pages in last December's issue, and here he lets *IN TOUCH* excerpt from his forthcoming book *Hollywood Sensations*.

Is Hollywood ready for Bette Midler, we ask you in Chris Nickens' report on the Divine Miss M's entry into TV and movies. Probably not. Whatever happened to porn filmmaker/star Peter Berlin? Well, you'll find out now.

You'll also find out what it's like being gay and trying to teach high school yahoos in the wilds of New Hampshire, and you'll get the whole story behind those pro gay athletes who decided being out of the locker is better than being in it, despite the consequences.

And you can't get any further out of this world than Los Angeles. L.A. may have its problems, what with over population, smog, freeways, and the police, but it's still in a class by itself as Barnaby Shackleford tells us. If you're headed anywhere else and want to know where the action is, then we've got the latest from our correspondents in New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, London, Paris and Sydney, where new Australian correspondent Martin Smith gives us a peek at what's happening down under.

Stay with us. The best is yet to come . . .



A Harry Bush sketch



Bette Midler by artist/writer Chris Nickens

PLANTS
the best pets of all

By FRANK EDWARDS



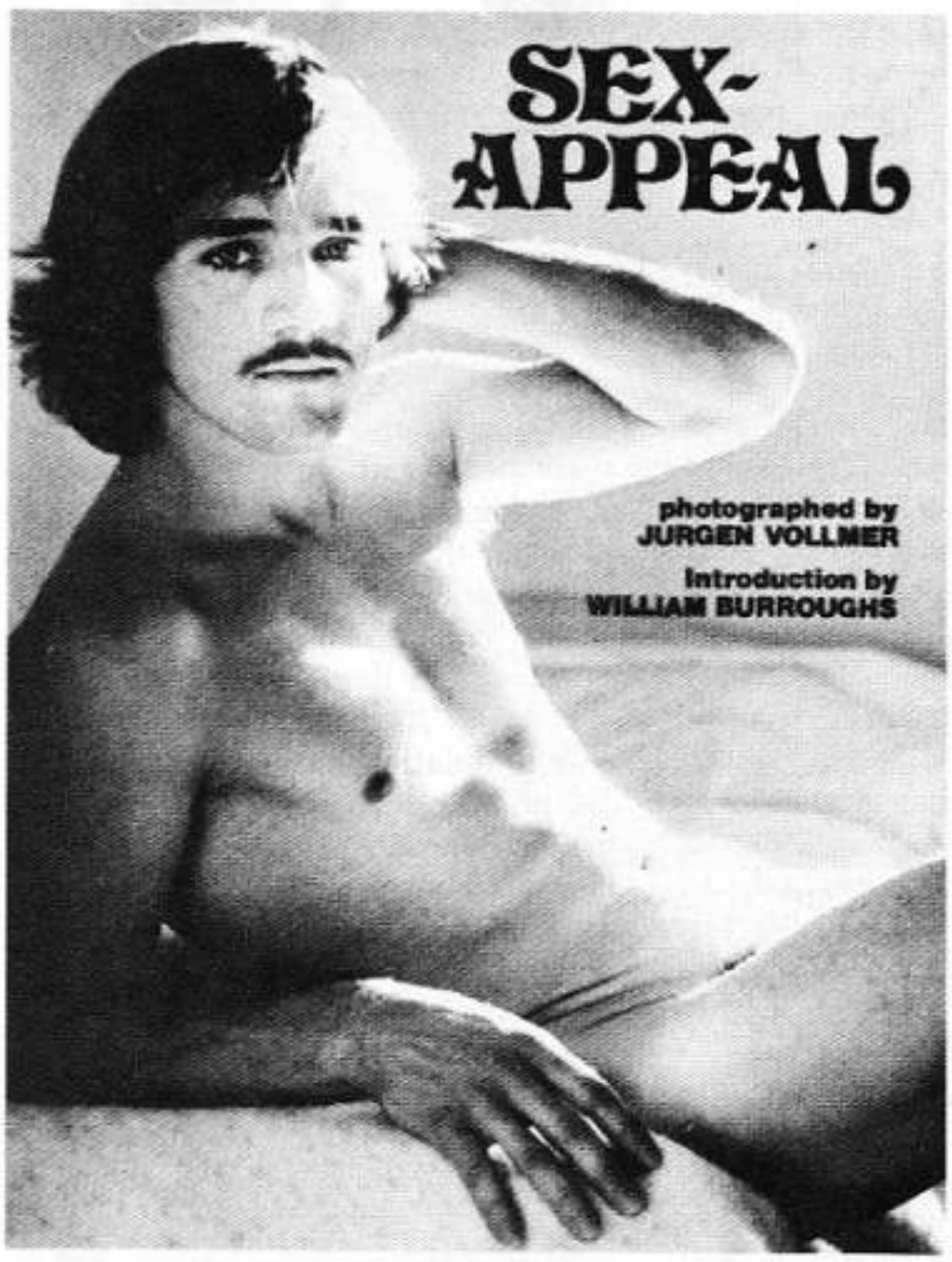
Plants make the best pets of all. They needn't be neutered or spayed, they never have to be taken out for a walk, and most can be left alone for a week or 10 days. You don't have to get a license for them, and they don't jump up on your guests' laps or sniff at their crotches. And I've never met anyone allergic to a pansy face (*Miltonia phalaenopsis*, that is).

You must first decide which kind of houseplant(s) you want to adopt from the nearly 400,000 recognized species in some 12,500 basic genera available. Make it easy on yourself at the beginning and stick to one of the four tried and true categories: ferns, ivies, philadendrons, or cacti/succulents.

There are three sources for plants: four, if you include the great out-of-doors. Most practical and dependable of these is a supermarket or nursery, the latter being preferred because there you can rap with the nice man and are lesss likely to get stuck with hastily rooted shoots superficially nurtured for quick turnover. Mail order houses are generally reliable, but of necessity awfully impersonal and cold. The third and warmest kind of acquisition is by means of a rooting or slip cutting from the stock-at-hand of a friend.

What you see is what you get, so look for a fully-leafed, stocky product, greenly eager to grow. Examine it straight on, and not from above, to check both for lushness of growth and, particularly under leaves, insect infestation. Compare it with its sisters on the shelf, and always go for the one with leaves spaced nice and close together. Tug gently where stems plunge into dirt, to determine root strength.

Finally, look at the drainage hole in the bottom of the pot. If it's blocked with dirt, pass it by and look until you find one where you can see shards—a sign of good drainage.



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WILLIAM BURROUGHS
(from his introduction)

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Proper pots for plants are not chosen for their aesthetics. No matter how cunning the ceramic hippo with the hole in its back, how darling that plastic pussy with the gaping belly, how lightly delightful that styrofoam bidet — avoid, avoid, and cleave instead to pots of plain, unglazed clay. Why? Because they **breathe.** This not only allows for transpiration and prevents overwatering, but also provides root aeration and helps maintain cool soil temperature.

Size of pot ought to be appropriate to size of inhabitant. Avoid stuffing the flourishing root ball of a multi-stemmed plant into a tiny two-incher (diameter measurement), and by the same token don't let a little three-leaved srpout languish lonely in the center of a six-incher. Yes, for proper growth re-potting to progressively larger containers is *de regueur*, but do it by degrees, the way you would "transplant" a young human from crib to playpen to full-sized room to entire backyard.

In any event, don't forget to use saucers under the pots, and please use the nice deep ones especially manufactured for that purpose. These serve to collect water overflow and help keep humidity higher in the plants' immediate area — a critical consideration. Actually, so-called "pebble trays" are even better for this. Any large tray-type waterproof holder will do, and you can go wild color-coordinating the pebbles to compliment any outrageous decor. A bottom layer of nice white sand, covered with these pebbles, pays visual as well as horticultural dividends.

The bottom layer in your pot ought to be of shards or crock or almost anything that'll let water drain out without at the same time giving the soil a means of washing away on you. If you want to feel terribly professional, next throw in some gravel, charcoal, and moss, in that order, topping all with the soil mixture best suited to your particular plant.

You can avoid all this hassle, however, by purchasing a bag of prepared soil already formulated especially for the kind of plant you have decided upon. Just remember not to pack it too tightly around the roots, as they need room to grow and breathe.

Your nurseryman or friend or the instructions enclosed will advise best on where to place the plant in relationship to light sources. Some sunlight, either direct or filtered, will almost always be needed in order to help the plant with its necessary process of photosynthesis — the internal process that makes the carbohydrates which feed the plants. Sunlight can be augmented with artificial light, but such unnatural light sources by themselves — even a careful combination of fluorescent and incandescent — require the know-how of a real professional for optimum results.

Finally, you are faced with the problem of watering. DON'T OVERDO! Nothing works better in this instance than benign neglect, as more houseplants are killed by liquid kindness than by any other means. None — I repeat, **none** — of the more common houseplants needs watering more than twice a week, and even then use just enough of the tepid stuff to keep the soil moist. Not wet. Moist!

And feel free to skip a regular watering every month or so. Your plant will grow stronger as it sends its roots ever deeper in search of existing nutrients. Remember, you are not your plant's possession; it's the other way 'round. ●

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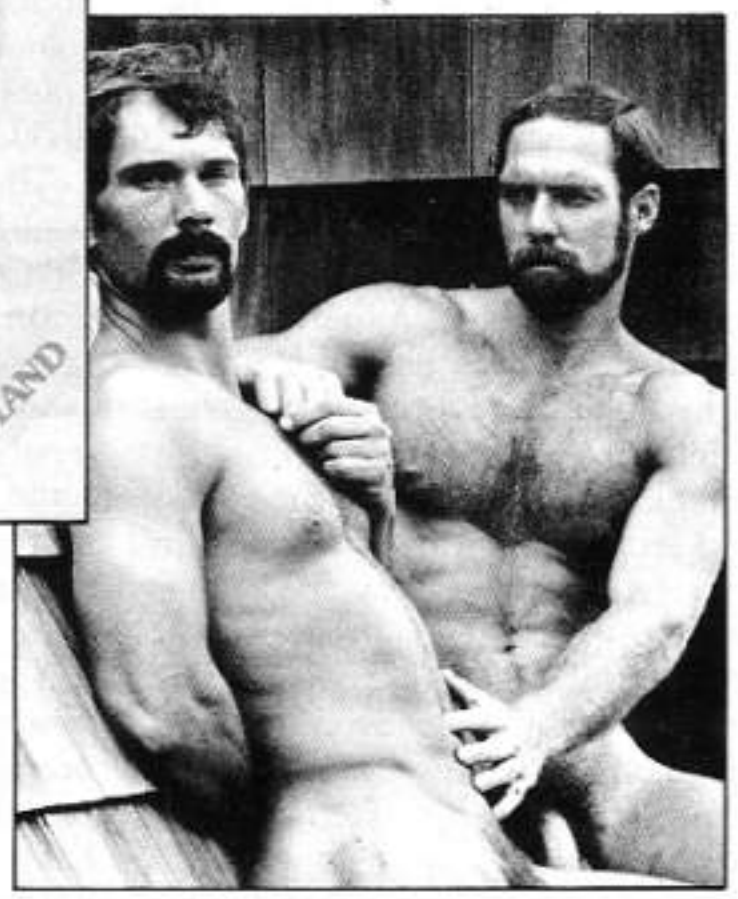
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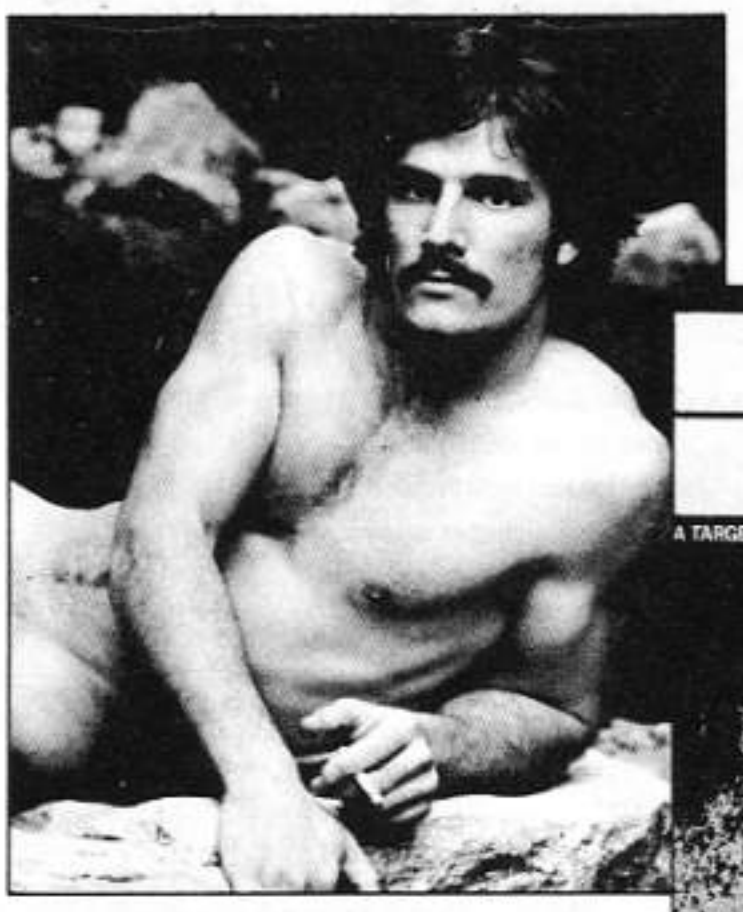
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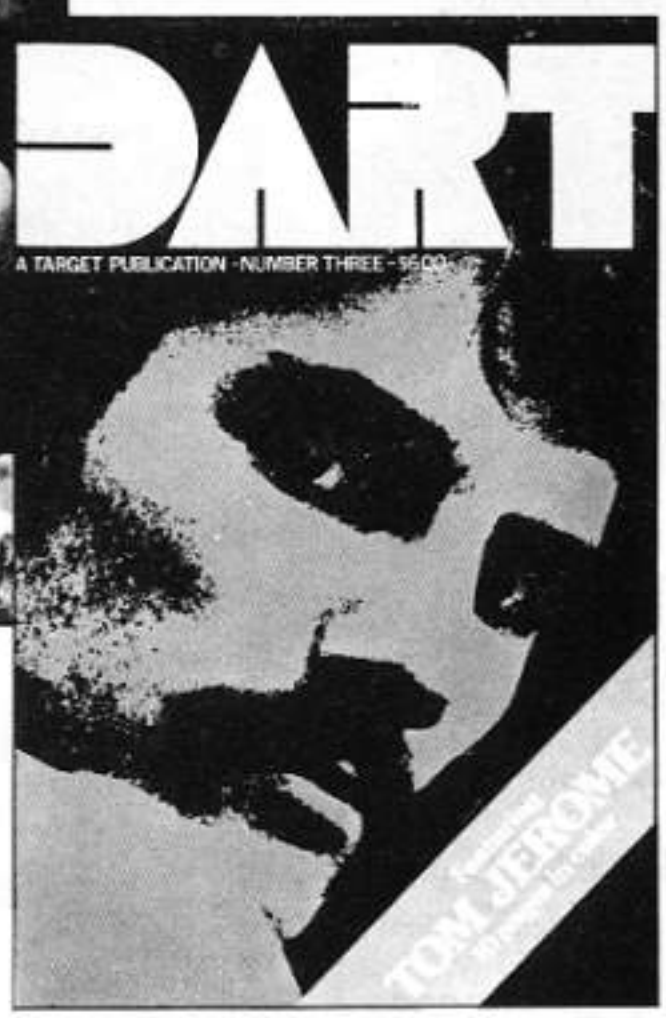


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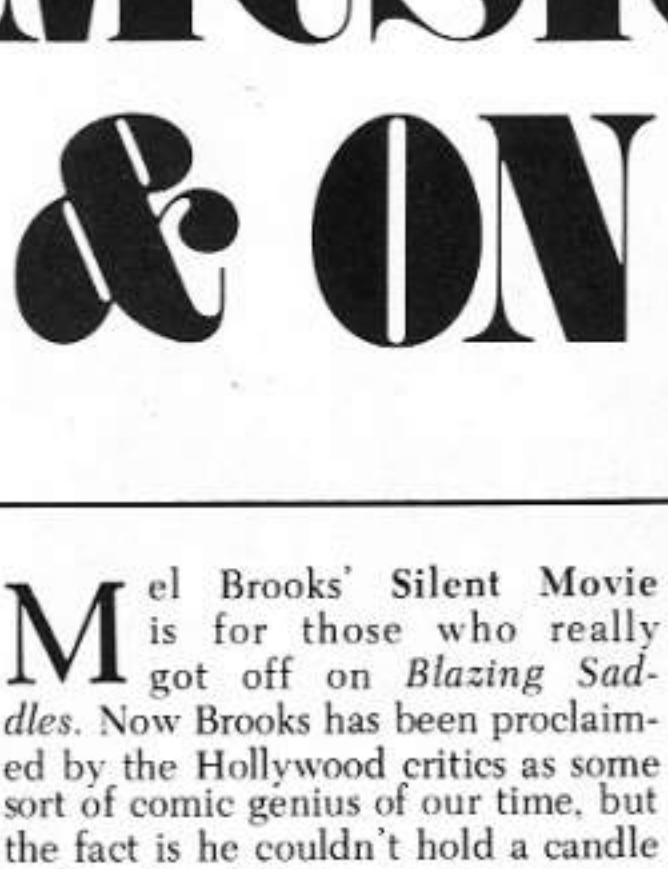
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FILMS & MUSIC & BOOKS & ON THE TOWN

Mel Brooks' **Silent Movie** is for those who really got off on *Blazing Saddles*. Now Brooks has been proclaimed by the Hollywood critics as some sort of comic genius of our time, but the fact is he couldn't hold a candle to Chaplin. This is slapstick humor all right, but relayed by way of the toilet. Brooks' forte, as in *Saddles*, is sex and bodily function jokes, which



will either (a) go over like a lead balloon or (b) have you rolling in the aisles. It really all depends on what you think is funny.

Two cases in point: in a lovers' fantasy sequence, Brooks (in an all-time ego trip) and Bernadette Peters are on a carousel and the horse on which she's perched raises its tail and begins shitting . . . endlessly. In a recurring "gag," three zanies get in embarrassing entanglements and a lady yells at them "Fags!" Yuk. Yuk.

There was an interesting premise here — a down and out film director (Brooks) tries to make a "silent movie" in order to save a modern-day studio from bankruptcy. And does. The end crawl says it's a true story, and considering 20th Century Fox bombs like *Lucky Lady* and *The Dutchess and the Dirtwater Fox*, it probably is. It probably will save 20th from a fate worse than death, and in that respect the masses are to be appreciated as they roll in the aisles. For those of us less than enthusiastic about Brooks, a smash will lead to more of the same, including, heaven forbid, a takeoff on Hitchcock.

* * *

That's Entertainment Part 2 may have faded by the time you read this because its legs are just as wobbly as Fred Astaire's. What seemed like a natural and wonderful idea — more of those memorable scenes from great MGM films that made the joyful original — becomes instead a tribute to the talents of Astaire and Gene Kelly, who directed the new sequences. What emerges is too much Astaire and Kelly and not enough of MGM greatness. Ironically, the sequences have no rhythm or structure, as if they were tossed into a bingo cage, and spliced in whatever order popped up. There are of course some wonderful moments, but all in all it is a disappointment which the studio will hopefully not repeat in a talked-about sequel, *No. 3*.

—John Roberts

music

David Cassidy, the only up and comer listed in the chapter of columnist James Bacon's new book on the big dongs of Hollywood, makes another bid to burst the teenybopper TV image with **Home Is Where The Heart Is** (RCA). "On Fire" suggests some weighty balls, a combination of Three Dog vocal power aswim in a torrent of violins. We liked it, but some might suggest that a good salt water gargle could clear the whole thing up.

RCA's best shot at the Philly disco sound comes packaged in one supercharged young talent, Vicki Sue Robinson, who does every last vocal background track but one on **Never Gonna Let You Go.** "Turn The Beat Around" is hot, as is the title track, but her solo ballad, "Lack of Respect," suggests a vocalist for whom Grammys will be catnip.

Speaking of disco beats, waiting for this next column deadline, we've worn **Silver Connection** (Midland International) to a fine shine. You probably did the same, particularly "Get Up and Boogie."

The only heavy play on an early-arriving copy of Neil Sedaka's **Steppin' Out** are the title track and "Love In The Shadows," though none need apologies. Why aren't more soul artists covering Sedaka hits?

a selection of photos too explicit for **In Touch**

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Playboy Records (and you know the sort of lifestyle they promote) has the voice to float the philosophy in Al Wilson, whose **I've Got A Feeling** (We'll Be Seeing Each Other Again) could patch up just about any falling out, then take it from there to gettin' down with "Baby, I Want Your Body."

Elton John: Here and There (MCA), recorded live at New York's Madison Square Garden and London's Royal Festival Hall, has a lot of mush and mumble to the sound, but it is the closest to having been there and the best Elton album in a long while. The New York track combining "Funeral For A Friend" and "Love Lies Bleeding" is dynamite.



D. C. Larue

D.C. Larue's **Ca-The-Drals** (Pyramid), with its tribute to "hungry people in the night" is okay as inarticulate poetry, but has a good strong beat for steady stroking. The album cover may inspire some added turn-on on those dog day nights.

Also, by the time we got to this column the joys of "Theme From Mahogany" and "Love Hangover" on the new **Diana Ross** (Motown) LP had been well shared and we can get down to what a rich and varied and mature album it is, beyond the hits. Listen to her caress of Ashford and Simpson's "Ain't Nothing But A Maybe," her exquisite dramatic performance of Masser/Miller's "After You" and Chaplin's "Smile."

The Bethlehem label has reissued two albums which warmed club juke boxes in the late '50s. **The Finest of Chris Connor** reprises in one lush, two-record set, one of the best of the modern, jazz-tempered female vocalists. "Lush Life" should hook you. **Bad, Bad Frances Faye**, who is emerging again in dates in clubs like L.A.'s Studio One, is one of the best from her shelf of musically precise and performance powered knockouts, all driven by the baton of the great Russ Garcia. Welcome home, bad lady.

Miss Loretta Lynn keeps insisting in her new biography that she and Conway Twitty aren't messing around offstage, but they sure make beautiful music together for C&W fans on their latest, **United Talent** (MCA), which includes their talking hit, "The Letter." Actually, there is a shade too much talking on the album. Obviously, there can't be too much action going down.

I Want You (Tamla) is not the great Marvin Gaye album to satisfy the always long wait, but tepid Marvin Gaye still stands head and shoulders above the crowd of new releases. There is a very quiet and reflective pace to this package, nothing to stir the soul or fire the loins, but an easy and sustained mood suited to quiet nights at home alone in front of the roller. Perfect for pining.

Elvis, The Sun Sessions (RCA) comprises the 16 original tapes which producer Sam C. Phillips sold to RCA along with the young singer's contract back in 1954 for $35,000. For the most devout Presley fans, the package will have interest beyond idle curiosity. It is interesting to hear the first two and different versions of "I Love You Because." (RCA spliced versions two and four for their Elvis debut album.) Once you've heard these spare but nicely reverberated tracks and know how it was, you probably won't need to hear them again.

—Damon West

on the town

los angeles:

Katherine Hepburn, Maggie Smith, Charlton Heston and Richard Thomas will provide the celebration for Robert Fryer's upcoming 10th anniversary season at the Music Center's Ahmanson Theatre.

Hepburn opens Oct. 13 through Dec. 4 in Enid Bagnold's "A Matter of Gravity," which she did in New York earlier this year. From all reports, the play's not that good, but it will offer an exciting opportunity to see this great star on stage again. Make your reservations early, because this will probably be a sell-out.

Maggie Smith will return to L.A. in a new production of Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" Dec. 17 through Jan. 29, and then Heston will tackle Eugene O'Neill in "Long Day's Journey Into Night" Feb. 18 through April 2. Heston's on the board of directors at the Ahmanson and he's apparently going to keep trying there until he gets it right. Judging from his past performances, this does not promise to be one of the highlights of the season and will probably be more like a long night's journey into boredom. Thomas will close the season April 22 through June 4, dropping his John-Boy character to try on the more sophisticated comedy of George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly in their Hollywood spoof, "Merton of the Movies."

Michael Bennett's "A Chorus Line" finally made it to the Shubert

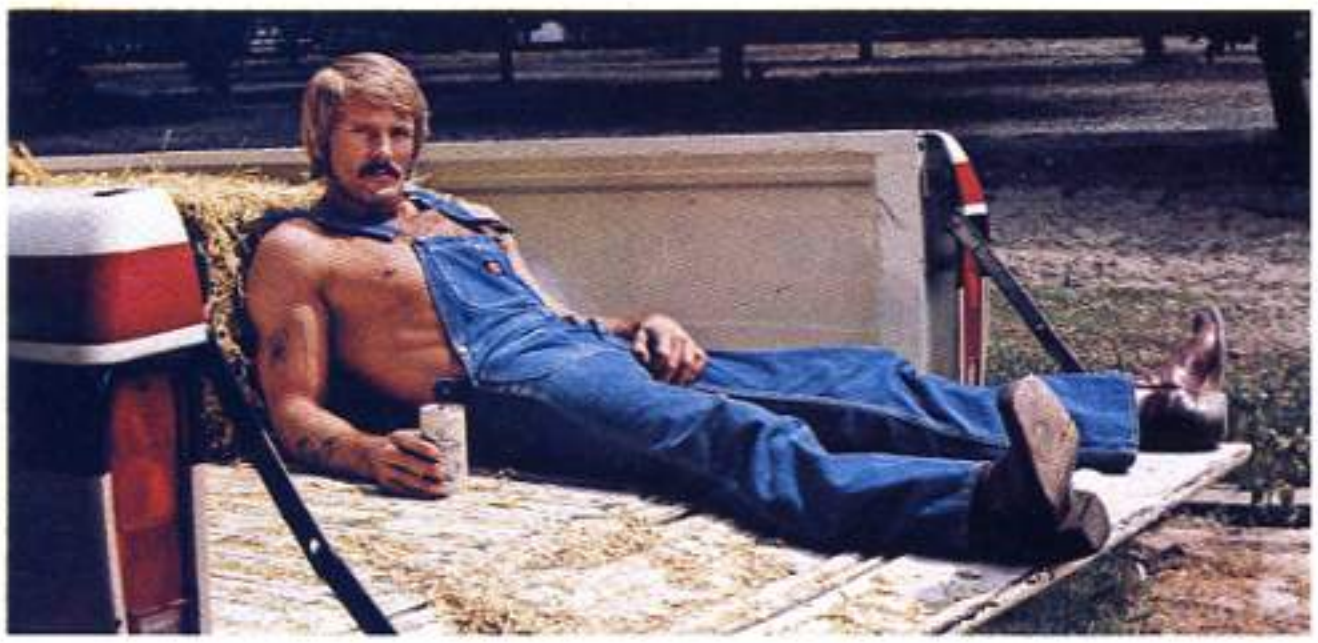


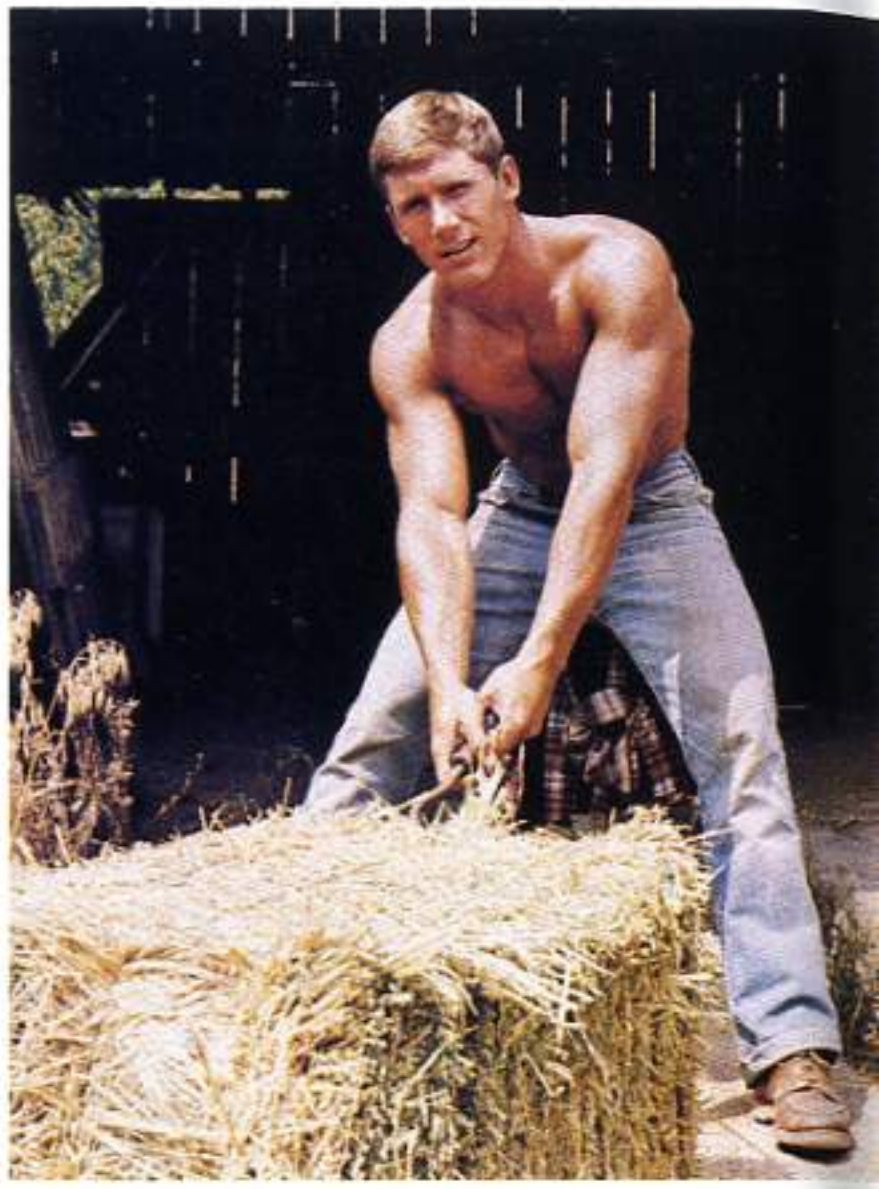
Chorusliner Don Correia

Theatre, riding in on the crest of an unprecedented advance sale of $3 million. There's really little left to say about this show except that it is every bit as brilliant as you've heard and that it sets a new direction for the American musical theatre. But it's going to be extremely difficult for anyone to top it.

This production features most of the original Broadway cast (at least

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through September), including the sensationally talented Donna McKechnie, Sammy Williams, Priscilla Lopez and Pamela Blair. A fantastic addition to this company is Don Correia, who has taken over the "I Can Do That" number. In addition to being a brilliant dancer, he's also very good looking. In fact, when he gets his body moving as he does, he's so sexy it hurts. The line forms to the right.

Following the opening night performance, Universal (Bennett will direct the film version in 1977) took over Studio One for a gala cast party that saw everyone boogieing until the wee hours of the morning. Among those winding their way through the crowded disco to congratulate Michael and Donna (they'll be married in Paris this fall) and the others were Liza Minnelli and Jack Haley Jr., Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, Lana Turner, Alexis Smith, Neil Simon, Janet Leigh, Glenn Ford, Jack Nicholson, George Maharis, Tony Bennett, Michael Kidd, Bea Arthur, Candice Bergen, etc., etc., etc.

Speaking of Studio One, Liz Torres (who played Cloris Leachman's boss on "Phyllis" last season) proved such a sensation with her new nightclub act that she was immediately booked in for a return appearance. She's an extremely talented singer-dancer-comedienne and her outrageous act was the hottest thing to hit Studio One since Chita Rivera opened the club. If you get a chance to see her anywhere, by all means do so.

The new Up Disco on La Cienega Blvd. (formerly Cabaret) doesn't seem to be giving Studio One much competition — I stopped by one Friday night and there were about 50 people on the enormous dance floor — but they did have an entertaining show in the Upstage Room. This was a group called Mama's Boys in an X-rated musical comedy revue takeoff on TV programming titled "Hot TV." The seven guys and one girl have a lot of talent among them and are especially good on harmony. Their versions of current TV commercials are hilarious.

The Upstage began with a star policy, opening with Alexis Smith and Louis St. Louis. It apparently didn't pan out and it's a shame because it was a good show. Several people apparently didn't like it because they went expecting Smith — who looks as gorgeous as ever — to do a star turn. Instead, she was basically what amounted to a featured performer in St. Louis' show. I personally admired her for doing it this way because it turned the spotlight to St. Louis' fantastic music.

For those of you into the disco scene, you might also try out the Circus Maximus in Hollywood, which seems to be getting more of a crowd than the Up but which usually isn't as packed as Studio One, where there's a long line to get in every night.

Among the theatre attractions continuing through the summer are Peter Shaffer's brilliant psychological drama "Equus," at the Huntington Hartford; the funky, infectious "The Wiz" at the Ahmanson (this production is much better than the one in New York); "Kismet," starring Rhonda Fleming, John Reardon and Victoria Mallory at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, and "The Robber Bridegroom," a new folk musical, at the Mark Taper Forum. The New York company of "Pacific Overtures" moves into the Ahmanson Aug. 31.

For an evening of music under the stars, check out the Hollywood Bowl, where the renowned Los Angeles Philharmonic is in residence for the summer, and the Universal Amphitheatre and the Greek Theatre, both of which offer a wide variety of pop music performers.

—Ron Englert

atlanta:

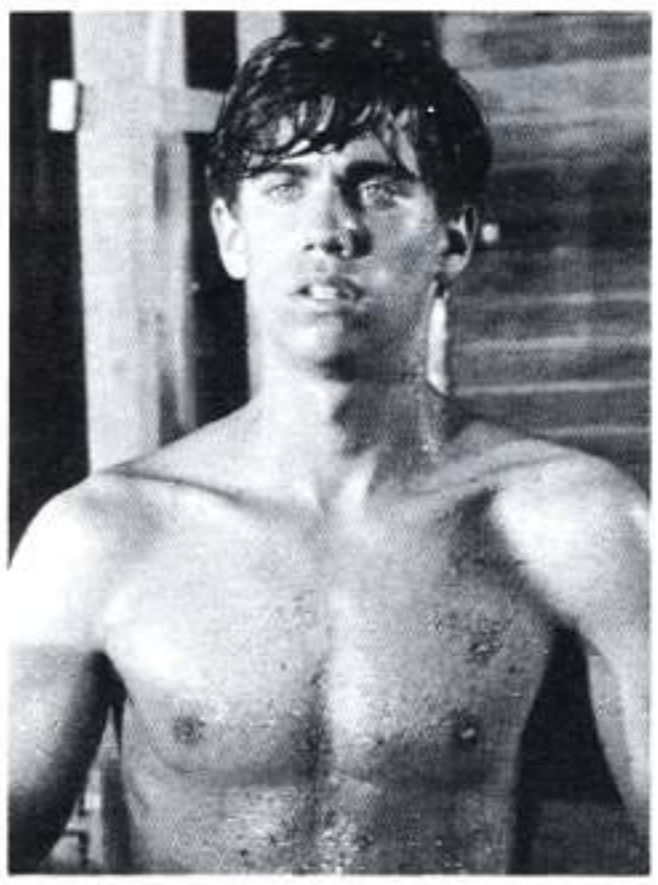
The big question for the 1976-77 theatre season: Who will get the rights to produce the Atlanta premiere of "Equus"? At least three companies have expressed interest, and the battle could be vicious.

"The McIntosh Trail," an outdoor drama by Kermit Hunter, winds its opening season Sept. 4 in the natural setting of an amphitheatre in nearby Peachtree City. The script fails to clarify the heroic qualities of William McIntosh, the half-breed Creek chief who precipitated a civil war in his tribe and ultimately died for it — all with the best of intentions. But it's well-staged (by Marvin Gordon), with plenty of dance and battle action for those who get off on that sort of thing.

By the time you read this, Manhattan Yellow Pages should have added a '50s revue to their long-running "Natural History of the Musical Theatre Chorus." This cabaret, the latest creation of David Sheppard and Ben Thompson, has been turning away hundreds on weekends.

"The Owl and the Pussycat" has opened at the Midnight Sun Dinner Theatre and "110 in the Shade" at the Harlequin Dinner Theatre, and Theatre of the Stars summer season concludes with Paul Lynde (Aug. 17-22).

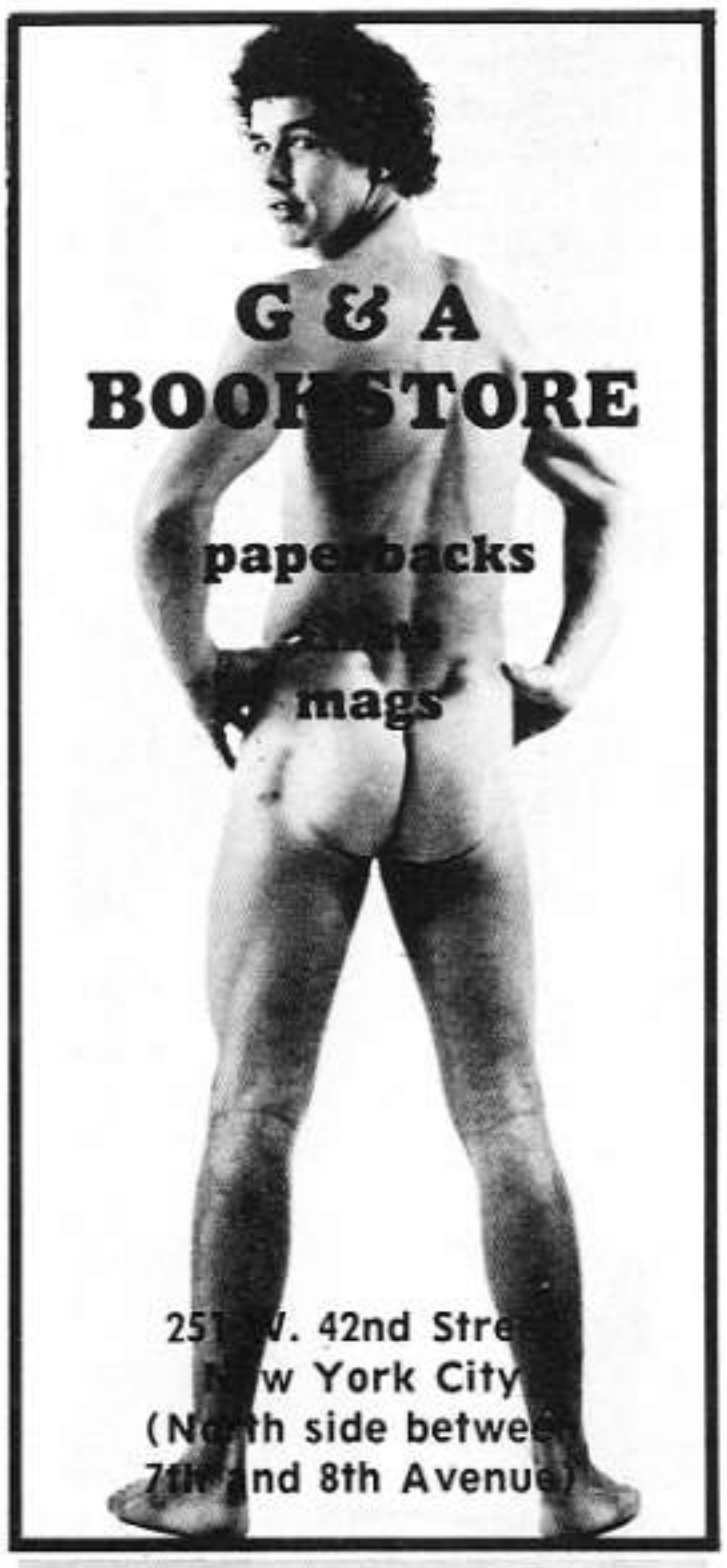
Robby Benson, passing through on behalf of *Ode to Billy Joe*, wasn't much help in plugging the holes in the screenplay. He didn't know, for instance, whether Billy Joe had been taken advantage of or had been a willing partner in his first (and last) gay experience. Offscreen, Benson seems younger than most 20-year-olds I know; but I couldn't resist asking "Billy Joe McAllister" if he really likes older men? "No, but I like older women," he replied. He must have thought I was kidding!



Robby Benson

Showcase/Atlanta is presenting "The Boys in the Band" (known to liberated gays as "The Way We Were") through Aug. 28 at the Academy Theatre. Michael Chafin and Patrick Cuccaro are co-producers and co-directors. Open City is doing Brecht's "The Measures Taken," directed by Berl Boykin, as their latest A.M. (After Midnight) Theatre project.

The World of Sid and Marty Krofft, highly-touted as the first indoor, high-rise theme park, has proved a major disappointment. Of the three rides, the Pinball Machine and Crystal Carousel are visually interesting; the Living Island Adventure fails on all counts. The puppet show, "Celebration," is in the great Krofft tradition; most of the other live entertainment ranges downward





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from mediocre. The fact that it takes 3-5 hours to do the park, instead of a whole day or more, is being used as a selling point — curious logic, that. There's some space and much need for expansion and improvement if The World of Sid and Marty Krofft is to be Atlanta's next great tourist attraction.

Brick, a local band that's about to break nationally, gave a live preview of their new Bang album, "Good High," at the Great Southeast Music Hall. They call their music "dazz," short for disco-jazz; and most of it is highly danceable. Jimmy "Lord" Brown sings lead with the 5-man group. In addition, he plays trumpet, sax, trombone and flute — all skillfully, at times to the point of seeming to show off. Four male dancers are used sparingly but to great effect to give the show extra flair.

Club South rejoined the Club Baths chain earlier this year, and the facilities have reportedly been spruced up so that "Positively Fourth Street" is the word again for Atlantans and visitors. —Steve Warren

san francisco:

Two things are inevitable during a San Francisco summer—fog and tourists —and while some might find "nature's air-conditioning" less than romantic as it encases the city, the arrival of eager-to-spend vacationers always guarantees a bustling entertainment scene.

The American Conservatory Theatre is co-producing two audience-pleasers set for indefinite summer runs. "Same Time, Next Year," Bernard Slade's successful comedy about two people who meet in the same hotel room for an annual exercise in infidelity, is now at the Geary. It's not an exercise in writing a play of substance, with a disconcerting array of overstated sight gags and predictable one-liners, but Slade has constructed characters who possess a certain charm and credibility, and those roles are performed appealingly, if unevenly, by Gail Strickland and John Lithgow.

Over at the Marines' Memorial, Micki Grant's award-winning "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope," directed by Vinnette Carroll, is once again conveying its timeless message of black dignity, pride and awareness in a superior production — lively, brazen and colorful, with a uniformly energetic and most talented cast.

"Beach Blanket Babylon Goes Bananas," that zany, zestful musical revue, has celebrated its first anniversary and looks like it'll be around forever — with the incomparable Nancy Bleiweiss still giving Marty Feldman a run for his money in the expressive eye department.

And "An Evening at Widow Begbick's," Barry Koron's evocative rendering of Weill/Brecht material set in authentic '30s Berlin cabaret style, and featuring the wonderful Carolyn Zaremba, continues at the Olde Spaghetti Factory Cafe with an expanded performance schedule.

The City, San Francisco's largest gay entertainment complex, has had a well-received "Summer Special" series of top-name disco talent in the Showroom, so far with Calhoun, First Choice, and erstwhile "Queen of the Discos" Gloria Gaynor, and, keeping the "heat wave" flowing — Martha Reeves. —Bob Kiggins

new york:

Now that the original cast of "A Chorus Line" is dazzling Los Angeles, the incessant chatter about the show has subsided. Except for real news like Michael Bennett planning to marry Donna McKechnie, the columns have stopped carrying items about the revolutionary musical. It's still impossible to get tickets, but at least "Have you seen 'A Chorus Line'?" isn't the opening line at bars anymore.

A considerable hit is a delightful "new" production of Tom Eyen's "Women Behind Bars" directed by Ron Link. Replacing Pat Ast as the sadistic matron Pauline, is the outrageous, irrepressible Divine. The play is billed as a movie for the stage and is based on all those old women's prison films we're so fond of remembering.

The plot, which means nothing next to the sensibility here, is drawn heavily from a 1950 Warner Brothers gem called *Caged* for which Eleanor Parker and Hope Emerson were up for Oscars.

In the Eyen show, the basic plot elements of *Caged* are satirized the way female impersonators satirize the American idea of women. A young, innocent waif named Mary-Eleanor is framed for a crime she didn't commit and hardened into a



Divine (right) in "Women Behind Bars."

tough criminal by her experiences in prison. The richness of the characters and the emphasis on the stereotypes of this plot make it work beautifully.

Divine is a total hit. His second stage appearance (the first in the short-lived San Francisco run of "The Heartbreak of Psoriasis") proves him a versatile and gifted actor. Pauline is the very incarnation of evil, a character just mad enough to be totally believable on its own terms. It's a pleasure to discover that Divine, who made his mark with cult films like *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*, posesses additional layers of talent beneath the camp exterior. His performance lends credence to his idea that men should take women's roles and vice-versa.

The production is handsomely designed by Sturgis Warner and snappily directed by Ron Link who seems to know exactly what to stress and how to pace this type of show. The play is one of Eyen's best, I think, in the tradition of "Ms. Nefertiti Regrets" which brought Bette Midler out of the Off-Broadway closet a hundred years ago.

The program notes say that the show is dedicated to all "the wonderful kids at Warners, Universal and Republic and what they did to our minds." Pass the popcorn.

On the Broadway stage this summer and fall, we're expecting an all-black cast of "Guys and Dolls" to be directed by Abe Burrows and Billy Wilson; a one-woman show by Eileen Heckart on the life of Eleanor Roosevelt; and a 25th Anniversary production of "The King And I" starring none other than Yul Brynner with Constance Towers as Anna.

On the nightclub stage, the opening of the summer was at The Grand Finale, where Dorothy Collins, in her nightclub debut, drew a standing ovation from the likes of Chita Rivera, Mary McCarty, Margaret Whiting and Bob Fosse, who was celebrating his birthday ringside. Collins is an articulate and comfortable singer who knows how to handle a song better than any 10 people playing New York at the moment.

A word about Raun McKinnon, a young woman singer who opened for Marc Allen Trujillo at Reno Sweeney recently. McKinnon has an incredible vocal range and a highly unusual sound for jazz and popular songs. You'll be hearing about her, I'm sure, and next time someone will be opening for her.

I wish someone would tell actor William Atherton that nobody is interested in how Aesthetic Realism saved him from his homosexuality! He simply will not leave people alone at parties, especially if he thinks you might be gay and "curable." Sweet William.

There are two new bars in New York which are unique for their own reasons. Chaps, run by Arthur Brooks and John Ford, is the Upper East Side's first leather bar, and from the looks of the crowds there, the neighborhood really needs one. There's a stunning buffet on Sundays, in keeping with the season. No ties are allowed after sunset and no tuxedos, ever.

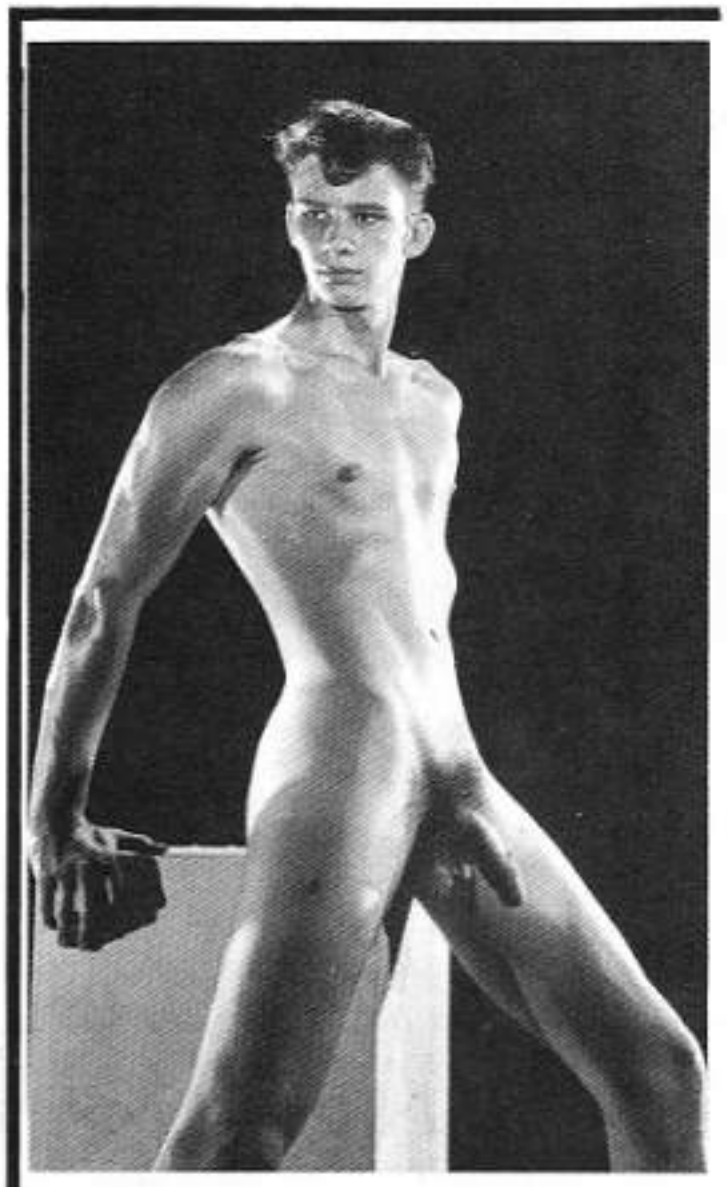
The other bar is unique for its location, on the corners of Christopher and Gay Streets, historic spots for gays in the Big Apple. It's a super friendly bar for New York City and they run "Mary Hartman, Mary

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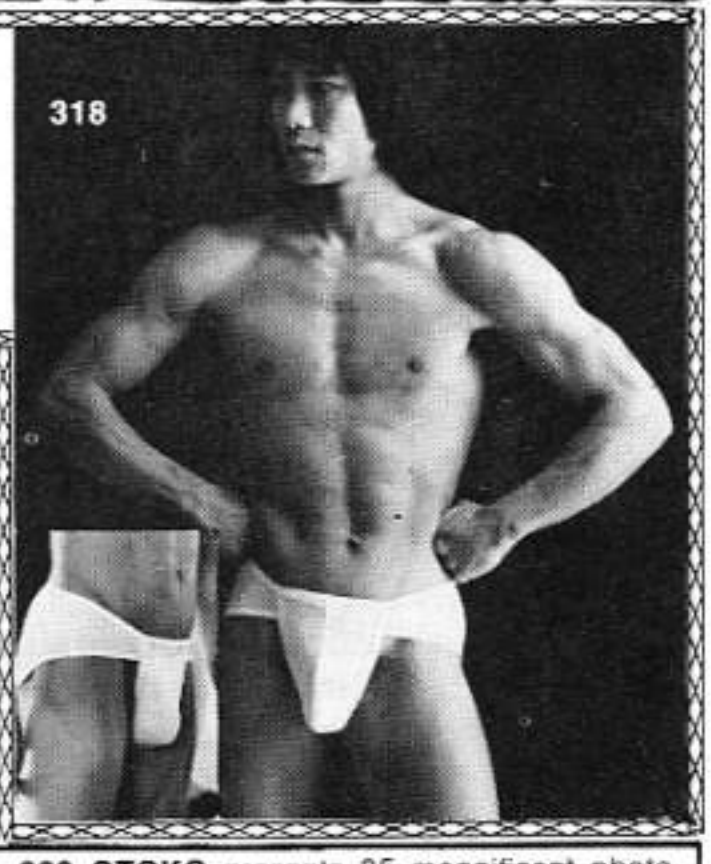
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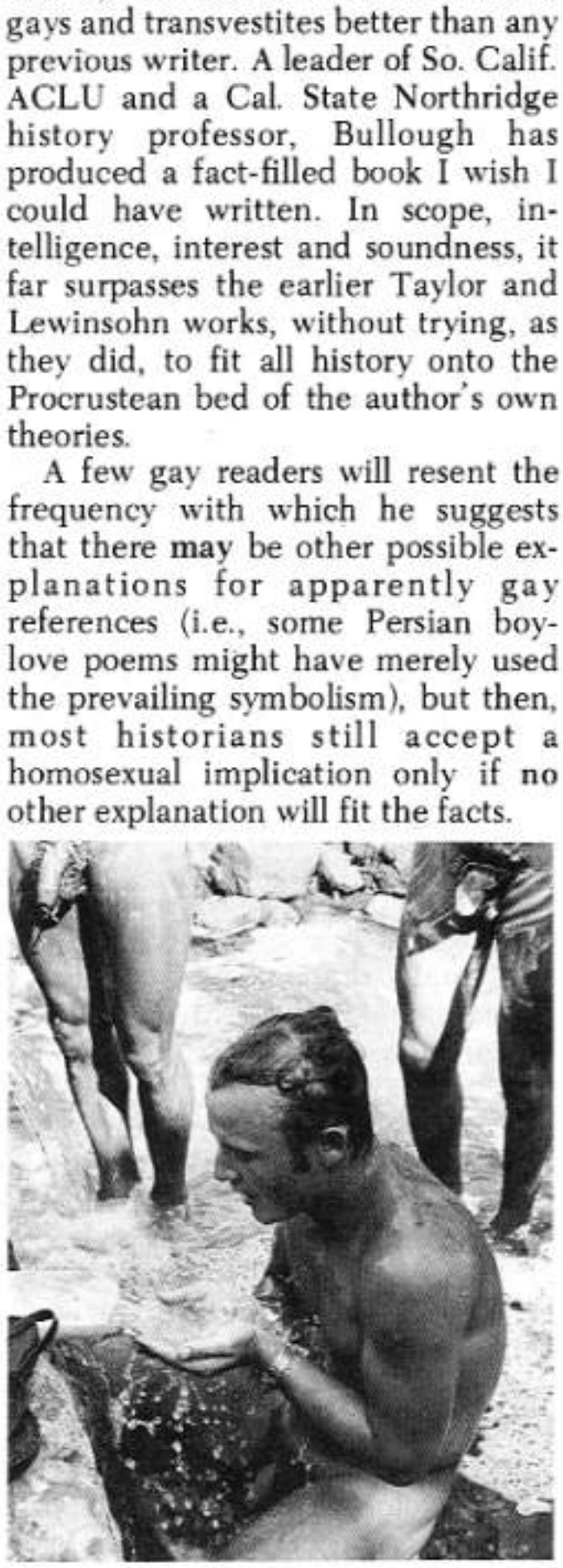
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Hartman" every night at 11. A very happy crowd indeed. It's called Uncle Paul's. —**Vito Russo**

books

Vern L. Bullough's *SEXUAL VARIANCE IN SOCIETY AND HISTORY* (Wiley, 715 pgs., $25) is, despite its mass, price and stiff title, exciting to read. With amazing clarity and agility the author enlightens one sector of world history after another, describing the attitudes toward and roles of women, gays and transvestites better than any previous writer. A leader of So. Calif. ACLU and a Cal. State Northridge history professor, Bullough has produced a fact-filled book I wish I could have written. In scope, intelligence, interest and soundness, it far surpasses the earlier Taylor and Lewinsohn works, without trying, as they did, to fit all history onto the Procrustean bed of the author's own theories.

A few gay readers will resent the frequency with which he suggests that there **may** be other possible explanations for apparently gay references (i.e., some Persian boy-love poems might have merely used the prevailing symbolism), but then, most historians still accept a homosexual implication only if no other explanation will fit the facts.



Jurgen Vollmer's *Sex Appeal.*

Among the many handsomely gotten-out books of male nude photos, Jurgen Vollmer's *SEX APPEAL* (Advant, 200 W. 20th St., NY 10011, $12.95) contains the most

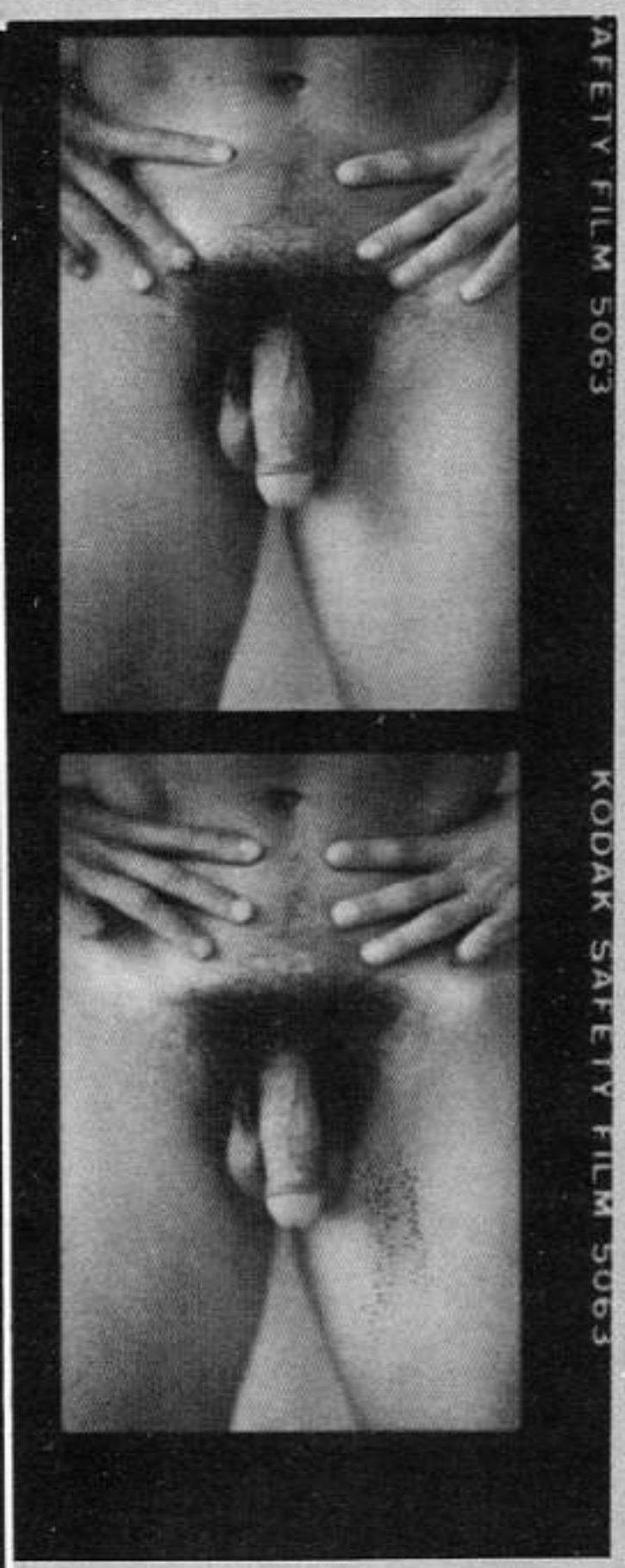
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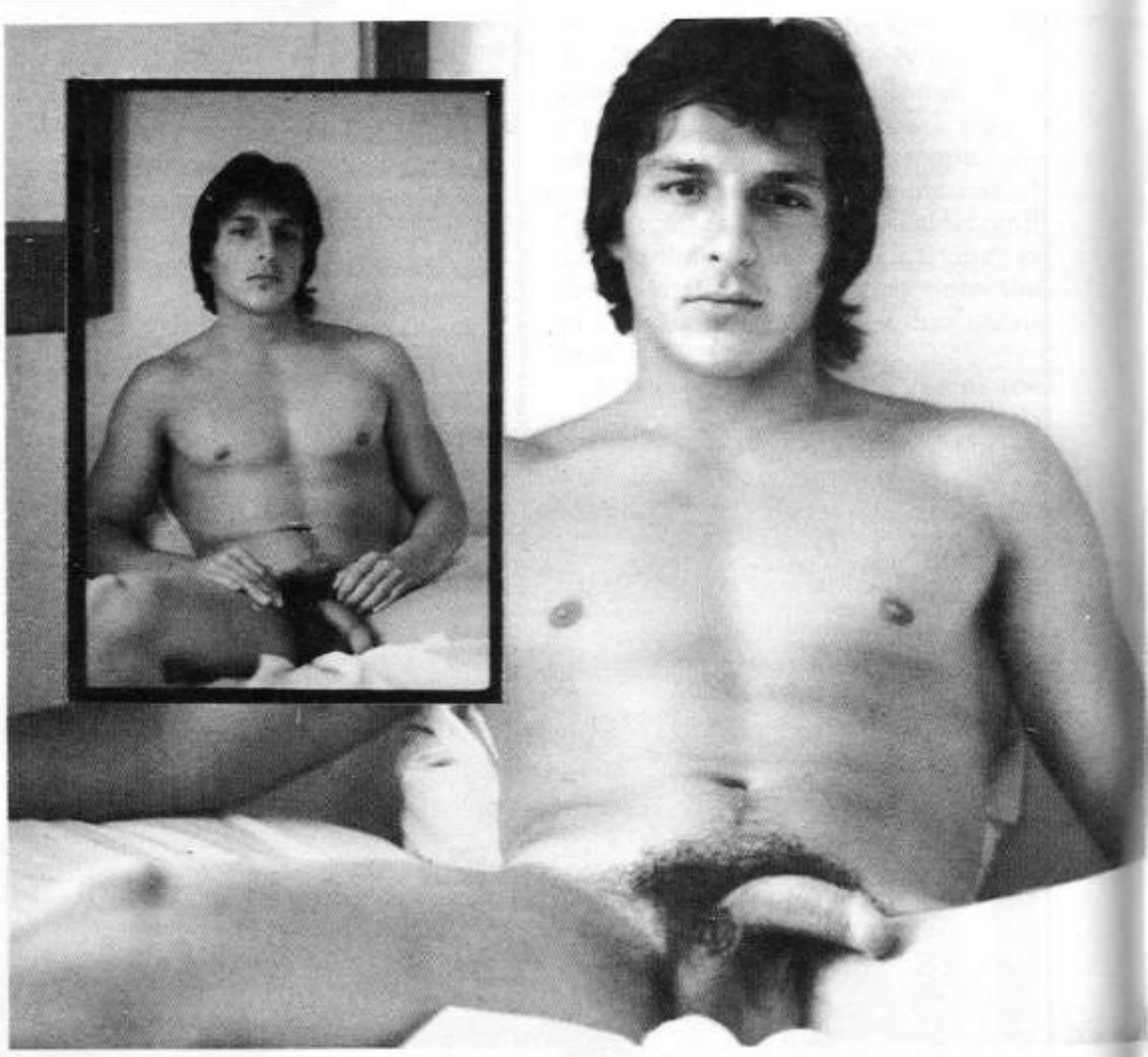
TEST SHOOTING

Photography by JOHN WELLES









We put a 24-year-old Hungarian named Zsolt together with contributing photographer John Welles to see if the camera and Zsolt were meant for each other. Zsolt, who spends much of his time keeping in shape at the YMCA, was understandably nervous as he'd never been photographed before. But as you can see, the test turned out so well we figured why bother with the shooting? Zsolt may not speak fluent English, but there's no doubt he communicates a universal language.


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Howard Hughes & Jane Russell fight common decency (thank God)

The author of 'Elizabeth' gives us a sneak preview of his new book, 'Hollywood Sensations'

By DICK SHEPPARD

"Her breasts hang like a thunderstorm over a summer landscape. They are prominent and vigorously threaten to burst forth at any moment."

The gardner's reverie in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, you say? A bit of spice from *Captain Billy's Whizbag?* Close — but no cigar. They were actually the tremulous words of a Baltimore judge explaining why, in the Year of Our Lord 1947, the entire state of Maryland was being placed off limits to that dread celluloid scourge known as *The Outlaw*.

The **auteur** of this legendary 35-year-old opus, one Howard Hughes, passed to his reward in April, 1976. A month later, with indecent haste, National Telefilm Associates shamelessly announced that they were planning to pollute the virginal tube with that vile bacillus — to actually bring sex and violence right into the living room. No need to send the little ones out of the room just yet, however. Given the fact that litigation and Howard Hughes go together like diamonds and Elizabeth Taylor, the countermove was immediate and ominous. The Hughes Organization announced that they own the rights and if anybody is going to inflame anyone with this menace, they will. Since sorting out who owns what, subtitled "The Six Wills of Howard Hughes," is a drama likely to be playing in courtrooms clear into 2001, the likelihood that anyone is in imminent danger is currently remote. Still it's well to be prepared. *The Outlaw* has been out of general circulation since 1952, so for most of the faithful, it's only a fading mammary. What will it look like when it is unleashed to once again gallop unchecked over public sensibilities (or what's left of them)? How did it acquire its fearsome notoriety as despoiler of virtue more infamous even than the dread marijuana?

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear —



Jane Russell in one of her more dramatic moments.

Illustrations courtesy of Frankie Larkin, Cinema Rendezvous.

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HOWARD HUGHES'
production

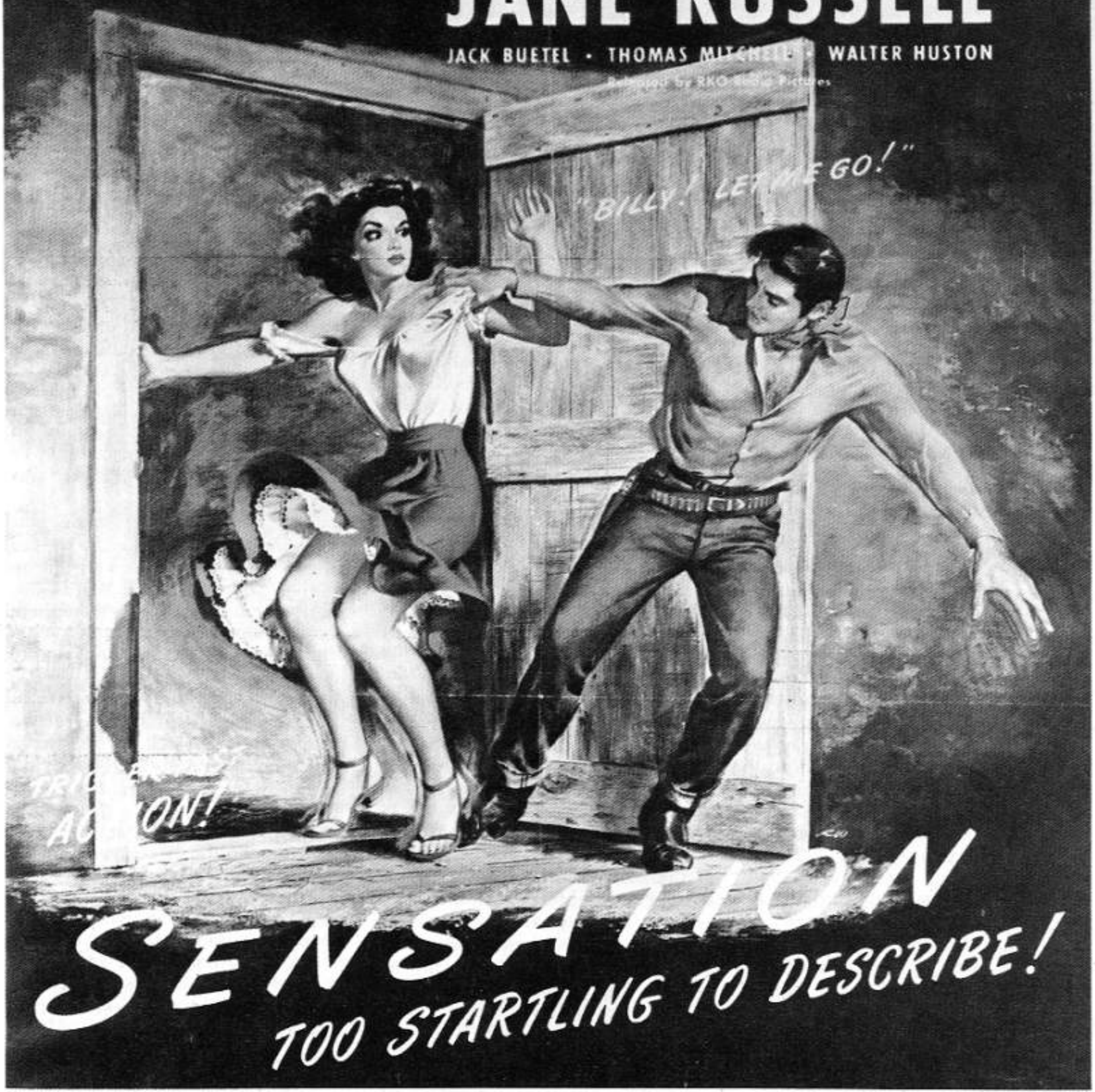
THE OUTLAW

STARRING

JANE RUSSELL

JACK BUETEL • THOMAS MITCHELL • WALTER HUSTON

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures



SENSATION

TOO STARTLING TO DESCRIBE!



Walter Huston (right) cozies up to Jack Beutel.

to the greatest case of p.r. overkill in Hollywood history — to the time when an ordinary girl of modest demeanor and strong religious upbringing was transformed in the popular mind into an open furnace of raging lust (a misconception which bedevils her to this day) — to World War II, when the Imperial Japanese Navy conspired with that Thackeray of flackery, Russell Birdwell, to make the national attributes of Jane Russell the most admired and widely-discussed breastworks on any front — a saga in which an acting tyro playing a supporting role in her first film totally eclipsed everyone and everything else in it and cornered worldwide attention beyond her wildest imaginings — and in which the storms which raged in all the ultimate uproar had really nothing to do with the film at all.

Russell Birdwell's successes were not always this unique and/or spectacular but they always had flair. For the Manhattan premiere of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, "The Bird" (as he was called) grandly trumpeted the news that Producer David O. Selznick was footing the total bill to fly "the entire population" of Zenda, Ontario to New York. (Population: 12). Subsequently he persuaded Anne Baxter to go smoke cigars in all the best Hollywood restaurants to change her image and boost her price. (It did.) He tried without success, however, to persuade Fairbanks, Alaska to rename itself Fairbanks Jr. (to honor one of young Doug's current efforts). His toughest, most famous job was maintaining public interest for 3½ long years in a film not even made. "The Bird" hit on the gimmick of "the biggest talent search in history." It was for the role of Scarlett O'Hara and it succeeded brilliantly. At the height of all the frenzied speculation, good pal Carole Lombard told Birdwell: "I must be the only broad in town who doesn't want it." (The stunt almost backfired when Selznick had to start his film with the feminine lead still nowhere in sight.)

It was at the Hollywood Premiere of *Gone With The Wind*, at the old Carthay Circle, that the epic tale of *The Outlaw* began. Selznick and Birdwell were not exactly drenched in flop sweat. They'd already gone through the raptures of the Atlanta opening. What was bothering "The Bird," as the two men watched the glittering celebrity audience file in, was the oasis of 150 choice seats in the center of the house. "Oh, God," exclaimed the exhausted David. "I pocketed those to pass out. And I've still got them!" Whereupon Birdwell quickly corralled his staff members and anyone else he could lay hands on, the whole posse rushed up to Wilshire Boulevard, and startled pedestrians and motorists were informed: "You are hereby invited to the Hollywood Premiere of *Gone With The Wind*."

These labors successfully attended to, "The Bird" was relaxing at the supper party afterwards and was at one point deep in conversation with Janet Gaynor, then a client. As Birdwell remembered: "This skinny chap came up to me and he had on little tails that he must have had in high school. He said, 'I'd like to talk to you two months from now.' I said, 'Fine,' and he walked off. I think it was Norma Shearer who then said, 'Do you know who that is? That's Howard Hughes!'"

Exactly two months later a mysterious courier arrived at Birdwell's office. His secretary eased her way into her boss' office and carefully closed the door behind her. "There's a man outside who can't talk," she relayed nervously. "He has to see you." In he came with a note which read, "Mr. Hughes will see you tomorrow at 3:00." Birdwell pondered that and then scrawled back, "3:00 P.M.?" The courier wrote, "3:00 A.M." Birdwell scribbled "O.K.," and the silent one vanished. Back he came the next day with another note. "Have confirmed appointment." It was conveyed that the meeting would take place at Hughes' home, which was better than a middle-of-the-night rendezvous in the men's john at Union Station, or other trysting places Hughes was wont to favor.

At the meeting Hughes came right to the point. "I am making a picture called *The Outlaw*. Can you put on another *Gone With The Wind* campaign for me?" Birdwell replied, "No, but maybe I can put on an original *Outlaw* campaign." Hughes liked that. "That's a good answer." And it was to be the absolute truth.

Meanwhile a pretty 19-year-old named Jane Russell, with vague aspirations to be a dress designer, was doing part-time photographic modeling. She had been born in Bemidji, Minnesota, native habitat of two other statuesque attractions, namely, Paul Bunyan and his ox, Babe. Whereas Paul and the Babe are permanently planted in giant replicas of themselves, the Russell clan decided to flee the frequent sub-zero clime and had finally nested in the San Fernando Valley. As the studio bios were later to tell it:



Jane Russell and Jack Beutel on the set.

"A talented artist, Jane was planning to become a dress designer but a chance meeting to see a friend at Max Reinhardt's Theatrical Workshop altered the course of her life. With some urging from the friend, she enrolled for a semester. This, followed by six months study with Madame Ouspenskaya, kindled Jane's ambition to become an actress."

Reinhardt and Ouspenskaya — well! Dust off *The Brothers Karamazov* for this debut. And how did it happen that such a budding artiste could wind up literally rolling in the hay? Birdwell's memories are less exalted. Apparently a modeling photo found its way over to the office of Howard Hawks, then slated to direct *The Outlaw*, and they sent for Jane.

"This little girl was a part-time receptionist in a chiropractor's office making $37.50 a week," Birdwell revealed. "For $50 a week she was put under contract and that's what she made all the time she was doing the picture."

The company went on location to Yuma, where the two Howards — Hughes and Hawks — speedily parted company. Nine years earlier they had collaborated successfully on *Scarface*, a critical and boxoffice hit which catapulted Paul Muni to stardom. (*Scarface* is another film currently imprisoned somewhere in the Hughes Empire.) In Yuma, for undisclosed reasons, the two men (in a favorite phrase of Walter Winchell's) agreed to disagree. When David Selznick fired George Cukor from *Gone With The Wind*, he supposedly claimed that Cukor lacked "the big feel" of that epic. Maybe Hawks couldn't get "the big feel," either — a naughty phrase to use in connection with *The Outlaw*. More probably he was getting "the big smell," and went off, in the company of Gary Cooper, to two less grandiose items, namely, *Sergeant York* and *Ball of Fire*.

Life in Yuma was anything but jolly. Hughes, whom Jane privately referred to as "The Joybird," had taken over the direction himself. "We did it the hard way," Russell

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LOS ANGELES

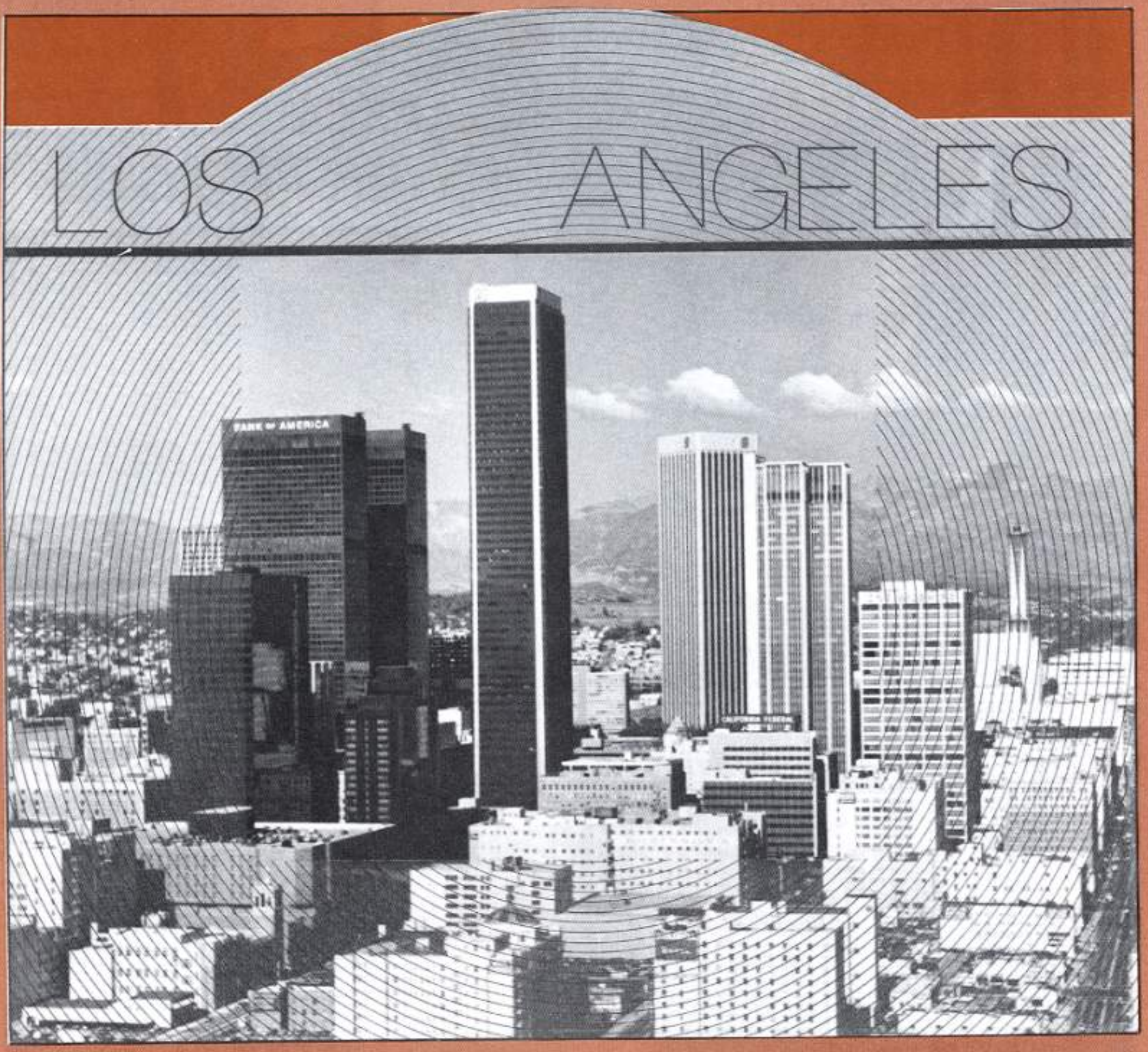


Photo courtesy Southern California Visitors Council

By BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

Los Angeles, unlike other cities you have have visited, doesn't really exist.

New York is THERE, brooding over you constantly like a stern Dutch uncle. In San Francisco, you can drive across the bay, look back and, voila, there it is, shimmering, white and sinful, like Lot's wife.

But Los Angeles is elusive. It obeys the Second Law of Theromodynamics and proceeds toward greater and greater disorganization. A state of mind rather than a geographical place, Los Angeles has been called the first post-perceptual city. It's a daisy-chain of municipalities packed into one hundred square miles stretching from the Mohave Desert to the sea.

It's possible to live and die in Los Angeles and, unless you are indicted for something, never see the central city except on Dragnet's re-runs.

It's also possible, with a minimum of planning, to avoid slums, poor people, ugly people, straight people, noise, congestion, smog and reality. Now what kind of city is that?

Well, it's a very liveable one, that's what kind. Because what you CAN have, almost without trying, is moonlight on the Pacific, delicate air thick with mimosa and sybartic nights that gently caress your body and the body of anyone you are caressing (sorry, I get carried away).

In short, Los Angeles is a wonderful place to live, but a terrible place to visit.

Typically, a tourist is forced marched through the city's dubious attractions and emerges, however many days later, stunned and exhausted and with the lingering impression that Los Angeles is a cross between the Gobi Desert and the world's largest Tupperware party.

In addition, there don't seem to be any people. Has everyone been evacuated? Or what?

Angelenos are home-bodies. Going out is okay, they seem to feel, only when you have someplace marvelous to go out from.

So, when it happens in Los Angeles, it usually happens at home. Or at one of a handful of secret and jealously guarded hang-outs.

Your problem, as a visitor, is to quickly discover the real Los Angeles. Stake out your area and go native. God knows, no one wants to make it with a tourist.

In general, stick to the Westside. West Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Venice and Malibu are the principal enclaves.

Hollywood, by now, has largely been abandoned to hatchet-faced hustlers and the vice squad. And Pasadena is only fun if you have a passion for millionaire widows with solid gold annuities and weak hearts. Topanga Canyon is for the specialist. And Marina Del Rey, it may as well be admitted, is for heterosexuals and double-knit freaks.

West Hollywood is the epicenter of Los Angeles gay life. Affectionately known as "Boystown" and "The Swish Alps," the area has the highest concentration of upwardly mobile, affluent gays in Los Angeles. Don't loiter aimlessly about the streets, however. Those guys will paste a Regency front on anything.

Obviously gay commerce follows gay money. Boutiques, night clubs and a gaggle of gay services cluster in the West Hollywood area.

"Studio One," 652 N. La Peer is, according to many, the best dance club in Los Angeles.

Dissenters point out that on a hot Saturday in the summer, it's like dancing in a large intestine.

Truly, it can get uncomfortable. As the temperature rises, the dancers, stuck together like postage stamps and wiggling like electrocuted lemmings, begin to shed clothes as fast and as furiously as the LAPD will allow.

There are those who do not object to this curious practice. Those who do can take refuge in the "Backlot" showroom, where entertainers like Chita Rivera and Michael Greer play to capacity crowds.

The non-gay community has more or less taken "Studio One" to its collective bosom. Apparently because they couldn't stand seeing



Photo courtesy Southern California Visitors Council

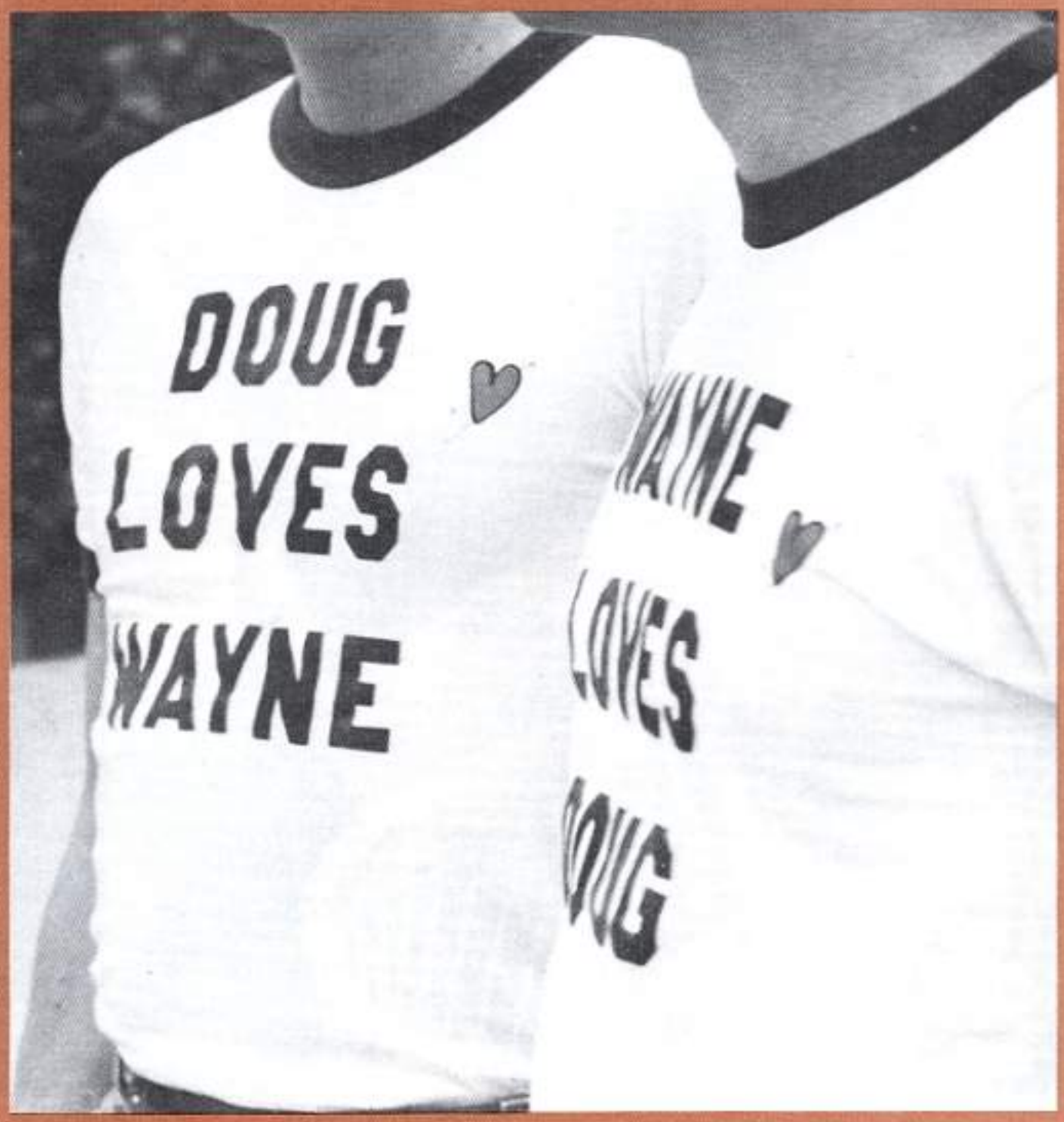


Photo by John Welles



Photo by Charles Adams/Dino





Photo by Hugh Hollan







Photo by Hugh Holland



gays have such a good time. Also, Studio One was formerly a private club for movie stars. Some of the clientele and some of the cashier has lingered.

Opening night parties have been held there for *Tommy* and "A Chorus Line." And, my dear, everybody who was anybody was there. We may lick them, finally, by out-chicing them.

The movie industry, directly or indirectly, influences everything in Los Angeles.

For instance, everyone is beautiful. Or pretending to be. They get their teeth capped and their hair styled and buy their clothes at Ah, Men.

Ah, Men is to the Los Angeles gay community what Brooks Brothers is to Wall Street: You buy more than mere clothes, you buy a new way of living and, if that ain't enough, you buy a new way to strut your stuff.

You can debut the new you at any of the bars and restaurants along Santa Monica Boulevard.

"The Four Star," 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., and "The Rusty Nail," 7994 Santa Monica Blvd., are friendly, popular neighborhood bars. Except the neighborhood is one of the cruisiest in America.

If you strike out, the new you may be the wrong you. Get outside opinions from "That Look," 2512 Hyperion, and "Leather by Leather," 5542 Santa Monica Blvd.

If you are from a small city or town you have probably only heard of "the baths." You are, no doubt, under the impression that they combine the excesses of classical Greece with the indulgences of decadent Rome. Well, they do, you'll be happy to learn. They are the greatest invention since masturbation.

"Hollywood Spa," 1769 N. Cahuenga; "Midtown Spa," 615 S. Kohler; "Roman Holiday Baths," 12814 Venice Blvd.; and "Glens for Men," 4653 Lankershim Blvd. and 4550 Brooklyn Ave., do not require memberships.

Going from the ridiculous to the sublime (maybe that's reversed) you should definitely make it to Disneyland.

Uncle Walt may have retired with the title of Square-of-the-Century, but he knew a thing or two about his fellow Americans.

Disneyland is a California Bauhaus. Plastic-fantastic architecture and consumer culture were brought to their zenith at the Magic Kingdom and have spread out across the land like fungus.

Like champagne, Disneyland is just as silly as you always hoped it would be. In a time of rather general disappointments it's nice to be able to report that something lives up to its reputation.

The Anaheim Xanadu isn't as expensive as you may suppose, but it's a lot more work than you would expect. Visitors always appear to be grimly enjoying the park's many pleasures.

Disneyland is as right wing as you can get. There is a dress code of sorts — no flesh showing where it could do you any good. And God knows what they would do to you if they caught you smoking a joint. Best advice: Butch it up. You'll be out numbered anyway.

Forest Lawn, a Disneyland of death, also lives up to its publicity. Evelyn Waugh, in "The Loved One" understands the case.

Nor will Malibu let you down. Lunch at Alice's Restaurant, on Malibu Pier. Outside the window, on a gently curving stretch of beach, they're still playing "Beach Blanket Bingo." Lots of blond, tanned surfer types with the most wonderful bulges in all the right places.

It's probably not a good idea to march right up and tell them what you have on your mind. Wait until dusk and cruise Pacific Coast Highway. Offer the arrogant little darlings a ride home. You'll get sand in the car, but what the hell, it's rented.

San Francisco has been called (by Herb Caan) Baghdad-by-the-Bay. Los Angeles has been called (by me) the Bourgeoisie-by-the-Sea.

The Los Angeles Police, under the incomparable leadership of Edward Davis, enforce a mid-Victorian code of sexual ethics.

As a result, many gays never really relax. They lust. But they touch behind closed doors.

Oh, well. That's what closed doors are for.



Bette Midler is one of the hottest properties in show business today, too hot in fact for network TV. Negotiations between the sizzling redhead and ABC for a series of prime-time specials broke down several months ago. Bette lost interest in the ABC package deal when network brass demanded deletions of the off-color material Midler has favored since her days at New York's Continental Baths.

Television has matured greatly, but evidently not to the point where Midler can openly dump on Cher or relate the bluest of Sophie Tucker *bon-mots* without the network's scissoring. Privileged audiences were able to catch the Midler magic over closed circuit cable TV with no censoring at all. More and more entertainers whose material would be impossible on "The Mike Douglas Show" are turning up on subscription TV with their routines intact. But what percentage of the general public does cable TV reach?

We know that the home screen can survive without the likes of Midler, but doesn't she need the exposure it alone can guarantee? Bette, you see, is about to tackle her first film role. And while her brilliant guestings on "The Tonight Show" and with Cher and Burt Bacharach appealed to the hard core fans, she has yet to reach the vast middle-of-the-road audiences who make up the majority of moviegoers.

THE

By CHRIS NICKENS

Photos by BOB CHIARELLO

Steve McQueen and James Garner were household names before they ever set foot on a movie soundstage, thanks to their TV popularity. Barbra Streisand acquired a built-in audience for her first film *Funny Girl* due largely to the public's response to her Emmy winning specials for CBS.

Should Midler have compromised in exchange for millions of new prospective movie fans? Even an expurgated "Miss M" would still be an exciting TV event. But Bette has based a large part of her success on outrageous material and shock value, alienating some while enchanting others. She is clearly a lady of few compromises.

She was forced to compromise, however, as the only Jewish girl raised in a belligerent Somoan section of Hawaii. Bette learned early to fend for herself with the rougher aspects of her surroundings. This dreary

She is clearly a lady of few compromises.

period is reflected in Midler's versions of punk-rock classics like "Leader of the Pack" and "Chapel of Love." As an adolescent, Bette decided on a singing career, and of course felt New York the place to start. She financed her invasion of The Big Apple with the meager earnings she had accrued as an extra in Julie Andrews' 1966 film *Hawaii*.

New York offered several opportunities to the vastly talented newcomer. Almost immediately she found herself playing "Tzeitel" in "Fiddler on the Roof," a role she played for three years. The Greenwich Village showcase bars afforded her the chance to develop new material and experiment with the



HOLLYWOOD BET

various images she wished to project. After a short run with the rock musical "Salvation," she accepted what would be the most important engagement of her career.

So much has been written about Midler's sensational appearances at the Continental Baths that little need be mentioned — except that she literally became, if not an overnight star, at least a talent to be reckoned with. It was during her stay at the Continental that "The Divine Miss M" character took shape. Bette admits that much of the comic technique and stage demeanor of "The Last of the Tacky Ladies" was lifted almost verbatim from the Bath's clientel.

Soon, offers were rampant and "The Tonight Show" gave Bette her first TV exposure. Within 18 months Midler completed two national tours, cut hit albums for Atlantic, and became the '70s first genuine superstar. All at once she was gracing the covers of several magazines and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" was a jukebox favorite. She broke all attendance records at the Palace and returned to Broadway a year later with her "Clams on the Half Shell Revue" to even greater success.

Not content to bask in her newly acquired glory, Midler tried something new during the tour to promote "Songs for the New Depression," her third and most rewarding album. There was plenty of the "sleaze bomb" antics to please the faithful, but a chanteuse emerged. As comfortable with "Delta Dawn" as with antiquated Bea Lillie material, she bypassed the '50s cocktail sequins in favor of yards of



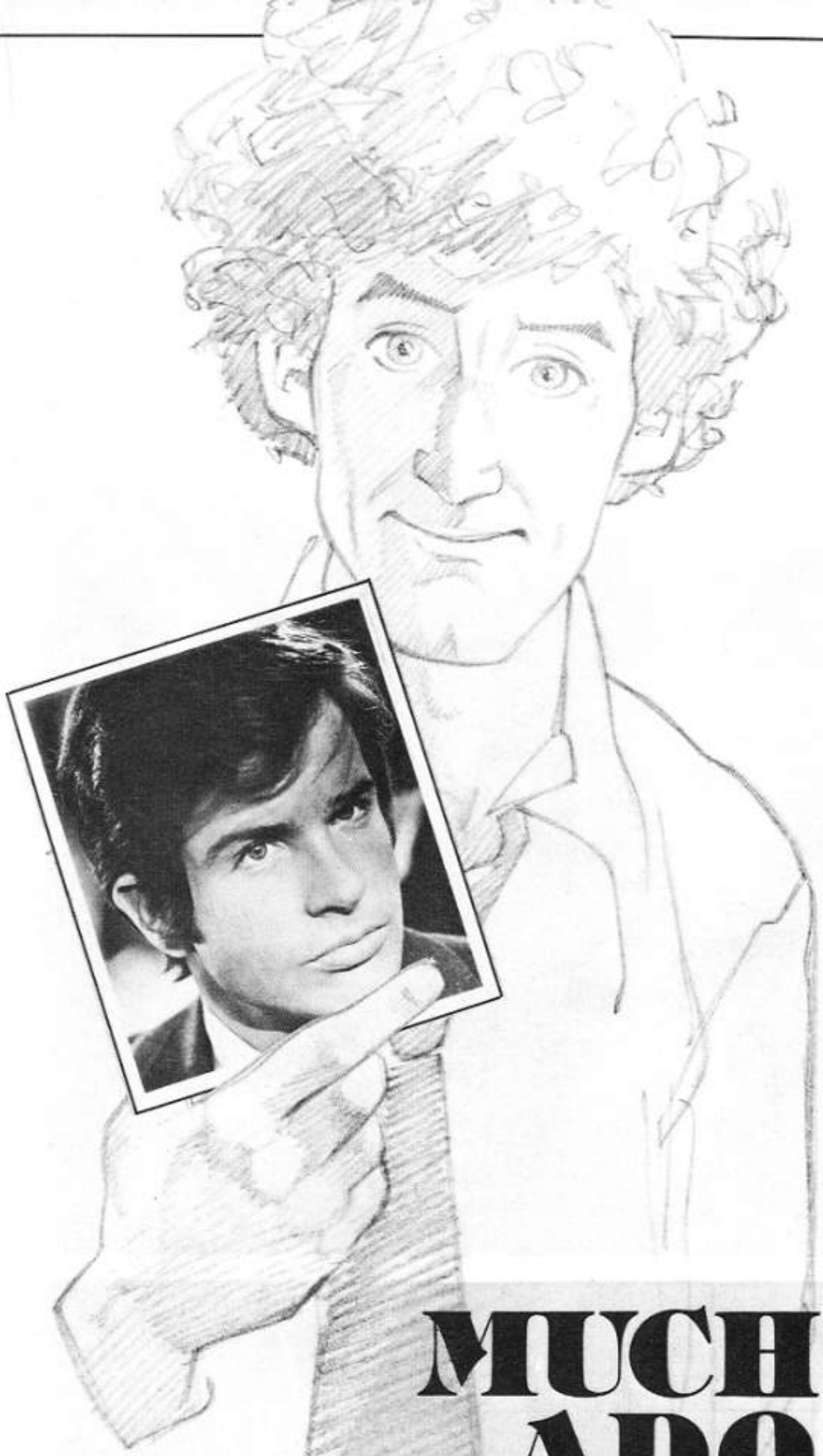
TE MIDLER



bunting and sloppy Levis. In effect she was saluting "The Divine Miss M" and at the same time letting her audiences know that there was more to Bette Midler than the obvious.

Whether Hollywood will explore these new facets to the Midler personality remains to be seen. While Columbia has her under contract for three pictures at this writing, she hasn't signed for a specific property. There is talk of a remake of the Carole Lombard classic *Twentieth Century*. Also possible is the film version of *Chicago*.

One hopes Midler doesn't suffer the same fate as Ethel Merman and Carol Channing. Great Broadway stars, these unique talents came across on film as course and vulgar. Lacking the relaxed sex-appeal of Streisand, Bette may find the film colony unappreciative of her spontaneous personality. Like Liza Minnelli, she may have to exercise great caution in her choice of roles (*Lucky Lady* notwithstanding). In any event, a Midler screen debut will be a must-see for anyone interested in great talent. •



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

By BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

The invitation was printed on a French t-shirt. So naturally I went. If they start out giving away clothes, I reasoned, God only knows where they will end.

Ostensibly, it was a press party for an artist who specialized in garish, air-brushed, album covers. The host was a recording industry satrap and the location was a private saloon above one of L.A.'s most elegant clubs.

The place was decorated in art-deco-cum-mucho-money, a style peculiar to certain sections of Los Angeles and encountered nowhere else.

At the door a pair of hooligans (brace of hooligans?) was grimly and unceremoniously trying to separate the uninvited Sunset Strip riff-raff from the invited press riff-raff. Which was hard to do because riff-raff tends to look alike. Since I was wearing my invitation, I had to open my shirt down to the sternum to gain admittance. Credentials in order, I squeezed my frail body between the hulking, muscular hooligans (not an altogether unpleasant experience) and went upstairs.

From a strictly libational point of view, it was what Joyce Haber used to call an "A" affair. Dom Perignon was flowing like Gatorade. And there were gleaming silver trays everywhere heaped with exotic canapes.

But the guests were the same tired old fairies and weatherbeaten news hens I had been seeing around for years. Hardly a group to warrant exceptional security.

But slowly, almost imperceptibly, the room began to fill with movie stars. It started with lesser rockers and local DJs; gathered momentum with a contingent of sixties singers now verging on paunchy, affluent, super-stardom; and reached its apex with the arrival of a gaggle of current "After Dark" (you should excuse the expression) darlings.

Soon it was impossible to move in that small room without rubbing your elbow to a nubbin on the celebrated. Very heady stuff. Especially for a hill-billy kid who used to beat off to pictures of male movie stars cut out of purloined copies of *Photoplay* magazine.

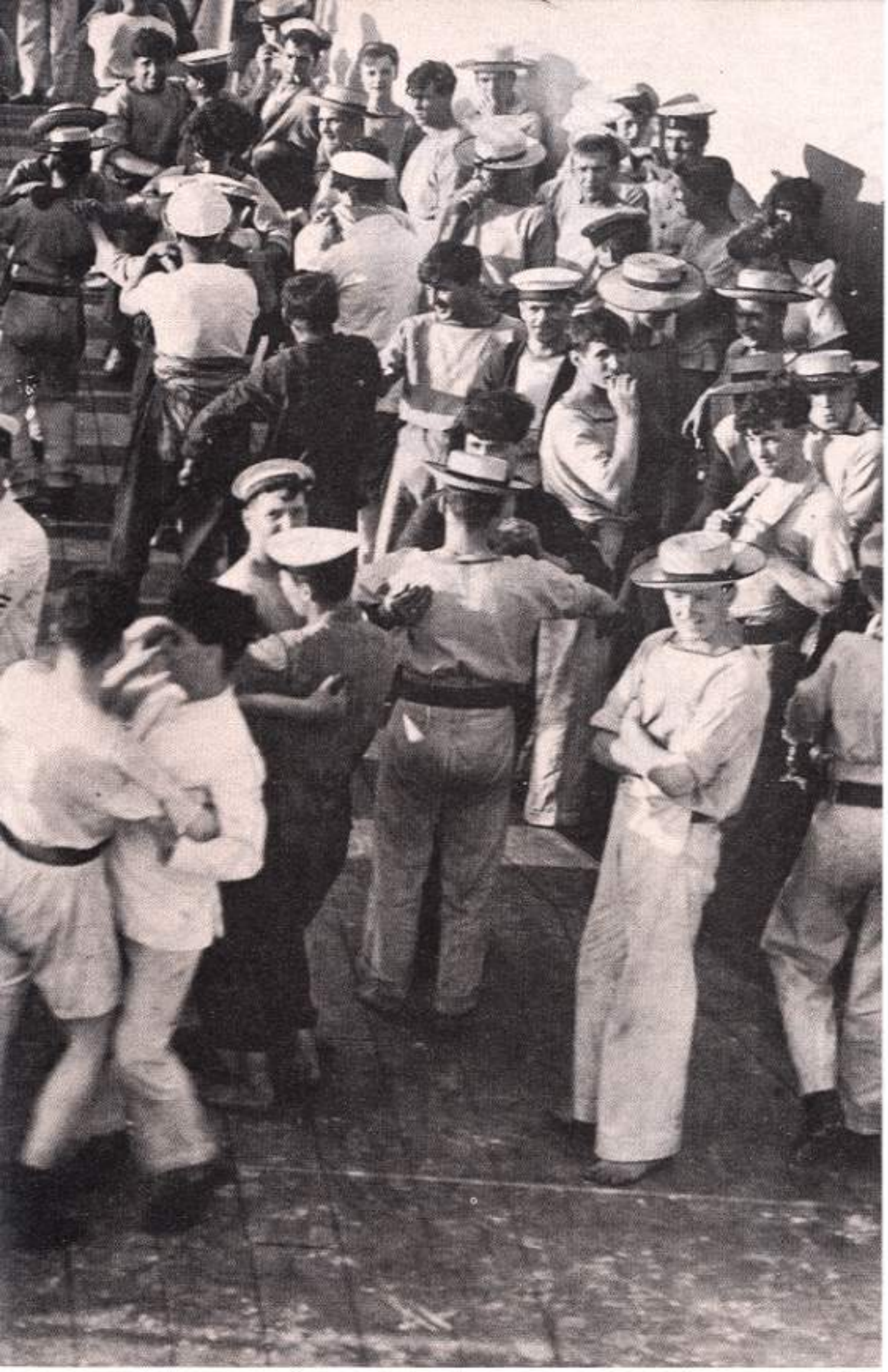
Suddenly, across the crowded room — so to speak — I saw him. The piece de resistance. The creme de la creme. WARREN BEATTY. *He was with that Phillips woman.*

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ROYAL MANOEUVRES

By MIKE ARLEN

Members of the British Royal Navy indulging in a little relaxation which, we're told, no longer happens aboard Her Majesty's vessels. This picture, circa 1923, is so unusual the National Maritime Museum at London's Greenwich (which keeps all naval memorabilia) says it's never seen one like it. Guys dancing together on the high seas dates back to the mid-1700s, when it was called compulsory merrymaking — "Hands To Dance And Skylark" — the order given at the discretion of the captain. Various forms of dancing, mainly jigs, were accompanied by the ship's fiddle. But the gramophone (in this shot) of the Columbia-type was introduced in 1922. Straw hats, which were offically recognized in 1857, were still in occasional use in 1930. Official sources say the round caps of the petty officers are of the 1920s type, and that the Royal Marines are wearing their corps badges centrally on their caps without peaks — suggesting the picture could date to just before 1923. It was probably taken on a battleship of the Mediterranean or home fleet in summer paint. And extremely discerning eyes may detect a parrot on the shoulder of a bare-headed rating above the gramophone. Parrots ceased to be carried with the coming of the war. At some period after the war, this type of compulsory merrymaking seems to have been discontinued. Before writing the successful wartime movie about the navy *In Which We Serve*, Noel Coward had been on such close terms with commanders of the fleet in the '30s that he took holidays aboard several ships. Besides his theatrical achievements, we might envy his considerable naval manoeuvres as well.



L'OEUVRES

By MIKE ARLEN

While the nostalgia boom in Britain hasn't quite reached American proportions, I am happy to encourage it, although my nostalgia passions are for Victorian and Edwardian London and not the '20s and '30s.

I am not content telling myself we have far more advantages today. I would still put money down to spend a week or two in the London of say, 70 to 100 years ago. I must admit, though, my moments of hesitation about jumping on that time machine occur when I see old photographs like the official one of men of the North Lancs Regiment saying they cheered when ordered to the trenches. As we now know that millions were killed in those World War I trenches, perhaps it's best we don't know just how many of these eager faces never saw home again.

Last year brought an avalanche of publicity to guardsmen in London when it was revealed that members of the Queen's Household Cavalry had posed in nude and semi-nude pictures in gay magazines. A military police investigation disclosed that hundreds of guardsmen in their prime took part in homosexual activities for money. So much drama was caused in national newspapers that 18 of them were dishonorably discharged. I thought that the British army was so much better paid now that far fewer soldiers made themselves available to gentlemen for coin of the realm — which was common practice in the '90s. I recently heard from David Evans who knows the way it was.

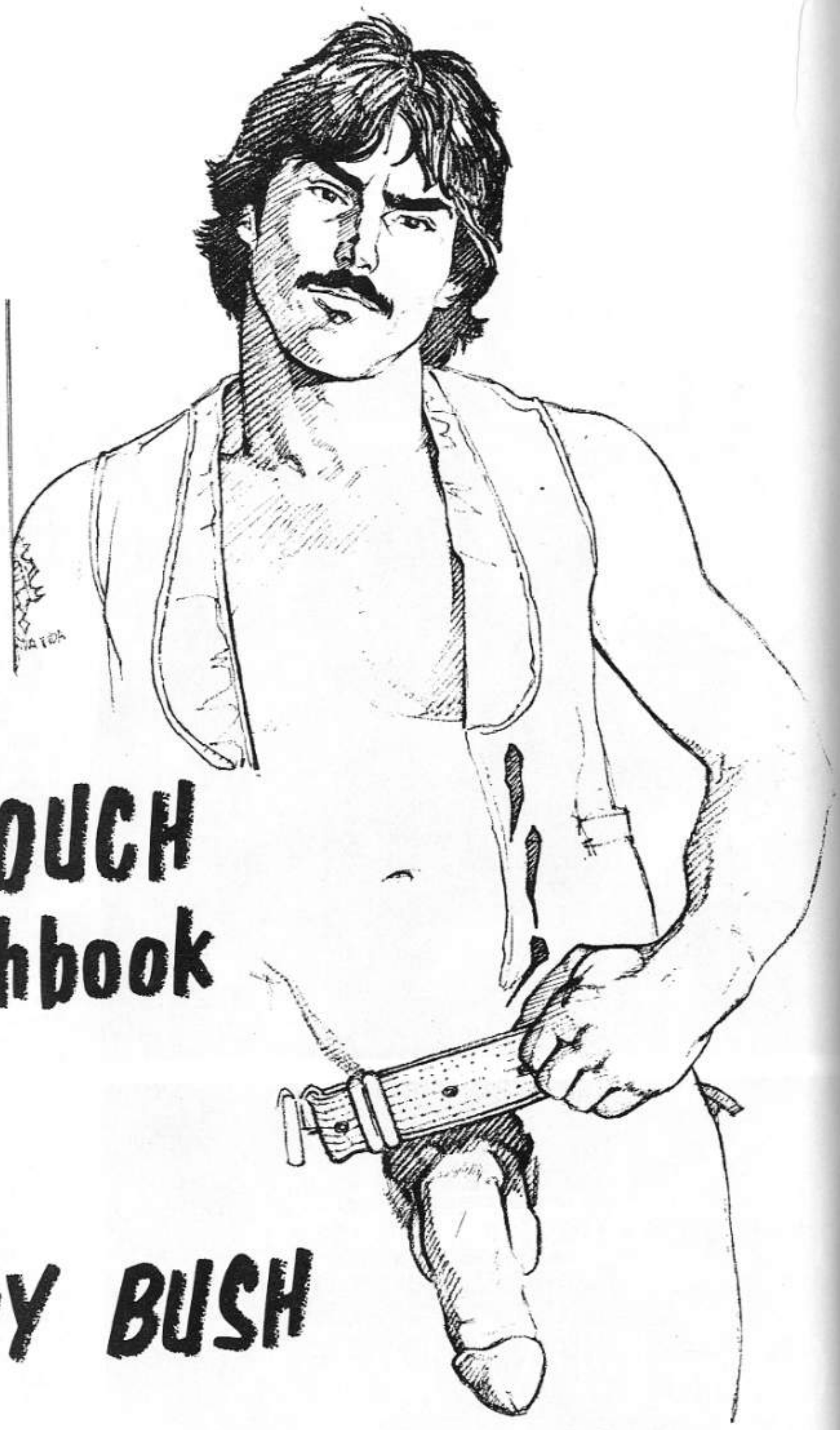
"Your piece on how the guards have changed brought back many memories. In 1931 things were similar to the way they were at the end of the century. I did make something of the opportunities that guardsmen were offered. I'd only been in the regiment a few weeks and was recovering from the shock of being kept moving at top speed all day after living on a quiet Welsh farm, when the corporal came to me as he'd spotted me standing alone and said almost in a whisper: 'Evans, lad, an officer's got his eye on you.' He seemed pleased.

'Which officer?' I asked.

'Never mind lad. He'll let you know soon enough. Now take some advice from one who's been through it all before: make the most of it. Do as the officer tells you, like a good

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the IN TOUCH sketchbook of HARRY BUSH



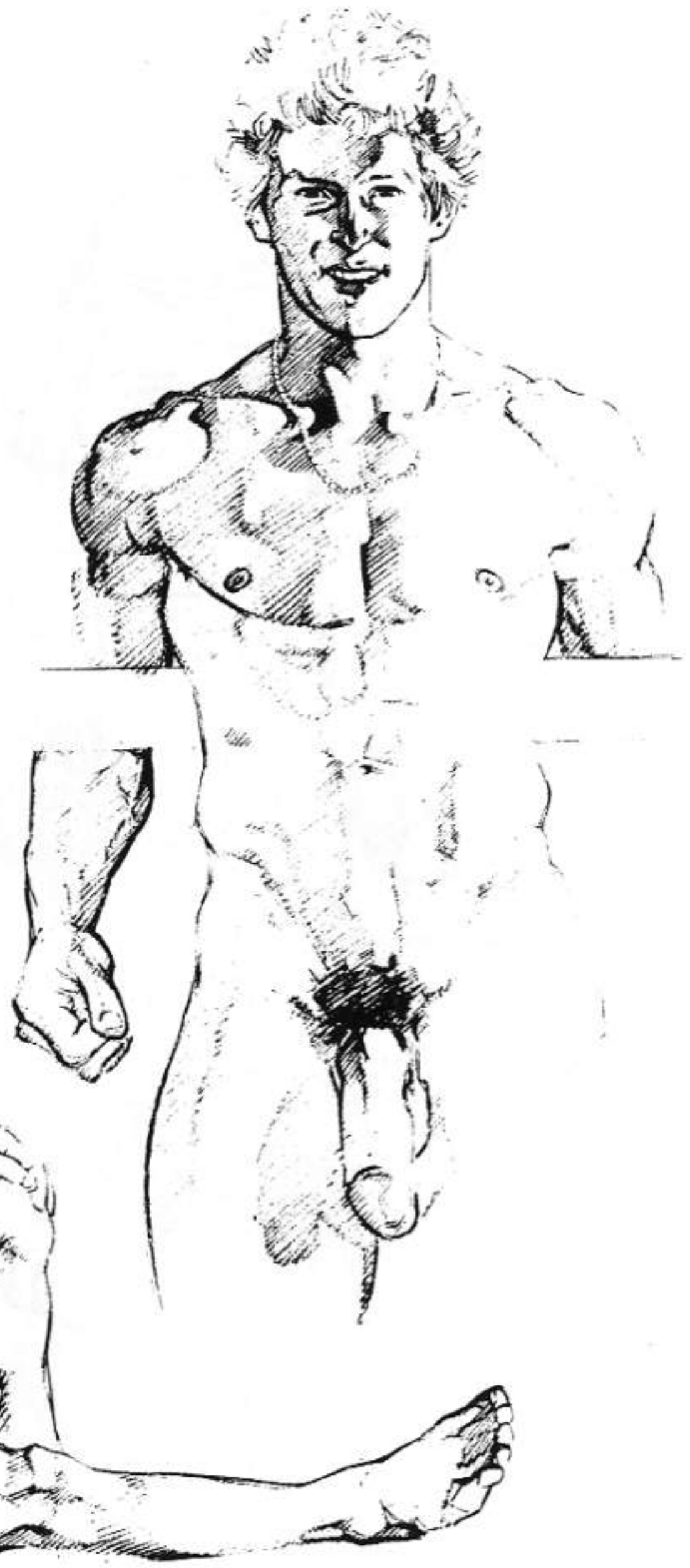
Bob Buck, the centerfold/coverman of Issue No. 24. He was a combat engineer in the Army, this California carpenter who's 29, Aries, half-Mexican and half-German.



Clyde Dayton Wallace, who created a stir as the centerfold/coverman of Issue No. 21. He's 23, this "untypical jock" who was the most-lettered athlete in high school in football, basketball and track.



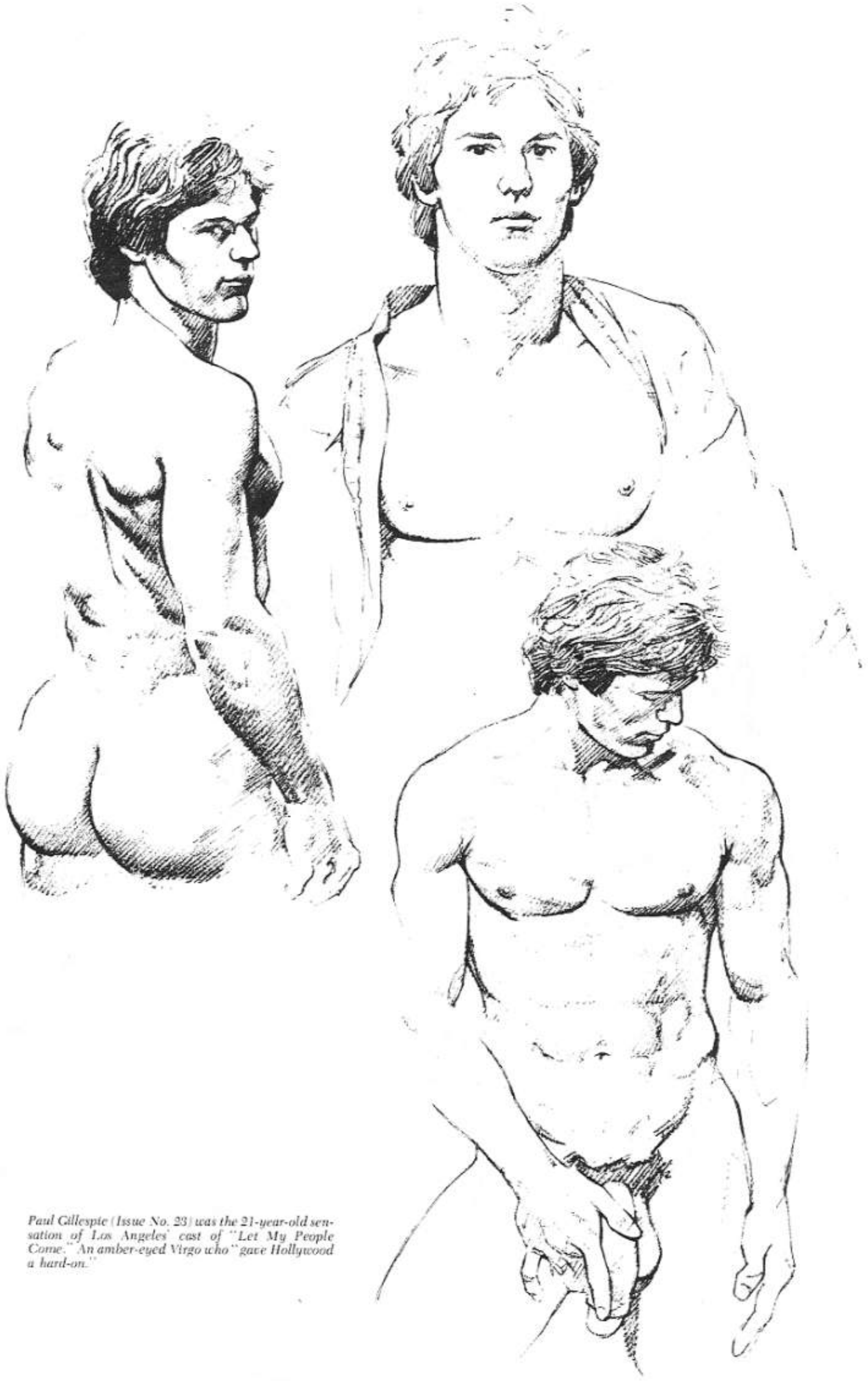
Gerry Arthur, the centerfold of Issue No. 23, a seaman in the British Royal Navy's field gun crew. He's Welsh, 22, and blond.



Michael Barrington (Issue No. 21), 20, a California native with "incongruous, disarming dimples in a face artfully structured to be daimonic." He's Sagittarius with Scorpio rising, Irish-French and has a 156 IQ.



Marc Cole (Issue No. 21), the prototype of the California surfer, a high school and college swimmer from Santa Barbara.



Paul Gillespie (Issue No. 23) was the 21-year-old sensation of Los Angeles' cast of "Let My People Come." An amber-eyed Virgo who "gave Hollywood a hard-on."

Steve de Luise, the coverman of Issue No. 23, is of French-Italian ancestry. An ex-Marine who now lives in New York City.



Dana O'Brian, the centerfold/coverman of Issue No. 22, a skateboarder who lives in Southern California. "It's as if Botticelli had put aside his brushes for a moment and collaborated with 'Hang Ten'."





Michael Walsh (Issue No. 24), a laborer on building sites in London weekdays and a bartender in a pub on weekends. An Irish lad raised on a farm.

So you always wanted to teach

By BOB LaRIVIERE



Bob LaRiviere began teaching high school English in New Hampshire at 20. He retired from the teaching profession at 22 because of "the sad fact that the educational system . . . was totally out of touch with the needs of its students" and his "extreme youth and idealism wouldn't allow me to conform to the very strange teaching standards of the school system." After trying to initiate some positive social and educational changes, he finally decided he was "fighting a losing battle," and left teaching. He still wants to teach, but wants to be certain in advance that the school system will be a concerned and dedicated one. He is now 23 and working in a warehouse in Massachusetts.

An acquaintance of mine once said that homophobia is the national ailment of the United States; after teaching for a year in a New Hampshire high school, I now know that, at least in this rural community, this is much too true.

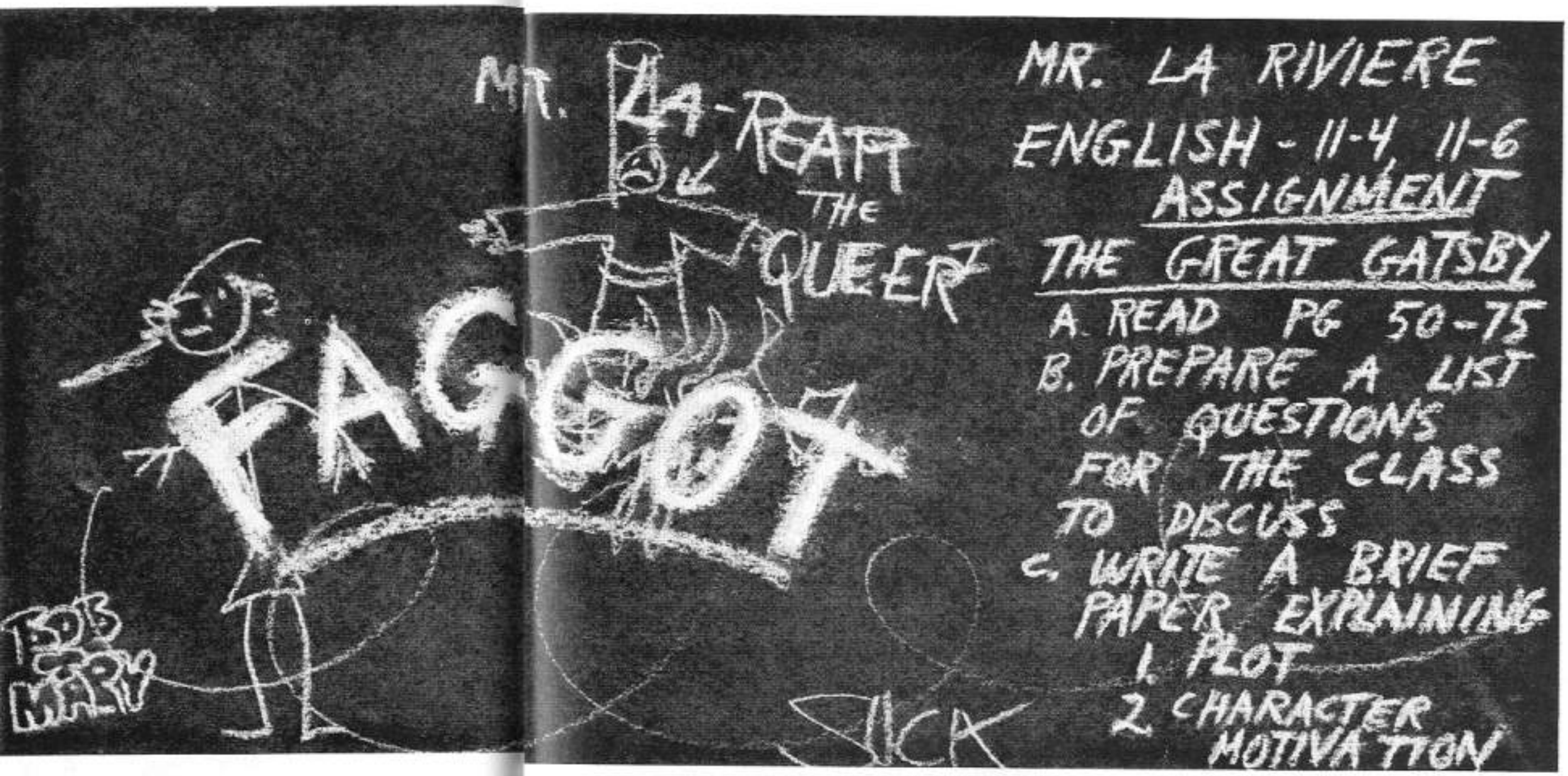
From the first week of school I was branded as a faggot, and, since I don't consider myself to be particularly effeminate, I was curious to discover why I was labeled derogatorily (for this was the intent) so early in my teaching career (I was fresh out of college). I found out that on the first day of school some of my students had checked out my car, a Plymouth Duster. Obviously, any real man would not be caught dead owning a car whose engine size was a whimpering 198 cubic inches!

Also, since I had answered "no" when they asked if I had played sports in high school or college, I was undeniably a pansy in their minds. Although I was somewhat surprised by such primitive mentalities, I pressed onward, confident that I could do my part for society by enlightening 120 teenagers. I soon learned that these assumptions made by my students about me were serious intimations of an age-old malady running rampant — the age-old malady of homophobia.

My eleventh-grade class consisted primarily of the football and basketball players; their preoccupation with the whole macho trip was amazing in its awesome power. Anyone who didn't play varsity sports or hunt deer was immediately at a disadvantage when dealing with these students. Obviously, they thought, anyone who would want to teach English is a queer, anyway. I realized immediately that my first job would be to make an attempt at some sort of sensitizing; to make my students aware and sympathetic to individuals and their differences. The problem was so acute, and the damage was so extensive, that I didn't know where to begin.

We started with the obvious question of what determines manhood and womanhood. No one even touches upon the subjects of responsibility, gentleness or personal ethics. One student's ultimate explanation of Man and Woman was "the man *must* be more important: he's the one who always gets on top when they fuck!" The amazing thing about this comment was that none of the girls in the class found any errors in that boy's comment. None of them found it necessary to defend themselves against this obvious attack on the importance of women.

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The student who had voiced this comment was the most extreme case of homophobia. He was constantly expounding upon his sexual prowess, and was always trying to seduce his female classmates with tales of the endless pleasure that lay awaiting at the end of what he considered to be his gigantic penis. Any time the subject of love arose in class discussions, however, he suddenly became painfully silent. He was finally suspended from school for urinating on a seventh-grader in the lavatory. When questioned about his motives for this act, he simply said, "because faggots turn my stomach."

I was becoming increasingly more despondent over the massive obsession with the distinction between "fags" and "men." There was mounting hostility between myself and several of my male students; on several occasions this hostility erupted into major confrontations. I was a faggot because I gave homework on Fridays, I was a faggot if I kept anyone after school, a student's father was a faggot if he didn't let him have the car on Saturdays. In short, the term was used to denote contempt for any undesirable person.

This is the manifestation which most frightened me. It scared me because it illustrated an obstacle which was impervious to any form of reason. How can you instill respect and sensitivity, or any sort of practical ethics, when something as harmless as homosexuality is viewed in such a light? . . .

During an "open house" organized by the school I came to appreciate the extent to which my students' values have been shaped by their parents. The Open House was organized to allow parents to meet with teachers and to become acquainted with the courses of study their children would pursue through the year. After speaking to the father of one of my students, I happened to hear him talking to another parent in the corridor outside my classroom. He was angry that I would be teaching *The Great Gatsby* instead of grammar, to his son. "God knows," he said, "only pansies read books like that!"

I was infuriated by this comment, but I was also, strangely, somewhat relieved. I was angered for the obvious reasons, but was relieved because I realized that it wasn't myself who had been the total failure. I had become extremely depressed over the insurmountable obstacles of ignorance I had encountered, but I then saw that, no matter how hard I tried, one year of my efforts would not even make a dent in the 16 years of home education my students had been given by their parents.

When I was studying Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native* with a class, I had to give them a weekly vocabulary list, because of the unfamiliarity of many of the words in the novel. In the first chapter of the book, the word "faggot" is used. I had been sort of half hoping that the students would miss the word while

reading, but I knew that this was inconceivable. I wrote the word on the board, and defined it in the context of the novel as a bundle of twigs which is burned as fuel. I even mentioned how this definition was the source of the contemporary definition so dear to their hearts — that in the Middle Ages faggots, like witches, were burned to death. From that moment on, the boys were obsessed with calling each other "bundles of twigs." There was even an occasion where, during a break in one of the inter-scholastic basketball games, some of my students began calling members of the opposing team a "bundle of twigs," much to the confusion of the other team.

I even had a student write a Creative Writing composition using Egdon Heath — the locale of Hardy's novel — as a setting. The composition concerned the annual bonfire which the novel's characters held on Halloween. It turned out, however, the townspeople weren't

They think all human worth is based upon the procreative organs.

burning peat moss or twigs, but were burning Fred F. Aggot, the village idiot and queer. Under different circumstances I would have been amused, but the writer of the story was definitely not sympathetic, so the story took on a very ominous quality for me.

One of my students recently "discovered" the famous case of Christine Jorgenson and mentioned it in class one day. Most of the other students found it infinitely repulsive that anyone would not be satisfied with his or her sexuality. I tried, unsuccessfully, to explain the difference between sex and gender, but no one was convinced that George Jorgenson had done what was right. Obviously, my students agreed, Mr. Jorgenson was nothing but a faggot, anyway; by having a sex-change operation, he could now wear women's clothing without ridicule. My students found it very "gross" as they put it, that any man would want to be castrated. As far as they were concerned, all human worth and all human values were based upon the procreative organs.

There is an eighth grade student in my school who is a good example of the analogous relationship drawn by many people between competitive sports and so-called "manhood." Wayne is a very frail, delicate-looling boy who has been repeatedly harassed because of his appearance. Although he is not a student of mine, I see him regularly when I monitor the students eating lunch in the cafeteria. The problem of harassment by other eighth graders, and by eleventh and twelfth graders as well, had become so acute that he was finally allowed to eat his lunch in the principal's office.

On several occasions, I have seen a group of boys walk to this table, sit beside him and across from him, and bombard him with myriad insults and insinuations. When I confronted these students to find out their reason for this harassment, they told me that Wayne skipped gym class because he doesn't like to be forced to play sports with his classmates. Since he is not athletically inclined, he is constantly laughed at by the others. The other students found out that Wayne goes to the art room and paints, instead of going to gym class. They found this to be reason enough to call him "faggot." He was driven to tears on several occasions because of these insults which, at his age, were unthinkable. If he begins to believe he is a faggot because he paints, how can he ever come to any true realization of his own sexuality, heterosexual or otherwise?

I cannot help but think that all of these manisfestations of homophobia are merely rationalizations on the part of many of the students. I am sure that there are many of them who are confused about their own sexual identity. Because they have been conditioned from every angle to believe that any sort of sexual activity deviant from the norm is sick and obscene, they must, I suppose, react with affected hostility to the subconscious drives and questions they must be experiencing.

This is a serious problem, and it's not getting any better. If these adolescents continue to believe the stereotypes and irrational fears of their parents, how can they ever see the truth? How can those who are different ever reconcile themselves with the community and still retain their own sense of self-worth?

As a gay teacher I am faced with a situation which not only offends myself as a teacher, but myself as an individual as well. Because of this oppression in the schools, it is impossible for any student who may be gay to find sympathetic people who can guide him or her. I would be a very likely person to help these students, but obviously, at this time, it would be impossible for any interaction of this kind by myself and a student. It would take an immense amount of courage for a student to expose his or her homosexuality; most students, I would assume, would not have the self-conviction to expose themselves to so much hostility and aggression. As for a gay teacher such as myself, there is no question but that I would be immediately dismissed were I to reveal the fact that I am gay.

The atmosphere in this state is hardly conducive to gay liberation for teachers or anyone else for that matter. The infamous governor of New Hampshire, Meldrim Thompson, was interviewed about his responses to the Gay Students' Organization which had recently been formed at the University of New Hampshire. In addition to his standard remarks about "sickies" and "fruits," he stated that he would close down the G.S.O. on the grounds that he was afraid that it would attract homosexuals from all

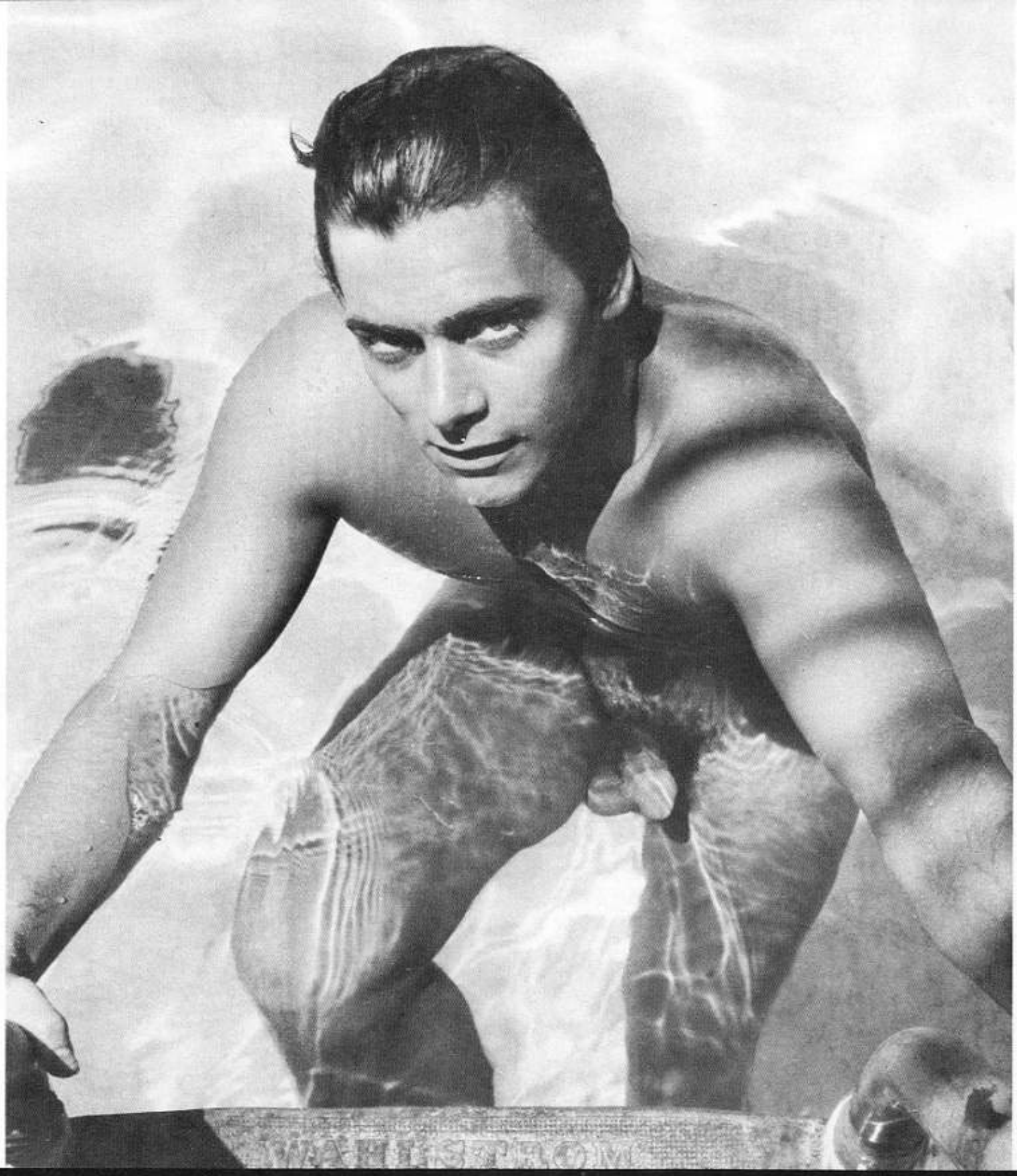
They believe that any sex deviant from the norm is sick.

over the country to invade the New Hampshire university system, including three state colleges.

Gov. Thompson's remarks are so steeped in superstition and idiocy that they defy explanation. If I were to publicly expose my homosexuality, I would probably be barred from talking to any male students, and the local playgrounds would probably be patrolled to insure that I don't offer any candy bars to the little boys who play there. That is, of course, if I were even allowed to remain in the state!

The obvious fallacy in this type of logic is that there are probably many heterosexual teachers who secretly lust after their female students, and this applies also to the women who admire their husky young male students. Yet, no one ever questions the morality and good judgment of these teachers. I obviously do not spend my nights in fantasies of debauching my students, although I do enjoy admiring them in class. Because of the atmosphere of the school, and the state in general, however, I find myself becoming paranoid if I do admire these boys for their bodies. Yet, I hear my male colleagues in the teachers' lounge rambling on about the endowments

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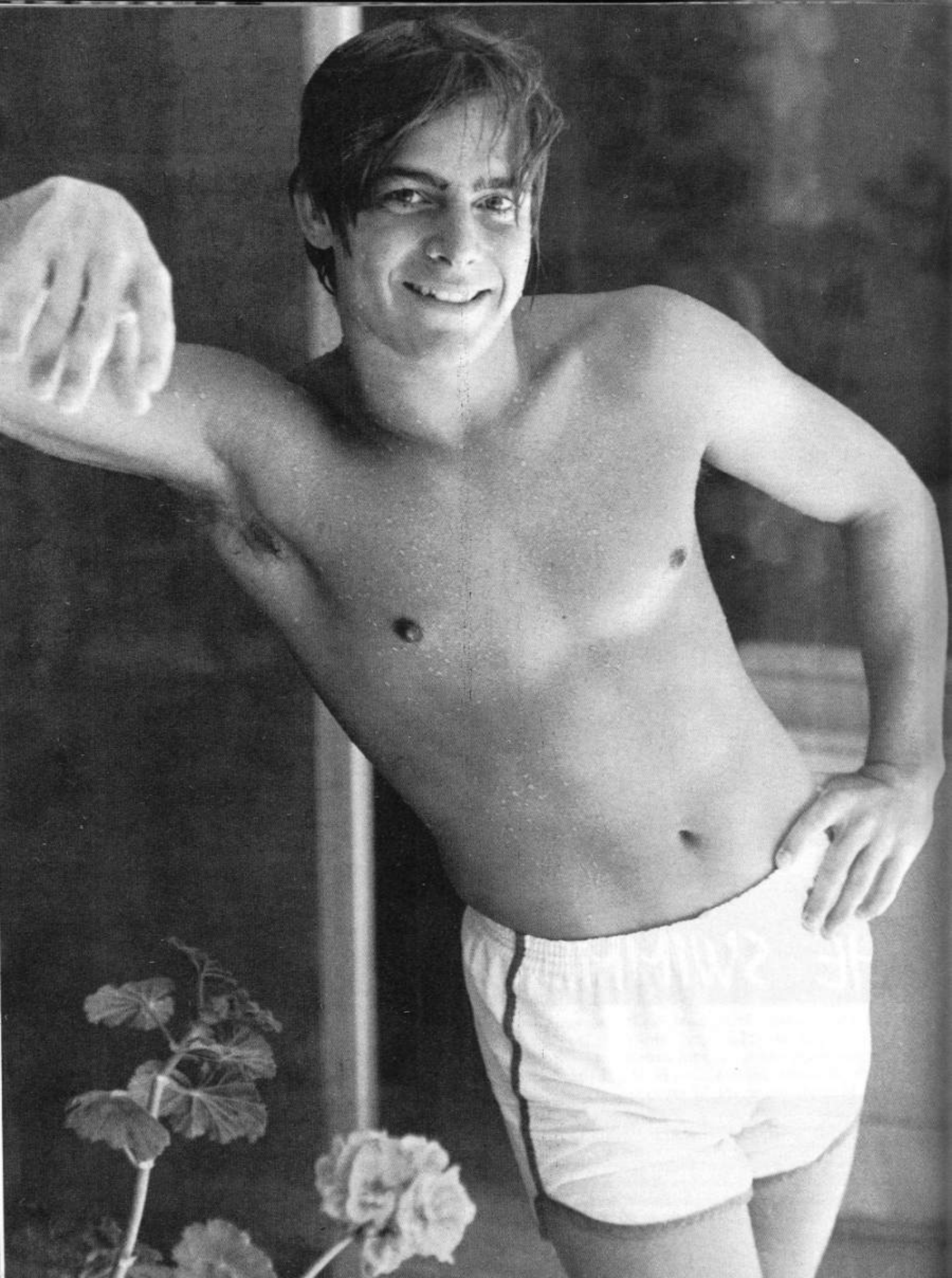


THE SWIMMER

David George

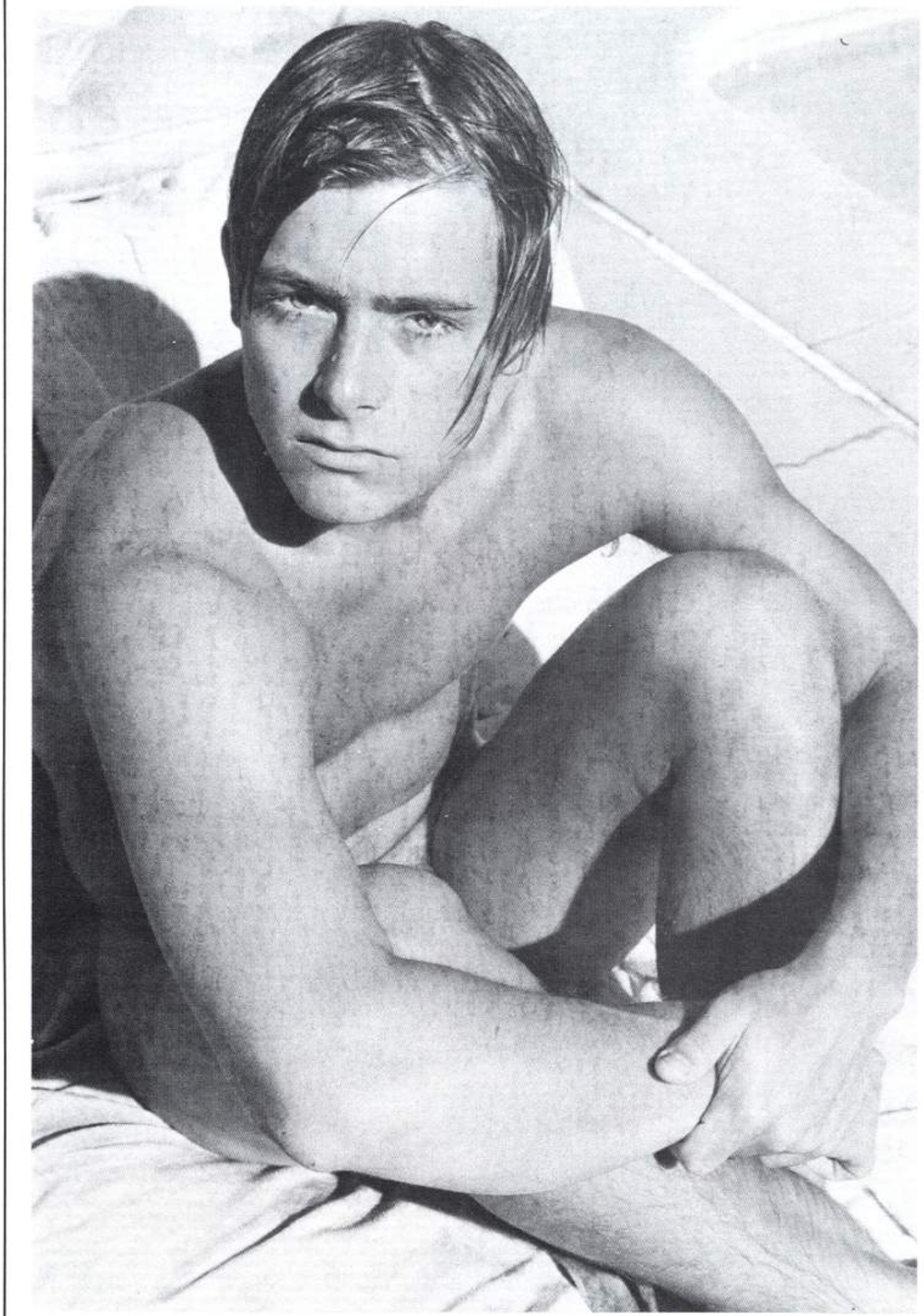
Photography by HY CHASE

He worships the sun and the sun worships him. David George. Fresh out of a two-year hitch in the Navy. He was a fire control technician — that's lingo for seamen who work with computers used to track down enemy planes. He joined up at 18 when he was fresh out of high school. Now, at 20, he's ready for college and pursuing pastimes like basketball, photography, swimming and relaxation. He may have spent most of his life in Chicago and Sioux City, but he's in Southern California to stay and worship the sun year-round.



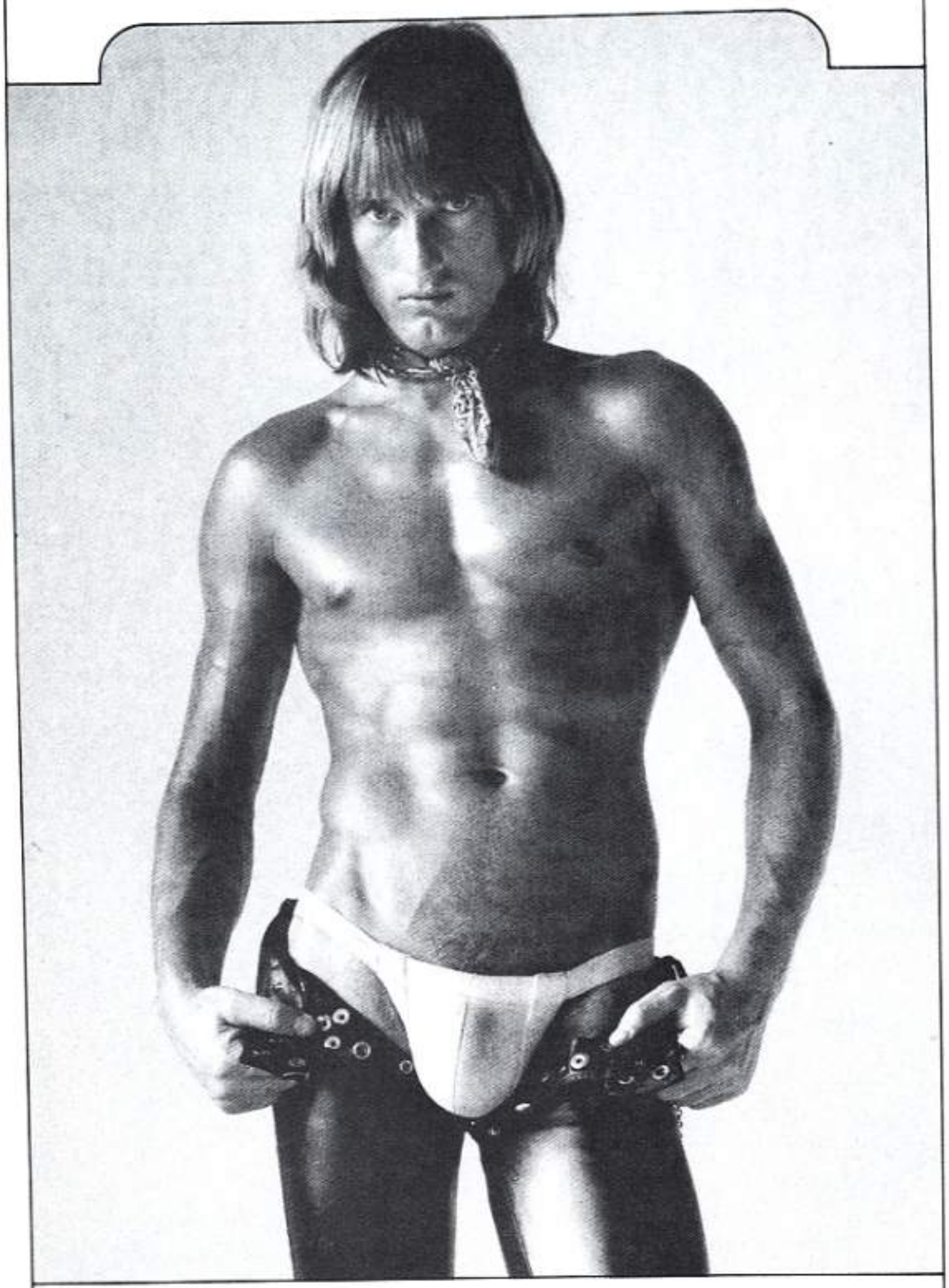








PETER BERLIN



A SELF PORTRAIT

Words & Pictures by PETER BERLIN

My stardom probably hasn't reached every household in America, so in case you haven't heard about me, I am a pornostar. At least that's what I am mostly known for. It's more than all right with me. I am not ashamed that my "stardom" is associated with sex. I wanted it that way. My mother didn't push me and my brother was not responsible either, although the thousand dollars he left me — after he was killed in a car accident — was used as my share in the $5,000 production cost of my first motion picture. Note the term "motion picture." That's what it is rather than a film. One day I hope to accomplish that. *Nights in Black Leather* was shot completely without a script with a friend of mine who worked the camera and did all the editing and sound work.

This first picture was rather successful considering the subject and financial investment. It made money for some people and I didn't lose any. It was an amazing experience to see people take completely straight faced their share out of mine.

I don't complain. I was a star. I paid my price. The first step to the top was made. People mentioned my name in one breath with Casey Donovan and Mr. 10½. I met both of them after I was asked to participate in a panel discussion. The subject was us. Pornostars in America. The first time for me to be on stage in front of an audience. I never felt so out of place in my life. The point was reached where Mr. 10½ discussed his 10½ inches where I felt like walking off the stage. Not because I couldn't compete with 10½ — I couldn't — but the whole gathering was so unfamiliar to me, so completely ridiculous that I still would have liked myself more if I would have left the stage.

Then some photographs here and there appeared, interviews were written and I became a legend. To this day I haven't seen *Nights* in its complete version. I never had the urge to see my movie because I know it wouldn't satisfy me at all. I was glad that my friend went to show the film to the exhibitors and distributors. It's not that I am ashamed of it — not at all — but really nothing to write home about.

Then I made *That Boy*. I worked a little harder on this epic. It had story but was never completely executed and part of the film was never finished. By editing I tried to make this



piece of art work, but I failed to satisfy myself. One day I hope to make a film I myself like to watch. There hasn't been a film yet that managed to give me the sexual stimulation I believe a film is capable of doing. Hollywood has given me great moments of laughter, sorrow, fear, sadness and happiness, but it hasn't yet given me sexual arouse-

I still see my mother crying because I wore my pants so tight.

ment. In the past pornoflicks reached an audience and even satisfied them to a great deal. But all those people got their rocks off because there was nothing better around and compared to the general audience, pornolovers were a very small group. If you've been to one pornomovie, you more or less have seen them all. But now I think the time has come where the public is ready and willing to watch a sexually stimulating film. But sex has to be part of an audiovisual experience; it's just one part of what makes a film work. The chance for the film industry to educate society in an area still carrying the thinking of the Middle Ages has not yet been realized.

Since I am convinced there is a problem — and such an important basic malfunction among the human race at that — I'm just now realizing my real motivation in filmmaking. What started out simply as an expression of my intense drive of exhibitionism, basically is my attempt

If you share my fantasies it makes mine even more exciting.

to convince people that I'm not different at all from them; that my needs are more or less the same. People consider me a sex symbol. But only because I want them to see me as exactly that. The big difference between me and the world is simply that I am not afraid of being an individual. And you are only afraid of yourself. I grew up pointing my finger at everything else but me and voicing my discomfort, confusion and unhappiness to my mother, teacher, boss, government, even God. Just like everyone else I complained and was part of the big crowd of people who forgot to use their brains to think for themselves.

I remember visually the time where I was as schizophrenic as the rest of the world. Where fantasy and reality lived in angry battle with each other. The everyday life and my fantastic visions seemed to have nothing in common. It made me very unhappy and reassurance from all the people I met that this is life didn't help. Everything that made me feel good — especially sex — was a no no. I still see my mother crying because I wore my pants so tight. As far as I can remember I always felt like showing off. And of course I didn't do anything wrong, but 20 years ago, tight pants on a young boy was an outrage. It still is to many today. But my fantasies were only good if I lived them and more and more I opened up, and the more I did what I wanted, the more criticism I got. But those who criticized — even today — do it with an unhappy face. But the more I lived out my fantasies the more my philosophy became clearer and I started to look beyond the facade people are desperately trying to maintain.

I began realizing that our century was the century of pretense. If only they wouldn't pretend to have a good time. But isn't the only drive of mankind to have a good time? I won't accept the belief that life is a drag. Everybody is here for a very specific purpose and my purpose — I believe — is having pleasure wherever I can get it. The greatest moments of pleasure — without thinking one moment — I always had with people, with one individual at a time. And those individuals are rare compared to the great number of people I've met in my life. Mostly, I felt drained or cheated and it took me about 30 years to understand that I am as responsible for that as the other person. So I became more and more a lover. On one hand I need people and on the other I stayed away in order not to experience the emptyness I was often left with. But being alone made me think, and I tried to figure out where the problem really had its roots. Why couldn't I like most people as they are? And slowly I began realizing that I shared this feeling with others. Basically I saw people not liking or loving each other, and of course I still can see that today. I wanted to be liked and so did everybody else. But I realized I couldn't like most people as they were — fighting, lying, killing, etc.

Then I tried to find out why so many people do what they do and eventually realized that all they believed in was the existence of God and the Devil as symbols of two extremes. And these obvious extremes have nothing to do with each other. This tragic misconception divides the world into good and bad, dark and

I believe my purpose is having pleasure wherever I can get it.

light, high and low, and — straight and gay. Since the average human considers himself incompetent, he accepts self-appointed experts who are drawing the line between these extremes. And this line is so deep and convincing that it becomes a tragic-comic reality in most people's lives. Doctors with serious faces decide where to draw the line between sick and healthy, lawyers draw the line between right and wrong and the average person is pushing a line in his life between fantasy and reality, sometimes consulting a psychiatrist for help. This seems to work for most people and if it does, who am I to destroy this picture? I won't destroy anything. I will only demonstrate that life is much simpler, and simplicity always made me feel good. I don't trust experts and I'm beginning to gather that people realize experts didn't give them the right answers either. In order to have two extremes I have only one symbol; I don't have to draw a line. I only have

I am driving to the big climax while having several on the way.

to evaluate for myself if I like it or not. So it is not a question of good or bad; it is a question of good, better and better and better, or sane, more sane and more sane 'til you reach the point where a doctor says you're insane.

I also learned that life is nothing but pushing the extremes of any unity as far apart as possible. That will give you moments of greatest intensity, moments of greatest pleasure. It certainly works for me. The only thing I had to do is stop blowing, tak-

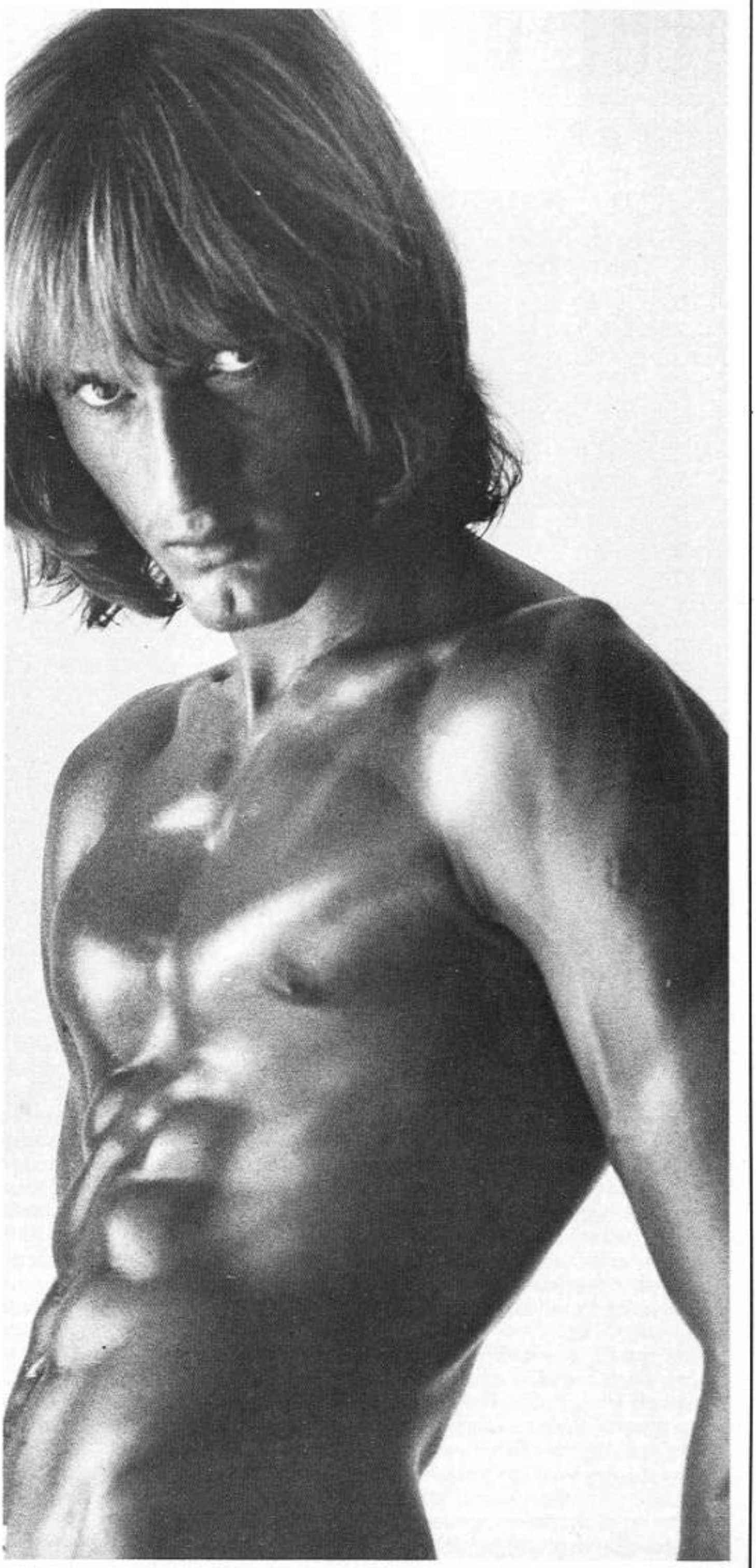
ing the responsibility for my own life, and experience God and the Devil right inside me. Because that's where those two symbols (who are really one symbol) are. If people start understanding this most simple thing which ends up being the most complicated thing, they won't sell their souls for money: lawyers, doctors, policemen, agents and priests will diminish to a healthy number; pollution and overpopulation will vanish; words like Okinawa, bargain, stocks and bonds will get rarer and rarer.

If you think I am an idealist you are very right. If I don't drive for the ideal I don't feel like driving at all. I will do whatever I can to reach my goal — knowing that I never can. I am driving to the big climax while having several on the way. And sure I see that there are different kinds of climaxes that make life so colorful. Satisfaction is a ever-lasting feeling. But the more I put energy into getting this pleasure, the more I grow. And the more I grow the more I realize I'd better change the world around me and put my fingerprints on whatever I can lay my hands on.

The only way to make myself noticed by a large number of people is film. And my goal is to remind people that there is more than only money in this world. What's more, there is beauty, pride, wisdom, gratitude, all words of greatest importance to me.

What has this to do with pornography? Very much. I know that I have a long way to go to make myself understand, but I am in no rush. The world goes on in spite of myself, but proving to myself that I can add something to the growth of my planet is an exciting thought in my mind. If I reach anything — who cares — but already the thought of change gives me great pleasure. I always managed to make my fantasy very much alive and I want you to share my fantasies on the silver screen in living colors. Because if you share my fantasies it makes mine even more exciting.

I only urge you to look at this planet as your paradise for a very selfish reason. It makes it even more pleasurable for me. And when I have more pleasure I am able to give more.



OUT OF THE LOCKER

By ROY L. McCOLLOUGH

For a lot of pro athletes, it's safer inside.

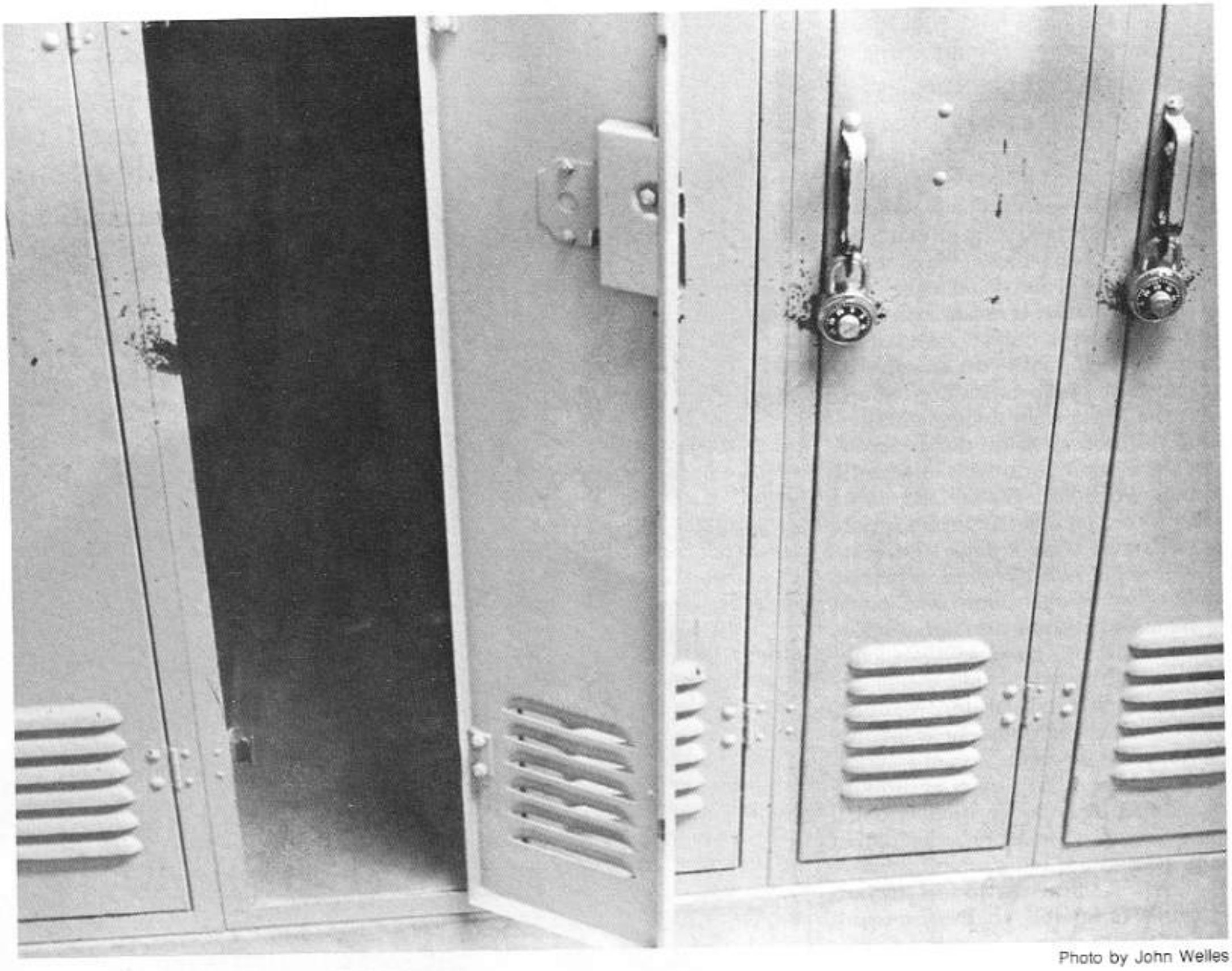


Photo by John Welles

Chains are forged all too often in American society from the metals which represent money and economic security. This is especially true in pro sports where the average career is barely a half dozen years, and the athletes consider a high salary structure not only economic justice, but a necessity.

A quarter of a million dollars over five years is far less money than the carpenter or plumber or businessman earns in a working career spanning perhaps 40 years. The quarterback, first baseman or goal tender must make his money quickly, before the intense competitive pressure from younger jocks drive him off the team.

So it's no surprise that pro athletes zealously guard the macho image given them by the public which admires and supports them. And it is this "required" facade and the money which rewards those who wear it best which fashion the manacles that imprison gay athletes in a pose of heterosexuality and the isolation of silence.

One great star of the past allowed his sexual life to become known and he was destroyed. Today's athletes are painfully aware of the Bill Tilden tragedy. They want the rewards of their skills and training. If self-denial and silence are the price they have to pay for acceptance and employment in the sportsworld, they'll pay that price.

One of the greatest tennis players of all time, Tilden dominated the sport as no one else ever has. Beginning at Wimbledon in 1920, Tilden simply overwhelmed all opposition. For six years after that victory at Wimbledon, he won every singles match he played at Forest Hills, Wimbledon, and in the Davis Cup. In an era of super stars — Babe Ruth in baseball, Jack Dempsey in boxing — Tilden became tennis in the eyes of the public.

In 1939 he moved to Los Angeles. He had gradually become more and more open about his homosexuality and hoped that L.A. and Hollywood would provide him with more opportunities to coach. But even in more liberal locales he found no openings. Tilden was systematically denied the opportunity to teach or coach at a club.

Long before his move to the West

Coast, Tilden had met and become friends with several movie stars. Now, with the tennis clubs closed to him, he gravitated to the homes of Clifton Webb, Joseph Cotton and Chaplin, where he used their private courts to teach Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, and his own proteges.

Tilden's friendships kept him solvent — barely — and provided him with a chance to teach and play. They did not make up for the refusal of a moralistic and judgemental society to let him share in the profitable tennis pie substantially created by his efforts. Unable to sell his special skill in the open marketplace, Tilden was reduced to dependence on friends even for a practice court. Economically he was destroyed.

In 1942 Tilden was arrested with a 14-year-old boy with whom he admitted indiscretions. Prior to sentencing him to a year in the County jail, the judge put into words the public attitude which had dispossessed Tilden; ". . . have you ever given any thought, over the years that you have been engaged in athletics, to the harm that you could do if you were ever caught doing something like this?"

After his release, Tilden found even fewer opportunities to use his tennis skill. Many of his Hollywood friends shunned him. His alumni

Tilden was reduced to dependence on friends even for a practice court.

files at Penn State were purged. A famous tennis club removed his picture from the wall. Even tennis contacts and students avoided him.

In 1953 some of the pros asked him to be a co-promoter of the National Hardcourt Professional Championships scheduled at L.A.'s Beverly Wilshire. Even this was denied to him when the hotel received bundles of hate mail from women's groups and indignant citizens demanding that the hotel sever its connections with the "degenerate, ex-con." Tilden was forced to withdraw.

Has the public attitude toward gays changed enough under the impact of gay lib to allow gay athletes to exit the closet without facing ostracism in the sportsworld and collapse of their wallet? Any way you look at it, that's a hard one to answer.

Psychiatrists and sex researchers say that the percentage of male gays involved in sports at all levels of competence is remarkably comparable to the 5% found in our society as a whole. Based on averages such as this, the total number of gays involved seriously in sports must be substantial.

Several football players told Lynn Rosellini, a reporter for the *Washington Star*, that 5% is not an unreasonable guess at the number of gays in the NFL and AFL. (League officials and publicists rage at such statistics and profess to believe that no gays could make it in macho sports like football.)

John Daniem spent 20 years as a jockey and horsetrainer in Canadian racing. In recognition of his skill and service, he was made a steward for the Ontario Racing Commission in 1970. In 1975 he was abruptly fired. Damien questioned the sudden dismissal, and was told it was because he is gay.

Damien filed a suit against the Commission's action and began applying for work in racing. He found no takers. With his skills and background, he says only a blacklisting could produce all "No's." "They made me feel I didn't belong in this world, and I didn't deserve the right to live, to make a living," he said.

Removed from his $21,000-a-year job and unable to find racing work, he's job hunting in other fields.

The possible financial impact of open gayness has been an undercover issue in women's sports for many years. Social attitudes toward the physical demands of sports on women gave a subtle onus to female competitors in the past. There was always a hint that femininity left off when sports competition began. With that feeling already prevalent in many minds, the fact that as many as 20% of the professional competitors in ladies sports were gay led to conflict between straight and gay women athletes.

No matter what feelings rage behind the public image, a ladies agreement exists to consciously play down the gayness in women's sports. It is in recognition of this agreement and the reasons for its existence that most female competitors today deliberately wear earrings and makeup and select their sports apparel with attention to its impact on spectators.

The strongest motive for these changes, however, is not maintenance of amiable relations among the athletes themselves; it is to downgrade the possible gay image to upgrade the prize money.

On several occasions, prominent lesbian athletes have decided to "go public" only to be dissuaded by a blunt warning from tournament sponsors that the financial underpinnings of their sport will fade away if they do. In spite of the increased tolerance resulting from the gay movement, Gladys Heldman, publisher of *World Tennis Magazine*, believes an openly gay player would still be cut off from outside sources of income. "I can't conceive of the average mother wanting to send her son or daughter to a camp run by a homosexual."

Of course this attitude may be exaggerated. San Francisco's gay school teachers have gained acceptance and parents have not attempted to keep their children out of classes taught by acknowledged gays. It's also true that gay school teachers are hardly in the spotlight a sports star is.

Few gays in sports have given much attention to the homosexual market. With an estimated 10 million plus gays in the U.S. and the means of reaching these prospects with gay publications, there is a big potential market for the services of gay coaches and teachers.

Last December pro footballer Dave Kopay came out of the closet in

The total number of gays involved seriously in sports must be substantial.

the *Washington Star* in an unprecedented move. Some sports figures had been associated with homosexuality in the past, but no major American athlete had ever before proclaimed his gayness.

In discussing the effect of his gayness on his finances, Kopay told Ms. Rosellini, "There's no way I shouldn't be coaching somewhere. I once coached in spring ball at the University of Washington, and I loved it. I was told there is no way I could get a job there now. I've sought coaching jobs all over. They say, 'You're not qualified; you've never coached anywhere.' But most people who have played 10 years in the National Football League step right into coaching jobs."

Kopay played for the University of Washington and later signed as a free agent with the San Francisco 49ers in

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BEN WILSON

By JEREMY HUGHES

Show business careers, like ocean waves, often build slowly and gradually before that inevitable and ultimate breaking on the shores of success. But when they do finally hit, those are the kind that make the biggest splash of all. Such is the case with actor Benjamin Franklin Wilson, whose vibrant portrayal earlier this year of Reb soldier Henry Jethro on ABC's much-touted special "The Macahans" caused so much comment around Hollywood's intermost circles. The very day after it aired, in fact, he was asked to test for a lead on a new western series.

For his first 14 years, in Selma, Alabama, Ben lived the standard placid/traumatic life of your average bank president's son. His main interest was music, and he dreamed, to his folks' dismay, of becoming a professional drummer. Then, downtown to the Walton Theatre came the film *Rebel Without a Cause*, and pubescent Ben was seized by an immediate crush on James Dean. "He was my hero! It was a real case of boyhood hero worship!" Ben exclaims, blue eyes dancing. "Today," he asides, "I love Jack Nicholson. **He** lets it all hang out, I'll tell y'!"

Tho' his dream now was to be an actor (thereby escalating his folks' dismay), it was drumming that paid for rent and groceries after the mandatory removes to New York and Chicago. Ben played gigs with several groups in various clubs around the Fun and Windy cities. But he also managed to attend the prestigious Neighborhood Playhouse and studied hard, there, with Sanford Meisner. Soon, his talent and good looks were landing him leading showcase roles.

With Ten Ten Players he appeared as Clive in "Five Finger Exercise" and as Marchbanks in "Candida." The All Souls Players cast him as Timmy in "The Subject Was Roses" and Al (the athletic roommate) in "Tea and Sympathy," in which he also played the alleged homosexual, Tom. "I enjoyed playing both parts about equally," he recalls. "Tom is very insecure, and he's a kind of introvert, and he's very sensitive. Al is kind of an average guy, but he does try really hard to understand. I'd love to do the show again, either part . . ."

As a wave swells, Ben surged on to the larger Off-Broadway houses, playing Eddie in "Score" at the Martinique, and, more importantly, Grennel in Joe Papp's acclaimed Public Theatre production of "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel." Television predictably beckoned, with a leading role on "Faith for Today" and, the one plus ultra in a young actor's career, a running part in the soap opera, "As the World Turns." Needless to say, the next stop had to be Hollywood, and he made that move early in 1974.

For nearly a year, nothing happened. "It was so disillusioning to come out here and not work for so long. I'd done so much work in New York, all those plays and things, and got good notices, y'know? But in Hollywood it doesn't mean a goddam thing, it seems like, what you did in New York!" He reaches for his vodka and orange juice in disgust, his whole long slender body leaning kinetically toward the cocktail table. Annoyance with the myopia of Hollywood's casting directors is drowned, if temporarily, in a hearty gulp.

Then he stretches back on the sofa, utterly at ease, hands locked behind head, unaware that the bottom of his light blue work shirt has sprung open over his navel. Having come for the interview directly from his test for that western series, he is dressed for the part: cowboy hat, loose jeans secured by a big brown leather belt, desert boots. No jewelry, not even a watch. And as he talks, a trained ear can detect one remaining hint of southern accent in his speech (that slightly lifted English "O" is the dead giveaway).



Photo by Tony Rizzo

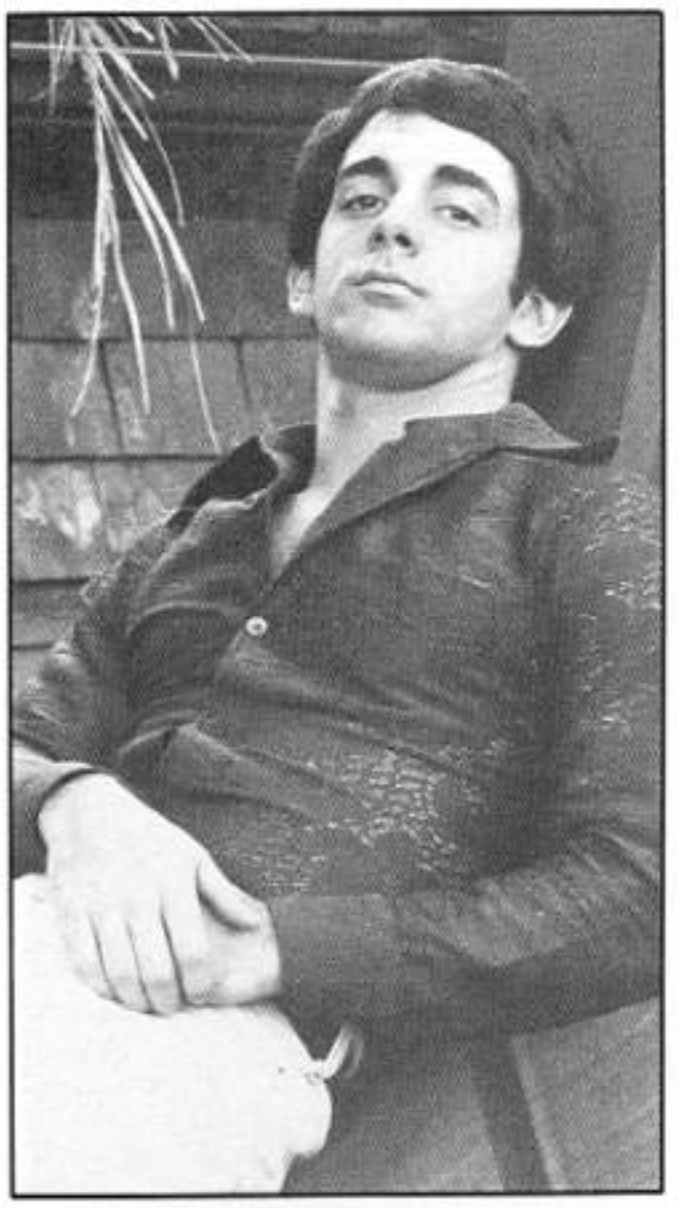
How did he support himself during that first lean Hollywood year, you wonder. "I've paid my dues. I did very well with commercials in New York — Datsun, Pepsi, Haley's M-O laxative, Binanca, Rapid Shave — so I came out with some money. And then I started working as a waiter. But that was a disaster. I got fired three times in about three weeks," he chuckles musingly. "I guess I'm just not cut out for it. I'm just not a speedy person. At my first waiting job, at the Aware Inn, I really wanted to make good. Then I lasted about a week. It was downhill after that."

Meanwhile, he also did a lot of acting during that year, particularly Shakespeare, at Will Geer's Theatricum Botanicum in Topanga Canyon — Silvius in "As You Like

Please Turn To Page 62

HY CONRAD

By JAMES BELMONT



It is sometimes amazing what a circuitous route some people will take to find meaning and purpose to life. Much depends upon environment and family pressure. If you can handle both of these faceless monsters without the usual breakdown in between then you're halfway there — maybe.

Hy Conrad looks like a young Marine right out of bootcamp in person and fully clothed. His quiet, sometimes hesitant voice, makes you want to listen to his words more closely than you would in a normal conversation. Those dark brown eyes, which take in everything, say he has strong emotional preferences and also insists upon fidelity in his life.

At 25 he established himself as an actor-singer in Los Angeles' edition of "Let My People Come."

There is always the first time for everything. Stripping down for a roomful of strangers can have its traumatic consequences. Hy Conrad was a product of a very proper Lancaster, Penn., where they only undressed for the usual family reasons.

How does a young man with such an obviously staid background suddenly find himself in the midst of a so-called sexual musical? Once more we have to go back to that circuitous route and follow several yellow brick roads.

As a teenager he found himself desperately alone. He was beginning to experience feelings which were difficult for him to express. Even worse, there seemed to be no one around who had similar temperaments. Under conditions like this the only direction to head is inside. There's something very safe and secure about being wrapped up in your own dreams and fantasies.

Then an escape hatch was presented in the form of "live theatre." Getting up on a stage and being someone else before a crowd of strangers was the perfect solution to loneliness and also a damn interesting way to make a living!

At 14 he was off into summer stock. He was beginning to let go in several areas although there were still a number of dark regions he was afraid to explore. His boyish naivete made him extremely vulnerable. The big boys were after his tight athletic body and they had all kinds of tricks to play along the way.

From the very beginning he knew he didn't want this type of casual relationship with anyone. The idea of just wanting someone for the moment was repugnant to him. There had to be something more to life than just having an affair with a stranger he'd probably never see again.

"It was in college that I really had some good friends. All that previous drive to succeed and show off before the public was fading away fast. I was finally learning to relax and be myself for a change."

College was a time that he "bathed in friendships." He had girlfriends and boyfriends who only wanted his company and nothing more. There were no physical or mental demands. He had only to be in their circle to make it all complete. If he was missing they'd send someone out to look for him. At last he was part of a group that really needed him.

But as usual this was no final plateau. After college he headed for New York which he believed to be the center of the arts and a place for someone to be discovered.

"New York can be a cold town. The first question people ask is what you do for a living. Your answer better be good and exciting or they quickly lose interest and turn the other way."

At this moment in his life it looked as though he had made the complete circle. Although New York offered many opportunities, his social life was becoming as void as when he had been a frustrated teenager.

There was no way a warm, sensitive young man like Conrad could remain for very long under heavy conditions such as this. It was time for a definite move. But in what direction?

"I still wanted to be around exciting people but I wanted them as friends, not as competitors," he explains. This was a reasonable enough request which meant that it wasn't going to be that easy to find.

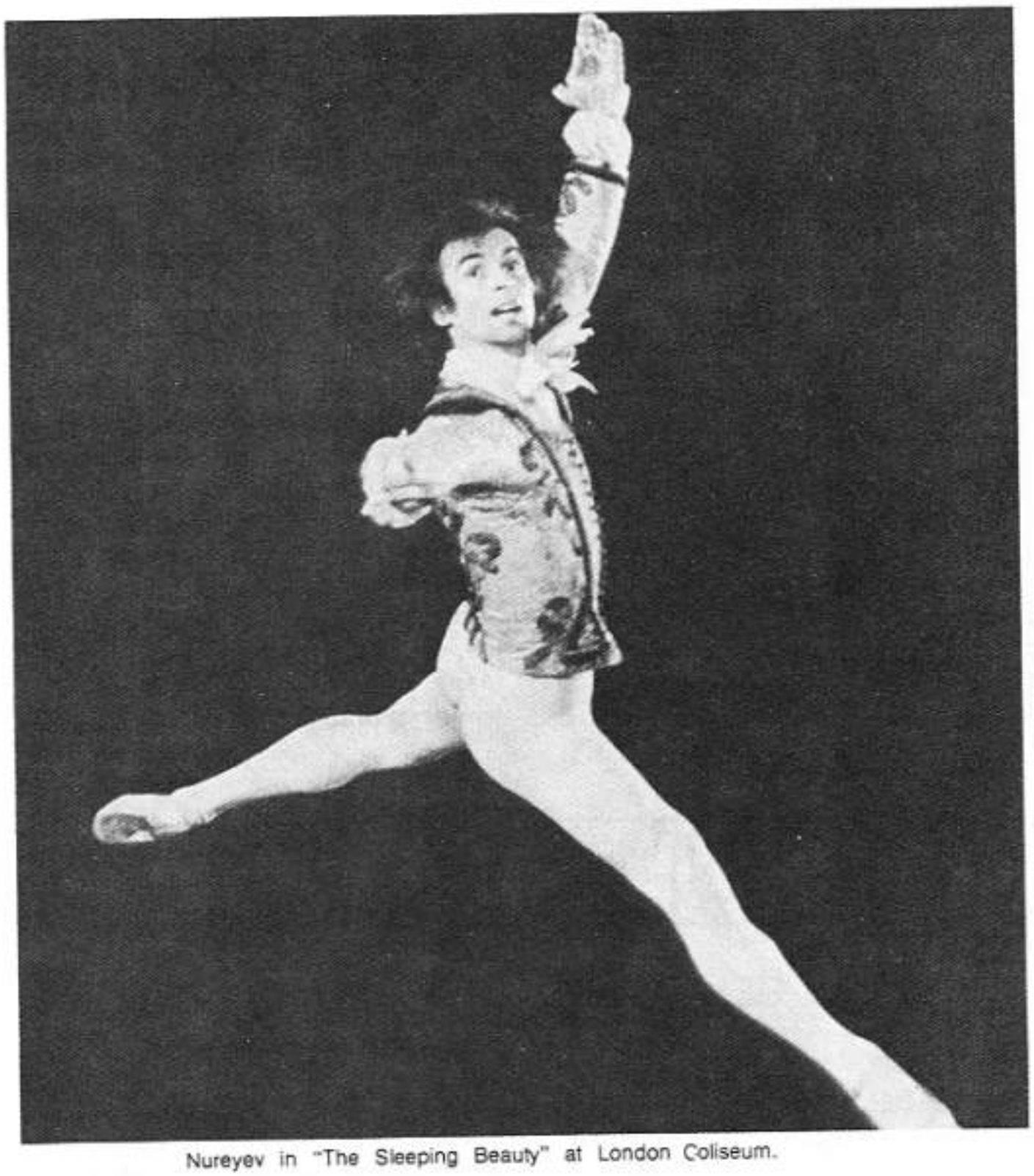
Heading west seemed to be the only sensible move. It might have been all the way to the coast only he was stopped in Las Vegas by all the lights and activity. With this many people milling around something had to be going on that would interest a young man on his way up.

"I became a dealer at one of the hotels. All of a sudden I was surrounded by people who wanted my company very much. I could be the

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Photo by Charlie Airwaves

IN TOUCH AROUND THE



Nureyev in "The Sleeping Beauty" at London Coliseum.

london

—Roger Asquith

For anyone flying into Heathrow Airport from the East on a clear sunny day, London must surely be one of the most picturesque places in all Europe. The masses of green trees and parks all over the city present a heartwarming sight. Unfortunately on the ground, it looks like any other crowded metropolis. It's the fantastic bargains, brought about by the fall in the value of the Pound, that's bringing in tourists from near and far. On the buses, the Underground, and squeezed into the gay bars, they are all nattering away in various languages and all you need know is "Ya" or "Oui" and you've got it made.

There's plenty happening to keep the tourists amused. The Nureyev Festival of Ballet at the London Coliseum is a tour-de-force for this energetic Russian exile, who is limbering up to play Valentino as soon as his triumphant London season is over. In a recent interview, he frequently interrupted the session by leaping and twirling into the air, either proving that life begins at nearly 40 . . . or shouldn't end there. This fantastic show of strength and agility, must give his Italian masseur plenty of work. No doubt it's this personal attention that makes all the difference.

It's called the Institute of Contemporary Arts and it's situated between Trafalgar Square and Buckingham Palace. With such an impressive address, it has to be one of the most interesting places to visit if you want to eat, drink and be merry. Under one roof, the Institute has an art gallery, a theatre, a bar and a restaurant. It's open to non-members seven days a week and currently there's a very successful season of lunchtime plays. It's a hive of activity from 11 a.m. on. You can meet interesting people in the bar, enjoy a good, inexpensive lunch, and afterwards take in a play in the adjoining 200-seat theatre.

The International Theatre Festival's Gay Sweatshop presented "Randy Robinson's Unsuitable Relationship" by Andrew Davies and "Stone," a parable with song and dance.

A second theatre, The Oval House, in Southeast London, is also part of the I.C.A. activity, and had a two-man show from America, comedians Ray Hassett and Bob Carroll. Hassett's new solo show, "I'm Not Walkin'" takes a critical, but humorous look at America, and Bob Carroll (from San Francisco) tells the story of 800 million Chinese and re-enacts the disaster movie, "Rockefeller Centre" by W. C. Fields.

All details of the I.C.A. activities, membership, etc., are available from the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Ltd. Nash House, 12 Carlton Terrace, London S.W.1., or phone at (01) 930 6393. My thanks to press director Mike Laye for his conducted tour.

First timers to London would be well advised to buy a copy of *GAY NEWS*, which is on most newsstands. All the latest shows and sites, ads for hotels, saunas and drag shows are listed. If London gets a little too much, Brighton offers a wild time and only an hour's ride on a fast train from Victoria Station.

If you're looking for a comfortable gay hotel, Bramham Court, 23 Bramham Gardens, London S.W.5, is inexpensive and offers rooms with private bath and "breakfast in bed" served by some really helpful staff. Ross, a young, handsome Canadian, is always smiling, fixing coffee and his "afternoon tea and biscuits" should not be missed. Salvatore, a dark-eyed Italian, does his share of the work and still has time to tell you some interesting places to see if you visit Italy. The telephone number is 01-373-8894 and tell them you read *IN TOUCH*.

With the U.S. dollar up and the

Pound sterling down, you'll do well to take Robert Morley's advice ". . . Do come home . . ."

paris —Peter Adams

French writer, Roger Peyrefitte, got his name in the headlines again — this time for calling the Pope a homosexual. The French were amused and a lot of people in other quarters laughed up their sleeves. Whether the Pope is gay or not isn't really important, except perhaps to the truly devout. But Peyrefitte, who is nobody's fool, has rattled some old bones in the proverbial closet.

Peyrefitte, known mostly in the States for his novel *Special Friendships*, made his charge in an article published in the Italian magazine *Tempo*. Immediately, the Pope denounced the article as "horrible and slanderous insinuations" and



French writer Roger Peyrefitte

Photo by Rosemary Winckley

the Italian Bishops Conference asked the people to pray for him (the Pope). Italian police seized copies of *Tempo*, claiming that the magazine maligned the honour of the Pope — a crime in Italy.

This is not by any means the first time Peyrefitte has had a run-in with the Vatican. You could say that he delights in pointing an accusing finger at the Church. In the early '50s, his book *The Keys of St. Peter*, about alleged sexual misbehavior among Vatican prelates, was seized by police in Italian bookshops. And in 1958, after having written a biting denunciation of Pope Pius XII, Peyrefitte, then visiting Rome, found himself swiftly taken to the border and kicked out.

One of the Pope's arch-supporters, Cardinal Poietti, called the article "blasphemous" and "unthinkable," giving the impression that homosexuality is some kind of heinous crime not to be mentioned in civilized society.

If the charge is untrue and unfounded, it hardly seems necessary to make such a fuss about it. Wouldn't it have been better to have ignored it completely? The actions of the Pope and his supporters (all within the Church, mind you) only cause people to raise their eyebrows.

But the French are doing more than raising their eyebrows; they're smirking. You see, France is a Catholic country in name only. No one here under 40 goes to Church anymore except the young ones who are dragged there by their parents.

Peyrefitte has long been a champion of homosexual rights, and makes no bones about his own homosexuality. He's trying to tear down the wall of hypocrisy that exists within the Church. What he wants, of course, is for the Church to condone homosexuality, not as the only way to live, but as an alternative lifestyle for those who wish it.

Naturally, when a Pope in the 20th Century publicly states that sex before marriage, masturbation and homosexuality are forbidden and sins, one can only wonder about his sanity. Obviously, the Pope is living in a world of his own design.

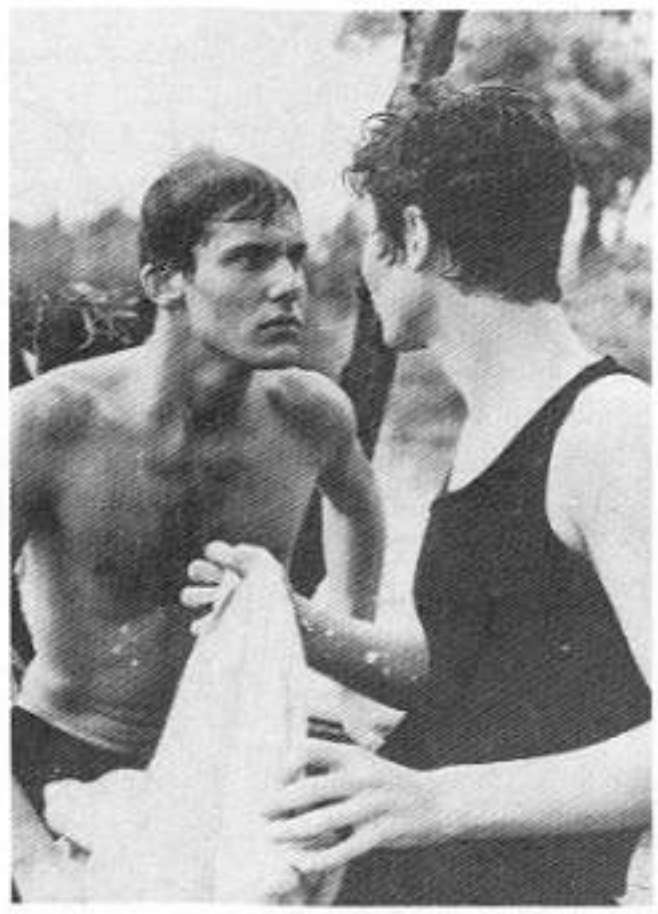
It would be a great step forward if Peyrefitte succeeds in getting the Church to change its backward view of homosexuality, but I am not sure calling the Pope a homosexual will do the trick. The Church is indeed in need of reform and change, but, as Joseph Kraft reported in the *International Herald Tribune* recently: "Certainly little change is likely while Paul VI, now 78 and not strong, remains in the Papal chair."

sydney

Martin Smith has joined IN TOUCH as Australian correspondent and his report is reprinted with permission from CAMPAIGN, Australia's national gay newspaper.

Gay liberationists in Australia have held many demonstrations and zaps, written letters of complaint to many people, got angry about a lot of things but one area that hasn't bothered them has been the portrayal on TV screens of homosexuals, and there have been plenty of such portrayals.

Dennis Altman, lecturer in government at Sydney University and author of the internationally acclaimed book *Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation* says the change in public attitude in this country to homosexuals has been affected more by the sympathetic homosexual character Don, in the TV serial "Number 96," than publication of his book or the activities of gay lib.



Andrew Sharp (left) and Tony Sheldon played lovers in ABC National TV's "A Hard God."

Photo by Peter Gregory

But Don, the homosexual lawyer in the five-nights-a-week serial, "Number 96," is not the only gay character on TV. Handsome Paul Caro plays Lee Whiteman, a TV producer, in the three-nights-a-week saga of life at a TV station, "The Box."

Both shows are on the commercial

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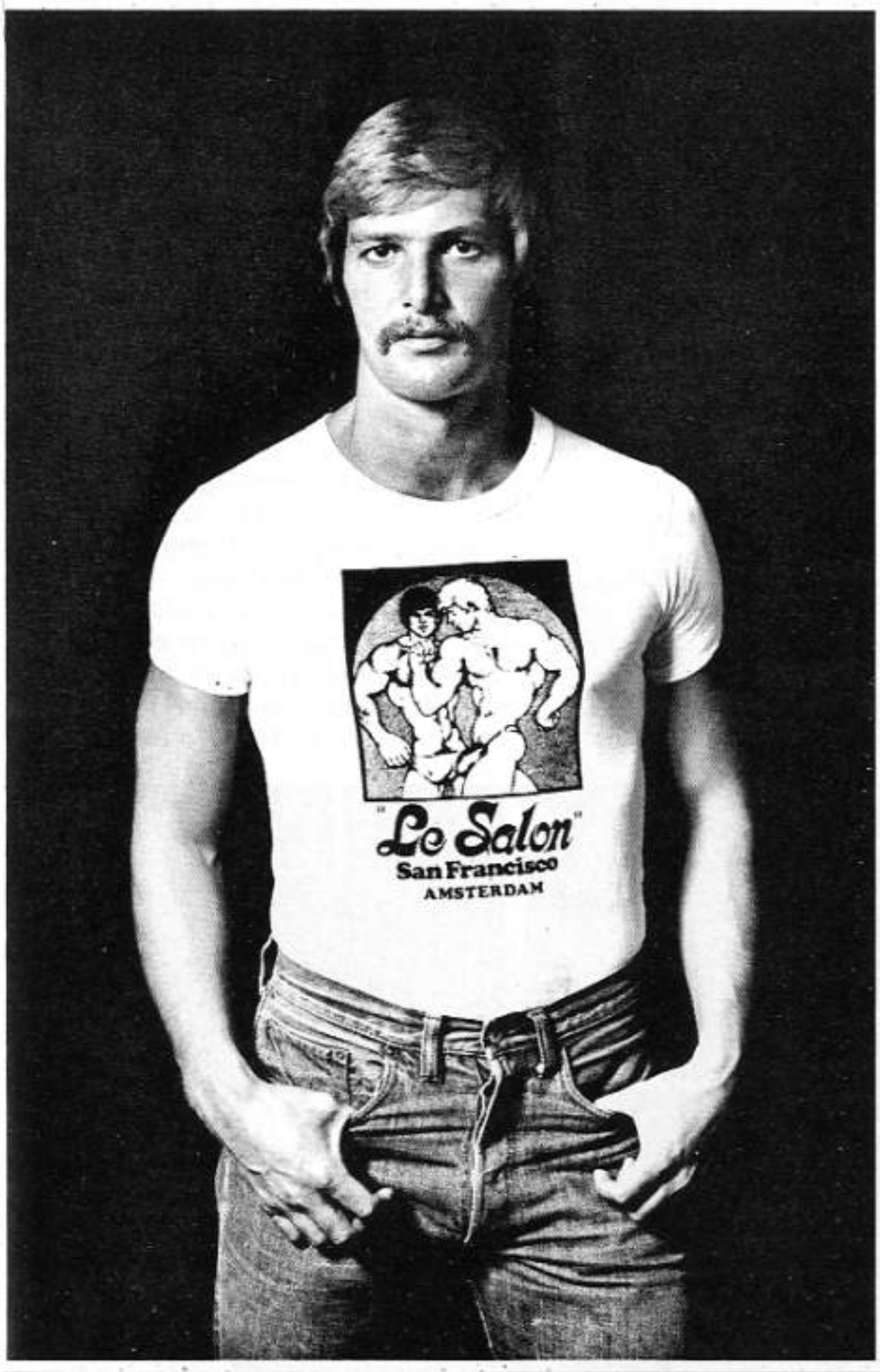
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BEN WILSON

(Continued From Page 56)

It," Lysander in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and Benvolio in "Romeo and Juliet." "That was good training! I'd never played Shakespeare before, especially outside, where you have to really let go. But it wasn't very good for showcasing, since most of the casting directors aren't very interested in Shakespeare, especially way out in the country. But it was good. I'm glad I did it."

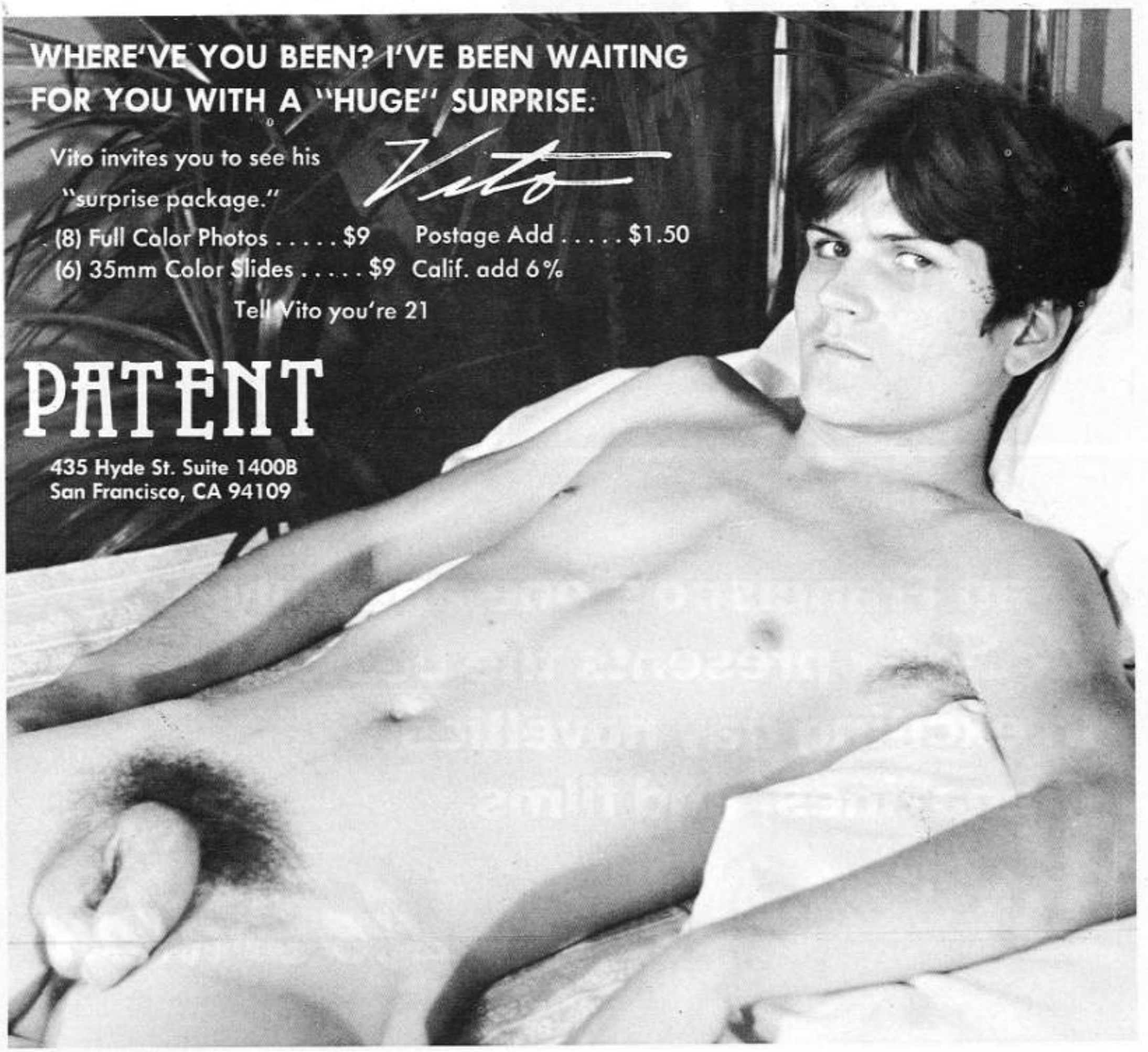
One thing Ben wasn't so glad about at the time happened five years ago — how things have changed in just five years! — back in New York. "This amateur filmmaker wanted to do a silent film study of loneliness in New York, about a guy trying to reach people. And so I did the film, and it wasn't pornographic, there wasn't even any masturbatory activity. But there was some nudity. My agent at the time told me that the head gal at Universal wanted to see some film on me, so I gave her that. Well, I understand she hit the roof! Not only that, but my agent dismissed me, very curtly." He shakes his head in disbelief.

Agent-blaming for lack of success is a young Hollywood actor's second favorite indoor sport, but in Ben Wilson's experience he may well have a case. For, after a change of agents at the end of that first lean year, things began to happen. In short order he played in "Barnaby Jones," "Cannon," "Lucas Tanner," "The Waltons," an MGM pilot, "How the West Was Won," and a couple of independent films. How did he get with this current agent? Ben stares into space. "We met at a party. I told him how unhappy I was with the agent I was with, and, uh —." He chooses to interrupt his thought. But, very quickly, he makes visual contact again. "Things happen by accident so often in this business! Just coincidence . . ."

His look is again that direct eyeball-to-eyeball communication that conveys confidence and inspires trust. As opposed to dealings with some actors, you are inclined to believe every word he says, that this is his "first interview ever," that he is "intimidated by the telephone," that he is composed of "piss and vinegar" — even if you are tempted to add that this latter has been "sicklied o'er" with the warm ambrosia of semi-unconscious southern charm.

A moonchild (July 18), he is not married, claims to be a loner, "and,"

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he emphasizes, "always have been. I have some good friends, but I live alone. I like to read a lot, and listen to music, all kinds of music. I exercise quite a bit. Sometimes I play basketball, and sometimes I just run. That is basically what I like to do anyways, run. Through Will Geer I've been exposed to some wonderful things, like Walt Whitman. I've read all his stuff, and I've memorized a lot of it. Whitman is wonderful! And Robert Frost. One of the poems I learned for Will was Frost's 'Birches'. Things like that are fun, y'know?" Suddenly, he launches into a recitation of that entire sophomoric thing, with appropriate gestures, taking a childlike ingenuous pride in his presentation.

As things turned out, it was as much an early evening cabaret as it was an interview. Ben is the total performer, and in addition to the "Birches" declamation, in the course of time we spent together, he sang "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" and performed, as Romeo, the whole impossible "banishment scene" with Friar Laurence, ending up on his knees at my feet. And he made the awful thing work! No question about it, he would be a superb Romeo — the part he says he would most like to play.

"The thing I'm most grateful for, out here," he says earnestly, "and the thing that I do spend a lot of time at, is acting. Right now I belong to Theatre West, and it's been wonderful for me to work-out there, 'cause it's a fine group, and I've kept pretty busy doing scenes. I like George Bernard Shaw's definition of acting: 'Acting is the art of self-revelation.' When he was a critic, Shaw saw Eleanora Duse work a lot, and he used to say he could see her emotions coming in and out like the tide." Even as, you reflect, the career of Ben Wilson is now on its way in.

And you remember that long, long sigh of his when he murmured in summation, "I really have been around, waiting for a break, for so long!"

And you remember yet another famous line from GBS: "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

CONRAD Continued From Page 57

one who could help them win in life. When I gave them the right cards I could see their faces light up and it was like Christmas time and I was the one with the biggest and best present."

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(Please Turn To Page 95)

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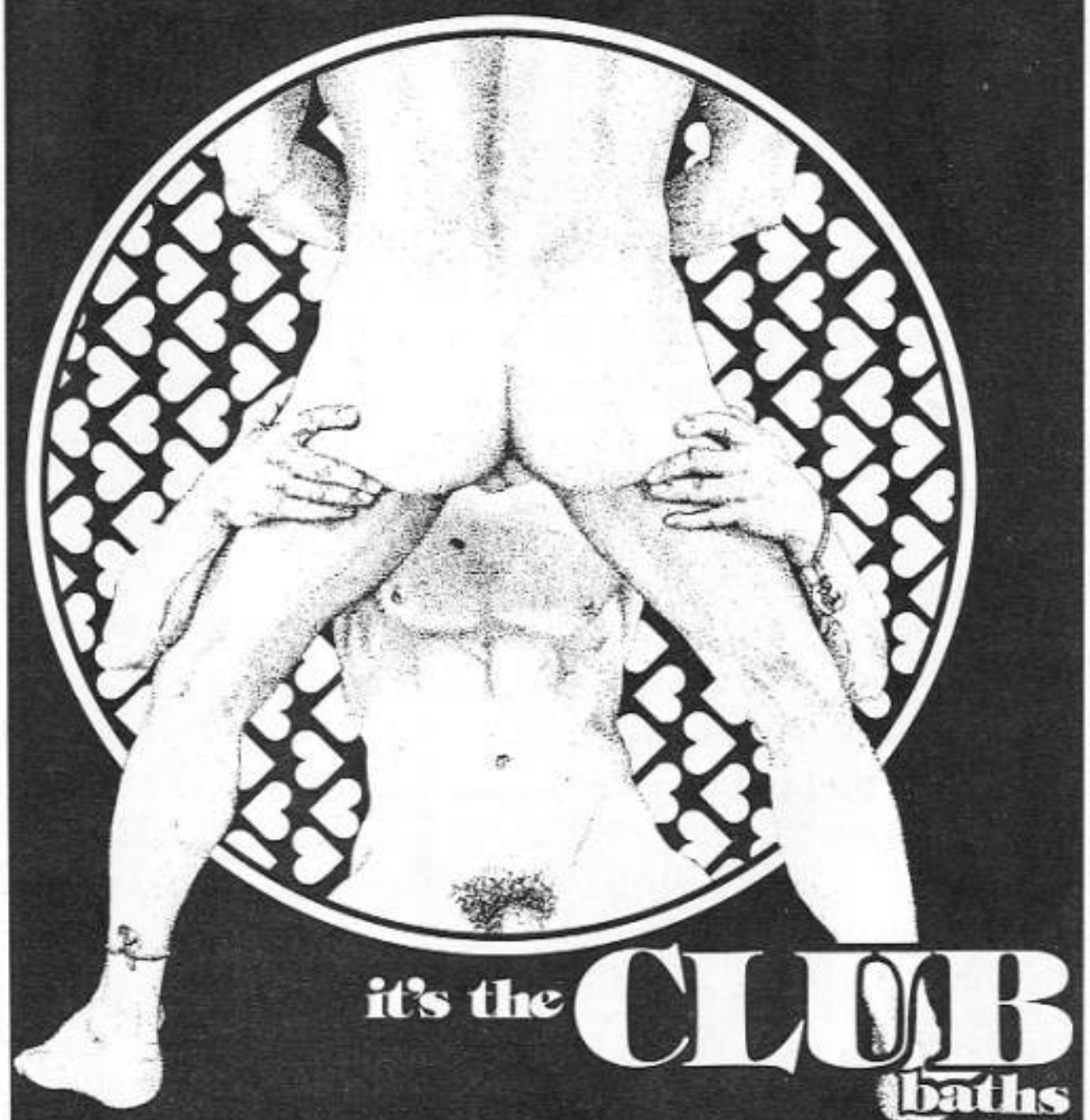
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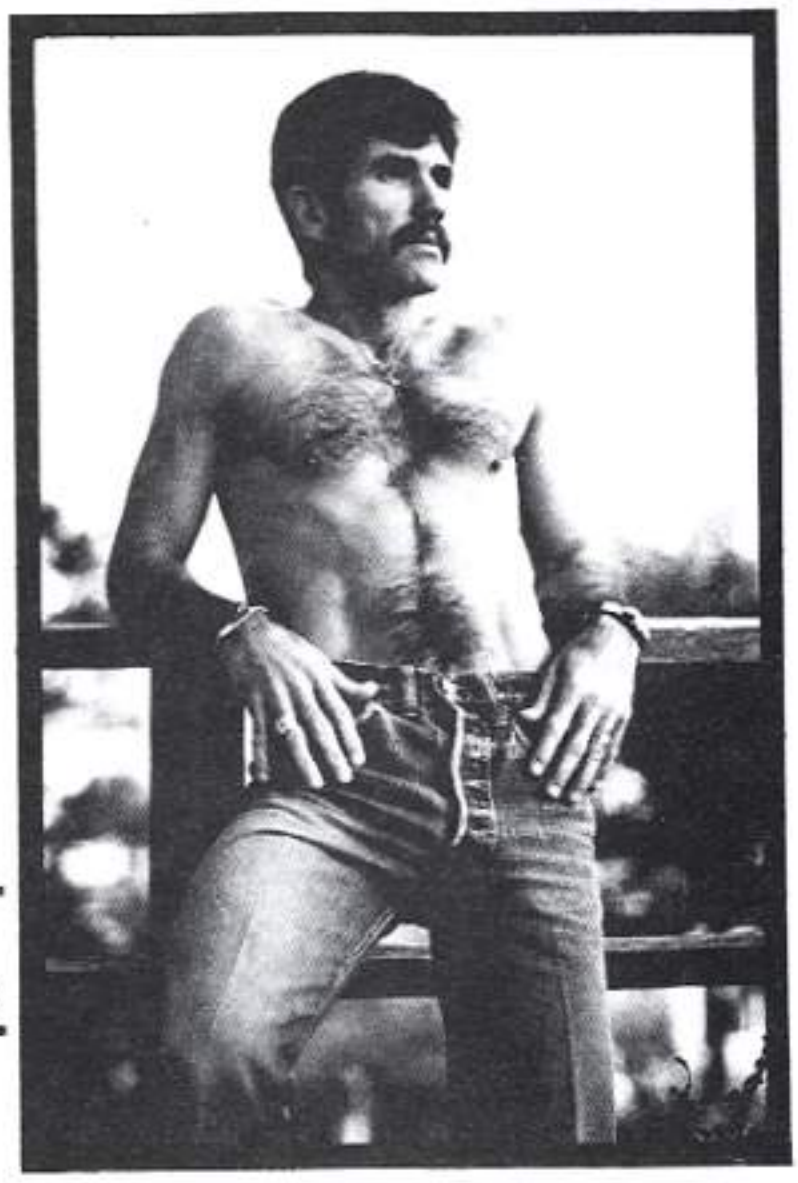
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ROYAL MANOEUVRES

(Continued From Page 33)

soldier, and keep your mouth shut about what you find out.'

It was good advice too. Three days later a fellow guardsman told me I was wanted by an officer who was standing in a remote part of the barracks. He was rather nervous and seemed only a few years older than me. He said he wanted me to do a job for him. I was to bring a parcel around to his room one evening.

I remember that first time very clearly. The officer was sprawled on an easy chair and seemed to have been drinking a lot — maybe to give himself the confidence he needed. When I brought the parcel in he offered me a drink, waved me to his bed, and I sat on the edge of it, glass in hand, while he poured whisky. No water was offered.

We talked and he asked me about farm life. I found myself relaxing a little and noticed he was really studying every part of me. He said something about keeping fit on a farm and working up a good physique. I said I was a match for any of the local lads and told him about some of the fights I had gotten into. 'I bet you look good without your clothes,' he said suddenly. I gulped. 'Not bad sir,' I admitted. 'Take them off, Evans,' he said, 'and let's see you.' 'What here sir?' I asked, not yet realizing.

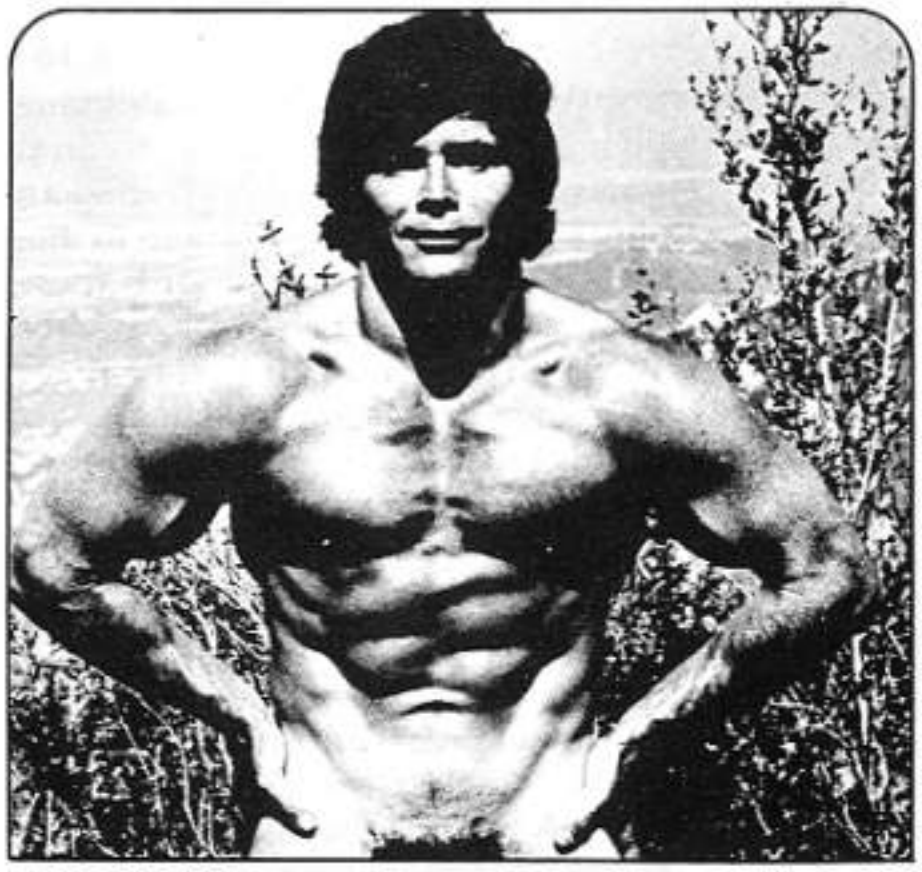
'No trouble. We'll not be disturbed.'

Well, I peeled off my uniform and he watched like a hawk. I then realized what the corporal had meant, as I didn't have two older brothers and a randy uncle for nothing. I was proud of my physique and wasn't worried about showing it off if others found it worth looking at. His eyes were glazed when he told me: 'I've never seen anything so magnificent. You're built like a stallion.'

He turned out to be very inexperienced. In fact, I found out later I was the first man he'd ever had. When I finally got back to the barracks I found a one pound note in my trousers pocket. It was a lot of money in those days and, I admit, it kept me in pints for quite a time.

Next morning the corporal came around. He wanted to know the details so I told him. 'Good lad, Evans,' he said, patting me on the shoulder. 'See those stripes?' pointing to his arm. 'Won on a special battlefield they were. You and me have got assets that a number of officers are eager to enjoy. So let's give them what they want and take what

(Please Turn To Page 94)



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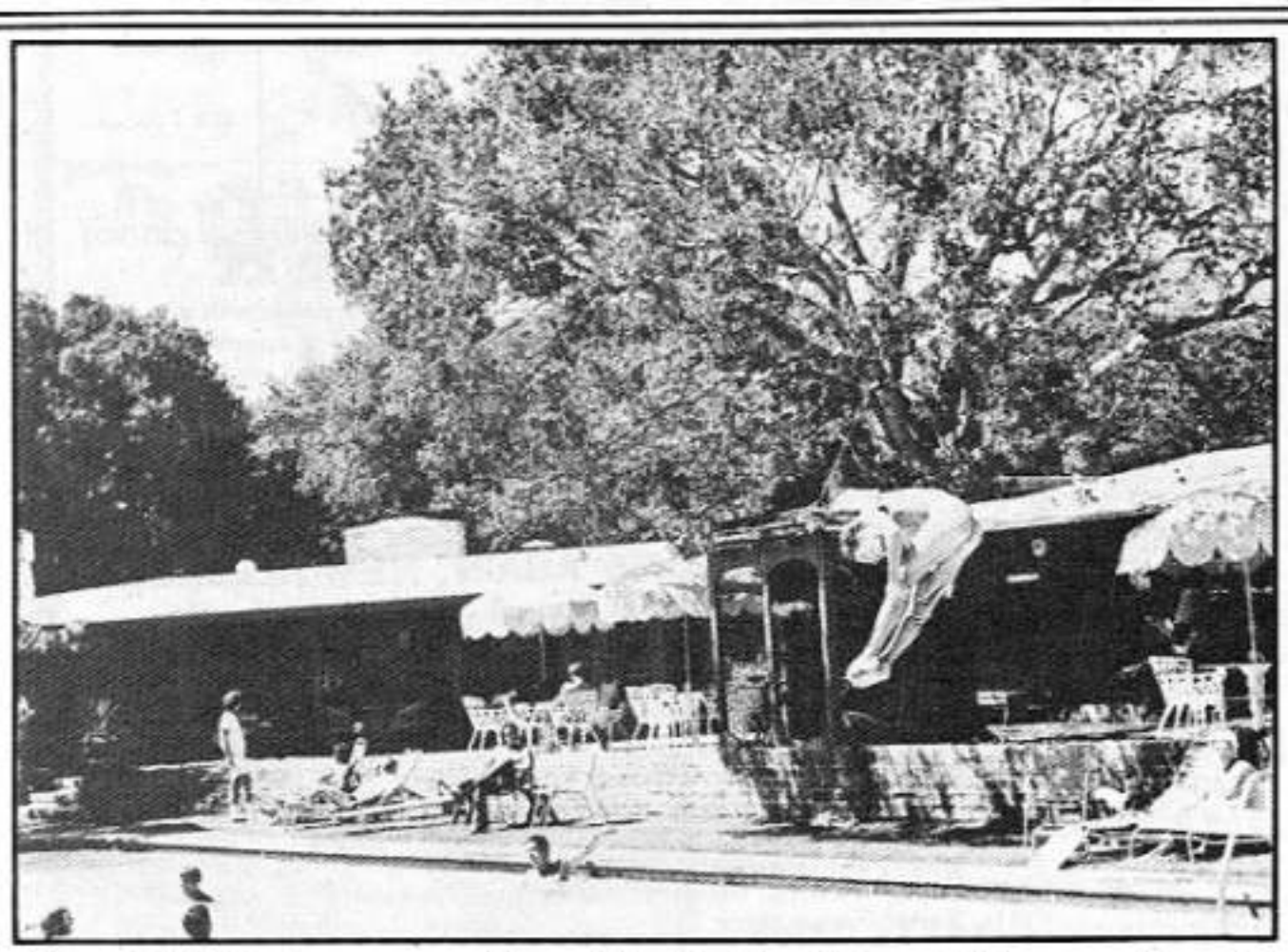
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BOOKS

(Continued From Page 15)

breathtaking set of darkly-handsome young men in generally natural poses. Their expressions are an almost irresistable invitation to the viewer, pulling him toward those Mediterranean shores with a force suggested in novelist Wm. Burroughs' brief introduction. . . . Words fail. Have a look for yourself.

•

I'm a sentimentalist and I loved Patricia Nell Warren's first novel in this field, *THE FRONT RUNNER* (now in paperback), despite a rather melodramatic ending. In *THE FANCY DANCER* (Wm. Morrow, 287 pgs., $7.95) she again proves her insight into male gays, right down to the sweat, this time joining Tom, a young priest in a small Montana town, with Vidal, the town drunk and brawler, a half-breed auto mechanic who is far more intelligent than he at first seems. Characters minor and major, are strong and believable (though the plot machinery creaks a bit when prejudice rears its ugly head), even if the protagonists don't always live up to my wishful thinking.

A fine exploration of the current crisis of Catholic gays, though a few readers may feel that "a bishop wouldn't respond like that" (some in fact have) or that the gay mass in Denver was a bit much.

•

A recent mention that I hadn't seen *MotD* brought issues 7 and 8 for review and they deserve considerably more space than is available here. Kirby Congdon (whose verse and photo I fell in love with in Oct. 1957 when they appeared in *ONE Magazine* — he was then writing as Alden Kirby) shares issue 7 with Paul Mariah, another poet who has achieved real statue since his early poems appeared in *ONE*. I've given Mariah high praise here before and his superlatively magic word play is well represented in this selection of 30 poems. Congdon's "Celestial Mechanics" is an old favorite, but he's best as the poet of the leather set, his "Credo" giving strong poetic expression to what, for want of better terminology, is called the S&M experience. Issue 8 includes fine work by Salvatore Farinella, Stewart Steckler, Richard Prybyzersky et al.

•

Rod McKuen's *BEYOND THE BOARDWALK*, (Cheval, 8440 Santa Monica Blvd., LA 90069, $5.95) is

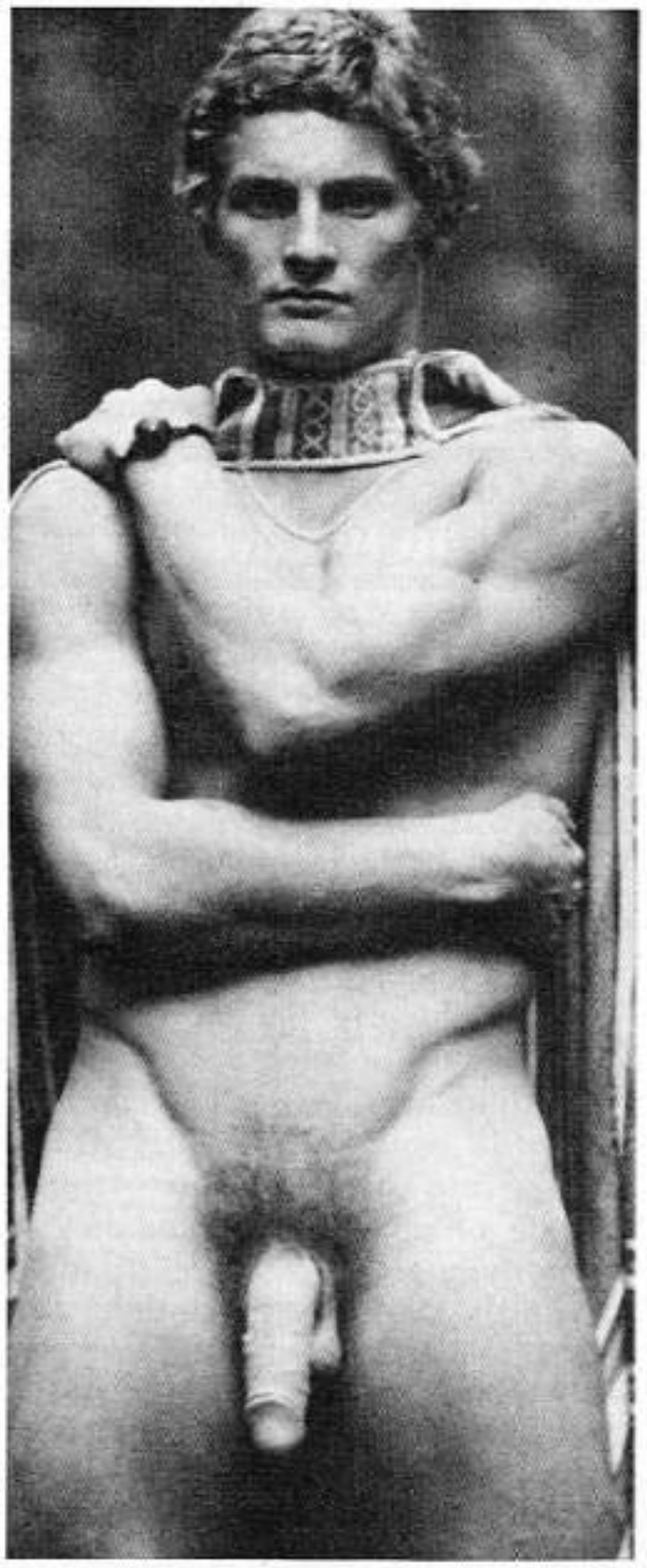
(Please Turn To Page 84)

LETTERS

Gerry In Color, Please

In your issue 23 you have several black and white pictures of Gerry Arthur. Will you please re-publish them in color in an early issue?

James Searles
San Francisco



Our centerfold man in issue 23, Gerry Arthur, stirred up quite a few readers. And you should see him stir it up in full color (and black and white) in our next special edition, which should be out soon.

Down At The Martinique

At the Martinique Lounge (Dayton, Ohio) this weekend, the usual first of the month eager anticipation for the release of *Playgirl* was replaced by a much-talked-about magazine, *IN TOUCH*.

Sunday morning we tried to find an address for you, knowing only the name of the magazine. We tried New York, Chicago and finally Los Angeles. JACKPOT! Going thru universal information and old Ma Bell, we got an address for *IN TOUCH* magazine.

Okay. We know you have a magazine. We are semi-sure of the format. What we want to know is whether you are strictly a bar magazine or can we subscribe?

K. G. Cook
Tipp City, Ohio

Sure we're sold in bars across the country. But you can get IN TOUCH regularly through the mails too, in a plain brown envelope, and there's a subscription form in each issue. By the way, you can buy IN TOUCH in Dayton at Today's Bookstore, 444 E. 5th St.

Your Gap Is Showing

Pardon me, but your generation gap is showing. I very much enjoy buying and reading *IN TOUCH*. But not all of us readers are in our 20s. Frankly, I'll never see 40 again, and while I enjoy your models in their 20s, surely there must be some available in their 30s and 40s, maybe even 50s. Please, don't let *IN TOUCH* become a victim of the generation gap.

Carl Johnson

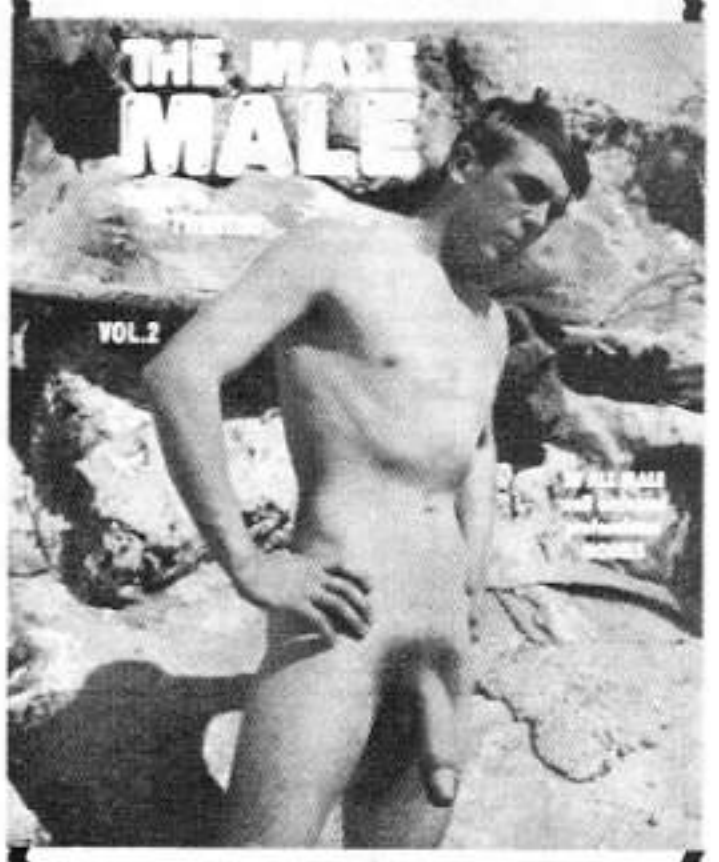
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HOWARD & JANE

(Continued From Page 23)

remembered. "Jack Beutel (in the title slot as Billy the Kid) did one scene 103 times." At Christmas Jane confided to Birdwell: "I'm the unhappiest girl in the world. I don't want to be a movie star. I just want to go home." "The Bird's" flackery factory was busy churning out the items, a few of which severely strained credulity. For example, the entire company strenuously denied the story that they once all got up in the dawn's cold early light and spent the day patiently standing by while Director Hughes huddled over his drawing board, putting all his engineering wizardry to work on designing a new bra for Jane. Finally, after nine months, the film went into the can in January, 1941. Hughes spent the rest of the year tinkering with all the footage. At year's end the United States went to war, a seemingly unrelated occurrence which soon turned out to be crucial.

Birdwell had seen enough of the footage to know it was no *Gone With The Wind*. He couldn't sell the film on its merits. He'd have to push it via Jane, and not through her meager acting talents, either. He spent the better part of 1941 vainly peddling the cinderella angle about the little chiropractor's receptionist who was zooming to fame and fortune (if, as and when Hughes ever completed cutting the film and let it out). Everyone had just done this number, and with the very same Russell Birdwell, in the metamorphosis of Vivien Leigh into Scarlett O'Hara. "Give it a rest, Bird," was the unvarying reply. Still, Jane was the key. He had to give her an image that would make people pay to see her. At length he considered the scene in the barn, in which Jack Beutel wrestles Jane into a—uh—more friendly frame of mind. Barns and hay are synonymous, Birdwell reasoned. With the star-to-be in hand, he arrived at the studio of famed glamour photographer George Hurrell and it went as follows:

Birdwell: "What would you charge me to shoot this girl from 1 P.M. to 8 P.M.? You don't answer the telephone — you just shoot and shoot."

Hurrell: "$500."

Birdwell: "No. That wasn't what I had in mind."

Hurrell: "Too much?"

Birdwell: "No. Not enough. I'll pay you $3,000 plus all costs. I'm going to deliver this girl and a load of hay and you just shoot."

Hurrell shot. Hundreds of photos

from every conceivable angle. *Esquire* chose a reflective pose, horizontal in the hay, one leg up, skirt hiked to midthigh, waiting invitingly for any country boy (or city slicker) with whom to share the wealth. It was to be *Esquire's* color foldout for June, 1942. Other famous poses show Jane sitting up, one sleeve of her full-bosomed blouse pulled down to danger point, sultry, her eyes full of insolence and challenge, the essence of carnal sensuality. "The Bird" knew he had hit paydirt and began to map future layouts.

Which explains why, on February 23, 1942, Jane and another Birdwell client, K.T. Stevens (starlet daughter of Director Sam Wood) were clambering up and down derricks in the Santa Barbara oil fields. Late that afternoon "The Bird's" Hollywood phone rang. It was his assistant up in Santa Barbara, sounding exactly like someone in a state of shock.

"I hope you'll believe what I'm about to tell you," he reported. "A Japanese submarine has just surfaced and shelled our two clients."

Birdwell considered the glorious possibilities.

"I believe you implicitly," he replied. "How close was it?"

"The fragments fell about thirty yards away. I'm now making photographs of the girls holding the shell fragments." He then began to wax historic. "If I'm not mistaken this is the first enemy shell to fall on continental U.S. soil since the Revolutionary War."

Birdwell was not about to be sidetracked by anything as trivial as that.

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't doubt you. But I'd like to ask a question. How do you know it was a Japanese submarine?"

"I saw it surface and I saw the Rising Sun. I'm an old Navy man."

That did it. Birdwell put him on hold and began calling newspapers, wire services and the trade papers. *Variety*, knowing the ways of pressagents, gave him a big horselaugh. Within the hour the War Department had confirmed the story. Next day there was a picture of Jane Russell gingerly examining Japanese shell fragments on the front page of every major newspaper in the country.

Birdwell then commenced to pour it on. Copies of all that Hurrell haystack art went out in a flood to eager customers. Additionally, "The Bird" took the most requested shot, had it blown up to 60x40, and had that sent all over the world. In a mo-

(Please Turn To Page 74)

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HOROSCOPE

By ROGER ASQUITH

Cancer

An old friend will pop up and try and pick up where he left off. Only you know where that was. Keep the conversation light and breezy and steer clear of former arguments. You enjoy his company but not his conversation, so remember, don't talk with your mouth full. You should dust off those old letters and phone messages that need answering, who knows, you might find something you can't write home about. A bitchy associate will try and fill your ear with gossip, listen, but don't pass it on . . . unless you absolutely have to.

Leo

Have you been throwing your weight around lately? Bragging about this and that . . . mainly that? Well cool it . . . everybody has one, you know. Don't be a bore about your conquests. A real friend is trying to become friendlier. Be a little more available. Find out what he wants and if you want it, let him have it. Money may be a problem because you tend to overspend. Budget. Don't buy on impulse, shop around for bargains . . . who knows, you might get one for free.

Virgo

You're pushing too hard, my friend. Take it easy . . . some people don't like to be rushed. Savor the flavor, masticate (it's spelt right) slowly, you'll enjoy it more. Being a lovable person, everyone wants to. Don't be gauche, but a little date book, secretly compiled and well-hidden, might help you out. If you do have to double date occasionally, grin and share it. You can be very generous, but don't always be a sucker. Being popular becomes you, so don't let it wear out.

Libra

In spite of a turbulent atmosphere, you still manage to get a head, but be wary and avoid taking risks, too many people are beating about the bush these days. Since you like pretty things go grab an armful, sort them out and show them off . . . they may not appreciate your crystal collection but they'll probably get off over your bric-a-brac. All play and no work makes Jack a sore boy . . . it doesn't help the bank account either. Work overtime . . . at your job, Duckie, not in the bar.

Scorpio

Competition is very apparent these days, especially in affairs of the heart. So what are you doing about it? Think. Personal hygiene can be obtained from your TV set. Apart from a winning smile, an old joke and a half bottle of booze, what d'you have to offer other than the obvious? If you find it takes time to answer this question, then you'd better start shopping in other places instead of parks and bars. Spruce up your pad, lose a little weight . . . and if that long hair has to be trimmed, do it. Do you take time to figure out what your friends really want? Are you a good host? Think about it.

Sagitarius

You have a heavy workload, so plan ahead, don't shirk responsibilities and you'll win through. Lighten the load by entertaining at home and save travelling time. Some friends will give you a hand where you need it most . . . and you won't have to show them where it's at. Be patient and keep up your standard of giving good service, they'll always come back for more. You're inclined to speak your mind without weighing the consequences. Try biting your tongue once in awhile. It won't taste good, but it's better than biting the hand that needs you.

Capricorn

Two friends may fall out and leave you betwixt and between. Don't try and act as mediator, and don't take sides. Look around for fresh company. Try new hang outs, discover how the other half loves. Widen your circle of friends and develop new interests . . . look at it from a different angle, but don't tell him the ceiling needs painting, he's heard that line before. This is the time to try out all those new ideas you had for making it better, so get with it before the alarm goes off.

Aquarius

Someone may be trying to discredit you. Don't be alarmed about it, they're probably jealous of you and yours. Appreciate what you've got and bring him a little gift once in awhile . . . like an eraser for his phone book. Your love life should be running smoothly . . . but make sure he's heading for home and not through the park. Spend more time in the kitchen than the bedroom. You cook the goose and let him goose the cook . . . but only after you've eaten the dessert. Now go and get something to nibble on.

Pisces

You are inclined to work too hard. Are you doing too much? Slow down a little and enjoy some of the better things in life. Plan a vacation and if you don't have anyone to go with, start looking around . . . double occupancy is not only cheaper, it's a lot more fun. Treat yourself to a few goodies. Be bold, if you see something you fancy, buy him a drink and invite him back to enjoy the Late Show . . . you don't have to tell him he's it. Take care of some overdue bills . . . and make the payments on the bed . . . it's better than writing a check.

Aries

You've dragged out your moth-eaten duds from the closet and they don't fit. This could mean a new set of clothes or a new set of friends . . . it depends on your closet. Look around and see what's new. The old gang bang at the bar needs rejuvenating. You've heard their gossip, so give them something to really talk about and get yourself into something new in town. Find some dude that hasn't but wants to, then buy him some uncomfortable shoes so he won't stray too far.

Taurus

Trusty Taurus . . . the gentle bull who likes a jump in the morning and a snort at night. You're cuddly, reliable and cute, but sometimes you're too easy going for your own good. You stand up very often, but not on your own two feet. Make your desires known and insist on your rights. Rest assured you'll get what you want, because few would risk losing what you have to offer. A little competition works wonders. Take an overseas trip . . . you need a little ego boosting these days.

Gemini

More haste, less speed. You chase and chase and wind up with nothing but blisters to go to bed with. Cool it, relax, plot your course and know where you're going. An interesting adventure is coming up, plan for a welcome visitor but don't show him the Riviera . . . save that for your maiden aunt who is used to sleeping alone. Stock up with goodjes, blue movies and booze and your favorite turn-on toiletries for easy access. Get in shape for a wild time but remember, you'll have to give as much as you get, you little devil you.

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SHOPPING CENTER

HOWARD & JANE

(Continued From Page 71)

ment of inspiration, Birdwell posed a sad-looking G.I. in a barracks setting with that big blowup plastered to the wall. "He was sitting there looking at Jane and knitting. He had a sweater for her half-finished." That one went all over the world, too.

At year's end Jane's fan mail was pouring in at 1100 letters a week and continued at that peak for three years. She had joined Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth as favorited Armed Forces Pin-Up Queen. She was kept busy in constant photographic sessions (Standard direction: "Take a deep breath and hold it.") For all this she was eventually dubbed "Queen of the Motionless Pictures," since she had yet to appear in one that moved. In public. At year's end Birdwell's office proudly reported that "better than 43,000 different photographs have been distributed of Jane Russell." A star had indubitably been born. A star? A meteor. But what about *The Outlaw*?

Hughes had intermittently tinkered with the film throughout 1942 and finally felt he could show it. He leased the Geary Theater in San Francisco and announced the world premiere for February 5, 1943. Just prior to this the advertising went up on billboards all over the city and soon became the talk of the town. There was an artist's fantasy of sultry Jane on that haystack with the ad line: "Sex has not been rationed." The implicit promise was that if you were tired of standing in line for steak, butter and nylons, you could get all you wanted of another precious commodity over at the Geary — and you wouldn't have to wait in line for it either.

Jane's first reaction when she saw the billboard was: "Who's that?" As she later commented: "That wasn't Jane Russell — at least, not any Jane Russell I ever knew. It wasn't even the girl in the picture."

The premiere on February 5, which the trade press attended, was no triumph. The audience frequently hooted in the wrong places and the notices were not exactly raves. "Almost a burlesque on all screen westerns," reported *Variety*. "The dialogue extends many sequences to the extreme of talkiness and the brink of absurdity," quoth the *Reporter*. Nevertheless *The Outlaw* played to top grosses against mounting outcry from various civic groups about those billboards. The Legion of Decency placed the film on its Condemned List for 1943.

At this point Hughes had more than Catholics and critics to worry

about. Sex may not have been rationed, as the ads had it, but money was, as far as Jane was concerned. Her original $50 per week had now risen to a princely $75. For this she was doing 8 personal appearances per day with the film, and Hughes had mapped plans for her to do the same thing all over the country. By now she had fallen in love with football pro Bob Waterfield. "I don't like those billboards," she told Hughes, "and I want to get married." So she did, on Easter Day, 1943. Hughes suspended her. Waterfield, now in the Army, had been ordered to Columbus, Georgia. Jane went with him and sat it out for 15 months, at one point working in a local beauty shop for $30 per week. With his star in rebellion, mounting religious opposition, critical panning and civic outcry, Hughes withdrew *The Outlaw* after eight weeks. His wartime interests demanded undivided attention for awhile, but early in 1944, Hughes planned to finally give the film its national release. He applied for an MPA Production Code Seal of Approval. That set off a battle royal which raged for five years, giving *The Outlaw* the notorious reputation it bears to this day.

First off, before the MPA would issue a Code Seal, the Hays Office (censor arm of the MPA) demanded 136 separate cuts. Hughes told them to go to hell and threatened to release it without the seal. At that point 20th Century-Fox, which was to have been the original distributor, withdrew. As a member of the MPA, they would have been subject to disciplinary action, including a $25,000 fine, for distributing an "outlaw" film. A standard joke of the time, with an eye to all that bosom art, was "there's gold in them thar hills." United Artists thought so and, not being a member of the MPA, stepped in as distributor. By now the matter was in the hands of the lawyers, all sitting around learnedly disputing the fine points, i.e., Jane's.

Jane herself had made peace with Hughes, and when next she returned to the personal appearance treadmill, it was at $1,000 per week. Furthermore Hughes had also agreed to finally loan her to someone else, to Hunt Stromberg for a little opus called *Young Widow*. Stromberg personally promised that the film would actually be shown in theaters, which reportedly put her on a high that lasted a week. Apropos of that: Bob Waterfield took occasional stunt work in pictures, and one day his wife went out to a studio lot and sat patiently by till near midnight. An

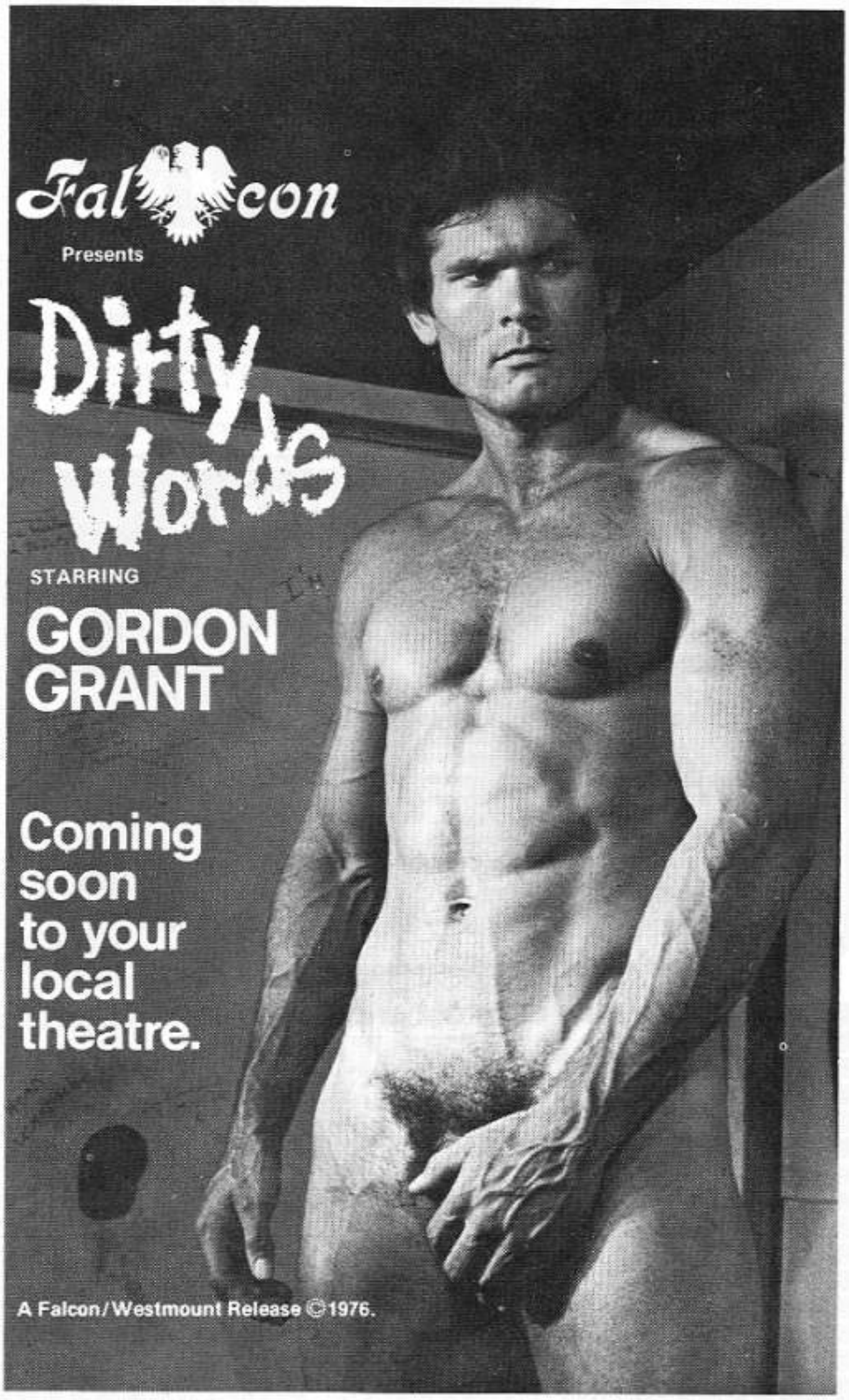
(Please Turn To Page 76)

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FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER

HOWARD & JANE

(Continued From Page 75)

assistant director passed her a word of comfort. "It often takes a long, long time to get anything done in the movies." Jane gave him a long look. "You're telling me!"

Hughes now made a final attempt to break the stalemate with the MPA. He hit on the novel idea of proving that there was more mammary immodesty in any number of other films than there was in *The Outlaw*. To that end he sent Birdwell to an MPA meeting armed with over 4,000 stills of every current female star whose bosom had ever come anywhere near a camera.

"It was Howard's suggestion that we might prove that there was less of Jane revealed, in proportion to her size, than any of the present-day stars," Birdwell recalled. "So we had all these exhibits — 8x10's of every star in town. It was the greatest display of mammary glands in the history of the universe. And these tired old men viewed every one of them. We hired the top mathematician at Columbia University and he showed up with his calibers and went around and measured each girl. We proved that, in relationship to her size, less of Jane was exposed than any star in the business."

Hughes phoned from California to get a report.

"We had a great victory. They want only two minor cuts."

"To hell with them," Hughes retorted. "I won't do it."

The MPA approved a Code Seal, however, with the understanding that the cuts would be made. Birdwell now cranked up the advertising campaign, which called for new features. It was 1946 and sex was still not rationed but, then, neither was anything else anymore. The new features went the limit.

"What are the TWO great reasons for Russell's success?" boldly inquired one ad. Billboards went up with Jane on that haystack and a blunt invitation: "How Would You Like To Tussle with Russell?" The standard poster featured a virile, hairy-chested cowboy who is obviously in a big hurry. He is dragging a busty young woman through a barn door. Her skirt and petticoat are flying at mid-thigh. Her blouse, already ripped, is in the clutches of his right hand. "Billy! Let me Go!" she pleads. "Trigger-Fast Action!" promises the ad. "Sensation Too Startling to Describe!" (That no such scene is in the film was something the public couldn't know.)

The masterstroke occurred high over Pasadena (of all places — a

sedate spot once referred to as the town where retired folks go to visit their parents). A sky-writing plane traced out THE OUTLAW and then drew two huge circles side by side and placed a dot smack in the center of each. Who needed to be told anything more? *Newsweek* called that "a literal new high in vulgarity."

MPA fire now concentrated on all this overheated advertising (a fine point which eluded the public). They would withdraw the seal if all that advertising were not toned down, and, incidentally, if the allegedly-promised cuts were not made. Hughes needed the seal because, without it, none of the major theater chains belonging to the studios could handle the film. He sued in court and lost the battle to get an injunction to prevent the MPA from withdrawing the seal. They not only withdrew it; they scheduled an April meeting to discuss throwing Hughes out of the MPA. Hughes then preempted that action with a final blast.

"I produced a motion picture called *The Outlaw*," his broadside began. "This picture was banned by the censors throughout the nation. However, instead of cutting the picture, I hired the best lawyers obtainable, and for two full years I have fought for the right to show *The Outlaw* to the public exactly as it was filmed. Not a scene has been cut. Furthermore, a careful study of the Hays Office, which I have just completed, convinces me that the entire Hays Office, in its very essential fundamentals, is a group boycott, in restraint of trade, and in absolute violation of the anti-trust laws of this country — the Sherman and Clayton Acts. Therefore I am delivering to the Hays Office my resignation, effective immediately. Also I have filed suit against the Hays Office, as of this date (April 22, 1946) demanding $5,000,000 damages because of the Hays Office interference with *The Outlaw* and the resulting delay."

"How can we be in restraint of trade when we are a completely volunteer group?" the MPA coyly retorted. They got their answer two years later when the U.S. Supreme Court commanded the studios to divest themselves of their theater chains, an action mourned ever afterward in Hollywood as the "Great Divorce." Hughes instructed Birdwell to slug *The Outlaw* ads with the line "The Picture That Couldn't Be Stopped," and out it went to all the independent theaters that would take it. If the Hays Office couldn't stop it, that didn't prevent a whole host of other interests from trying.

(Please Turn To Page 80)



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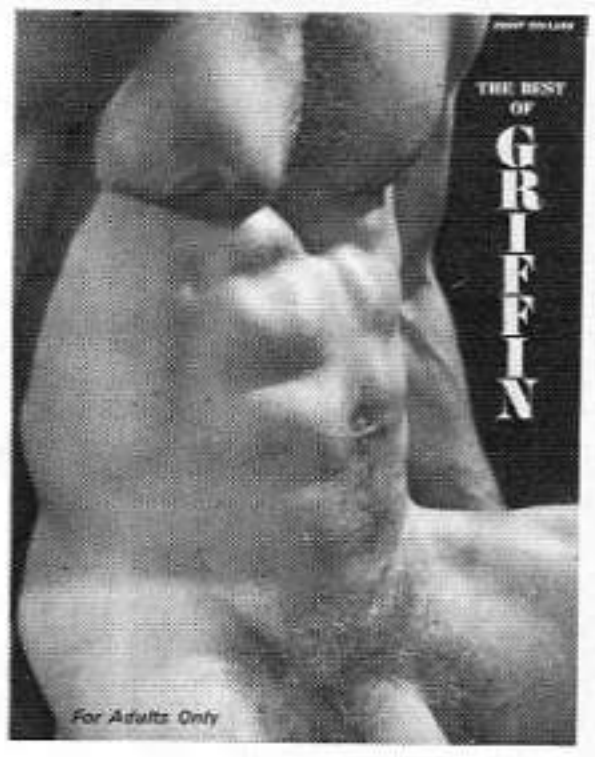
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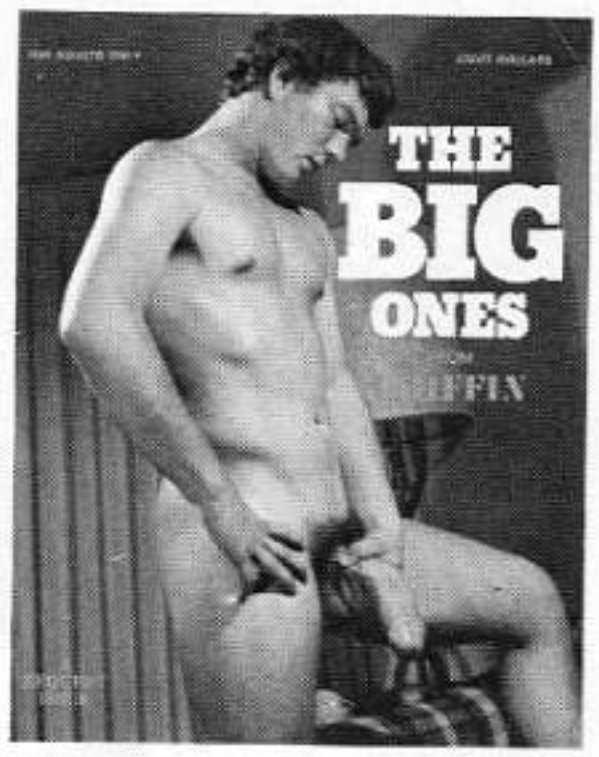
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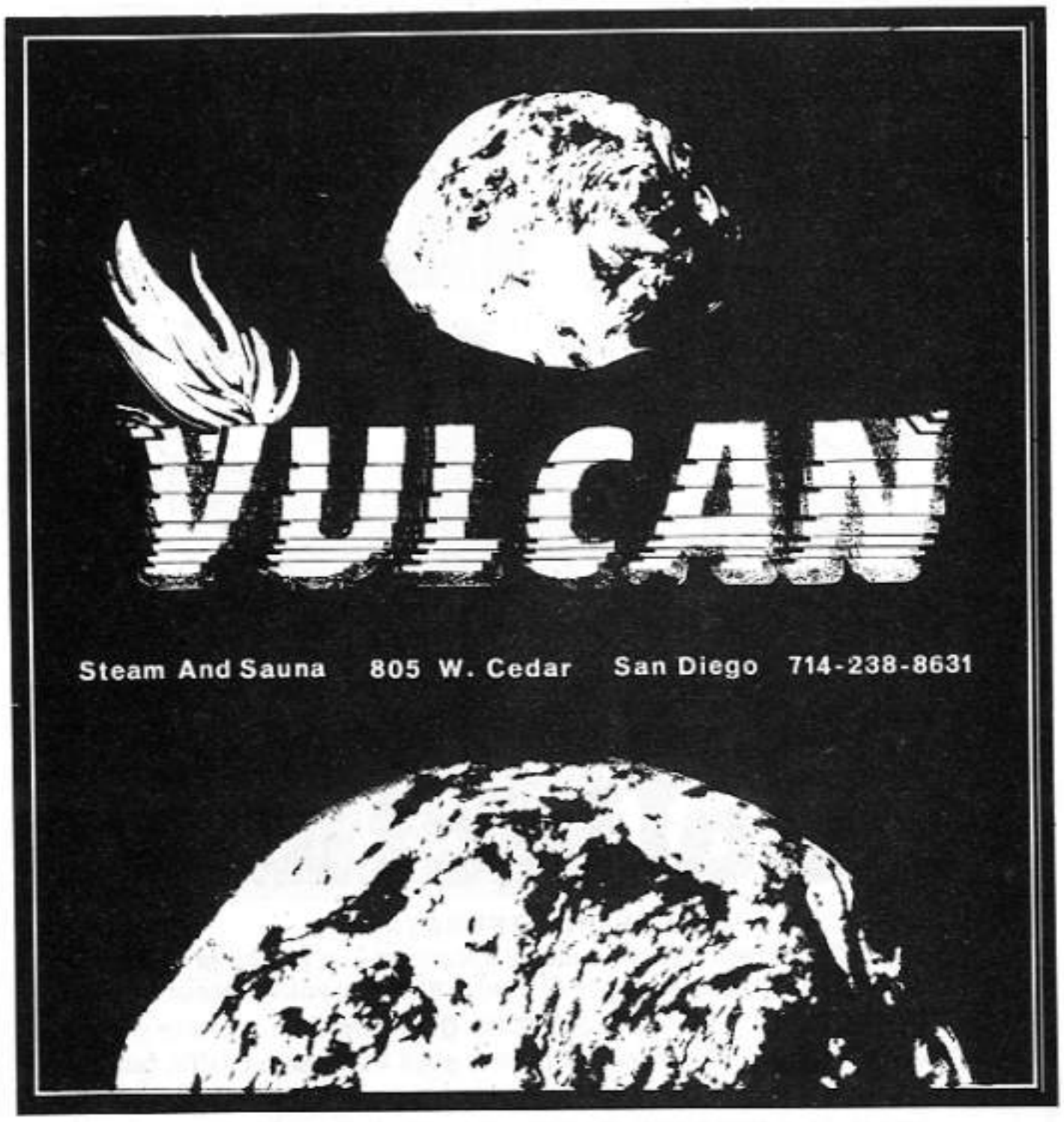
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SYDNEY

(Continued From Page 59)

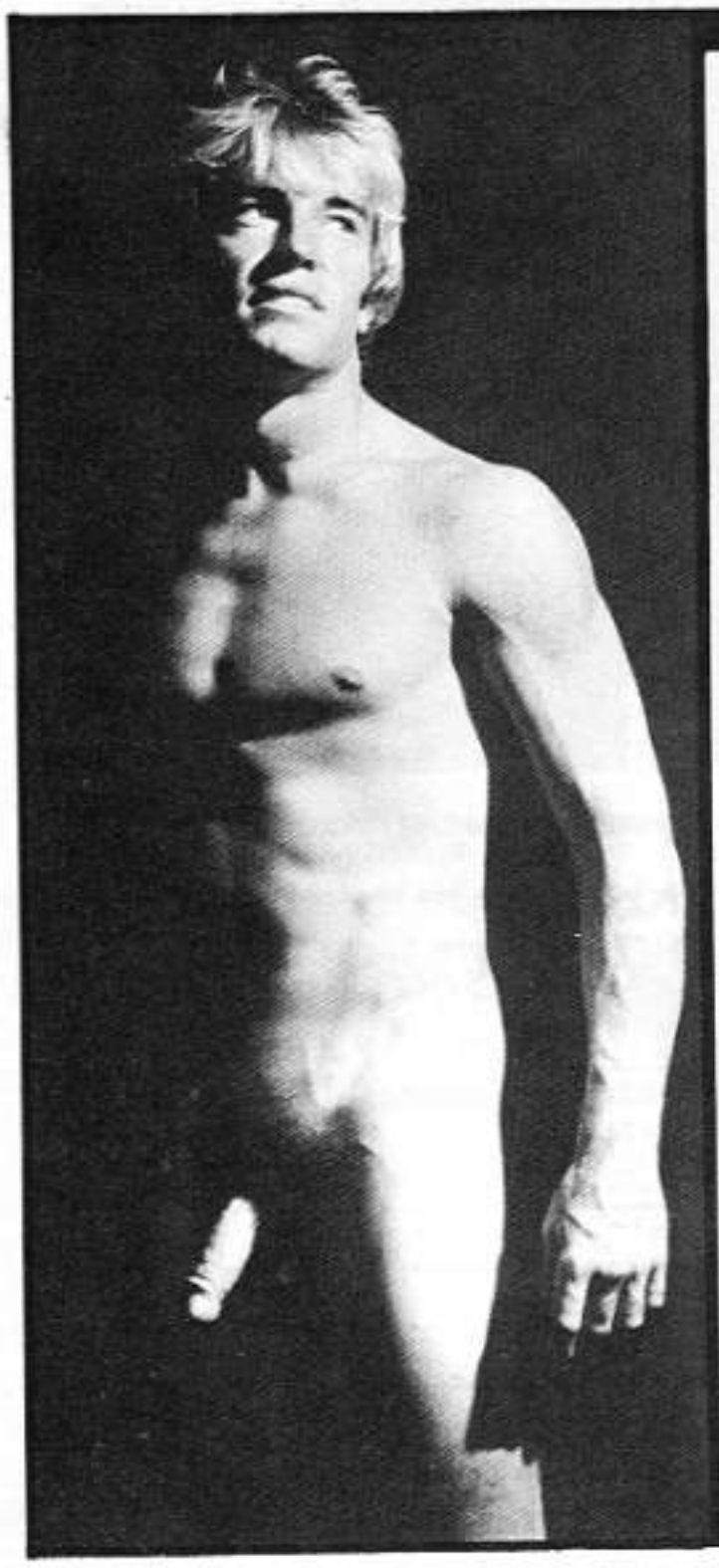
network Channel 0-10, which has stations in every capital city and many provincial areas and, to quote *TV Times*, "command the largest viewing audiences of any programs at present being screened."

But the government-financed ABC-TV has also attempted (and succeeded) to avoid stereotype images when gays are portrayed, as in the recent screening (on two successive Sunday nights) of the Australian teleplays "A Hard God" by Peter Kenna and "Spoiled" by Simon Gay; both plays not only brilliant pieces of drama but poignant looks at homosexuality.

This country's white community has had an uneasy existence with homosexuality for nearly 200 years. The wide, brown land bred wide, brown shouldered, sunbronzed Anzacs, lifeguards and stockmen.

It's a man's country, where "poofter (faggot) bashing," while less prevalent than football and horseracing, at times seems just as respectable. Then three years ago the flickering image of Don Finlayson spread across the land in what was to become its most popular TV program, "Number 96."

The publicity on the series includ-



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ed stories that Joe Hasham, who played Findlayson, had more mail than any other actor, most of it from teenage girls, with a sprinkling from older women. Some asked for dates, others were more lurid. Some offered solace, others offered direct temptations to the straight way of life. Hasham was quoted as having said: "It's rather nice being a so-called sex symbol."

Hasham has had to face prejudice all his life, having been born a Lebanese Catholic with naturally blond hair in the centre of the Muslim Arab world. When his family migrated to Australia they opened a fruit shop and every day he heard his father called a "wog." He got it too at school.

"I've always felt strongly about the plight of oppressed groups in Australia — women, blacks, and homosexuals in particular, probably because of moving in theatrical circles. In the beginning, playing Don was just a job; I've taken a positive attitude as the show has progressed. I feel very strongly that people should not be classified as homosexual or heterosexual. When they are so classified, and put down because of it, I'm prepared to do something about it. I'm sorry to say I've upset some close friends when they've learnt where my sympathies lie . . . A psychiatrist at the University of Sydney said Don had done more for gay liberation than gay lib could ever do."

Psychologists last year at the University of New South Wales studied the impact of his role and found the part of Don the most popular in the show and that it made many more people aware of homosexuals and, says the report, "possibly made a lot of them more understanding of homosexuals."

Chard Hayward says his character is a sweet guy who will do anything for anyone and anything for a laugh; everyone likes him because he likes everyone. He said: "He's a complete escapist. He's weak. If anything goes wrong, he'll grab a movie for support.

"If Dudley were heterosexual I don't think I'd be playing him any differently. I worked on the character for two months before I went in front of the cameras. From the scripts you would have pictured a screaming queen. I think I've made him a composite of many people I've known — mainly in the theatrical world.

"He's very different from Lee Whiteman and Don Findlayson, with Lee being about half-way between. Don is very serious-minded, and, I think, set in his homosexuality. Lee has a sense of fun and Dudley an even greater sense of fun. He can make light of everything because "Number 96" has Don for the heaviness. I think playing Dudley is the hardest job. I have to tread a very thin line, especially in the comedy where the lines are so flaring, you know, 'Don't be cheeky or I'll slap your wrist.'"

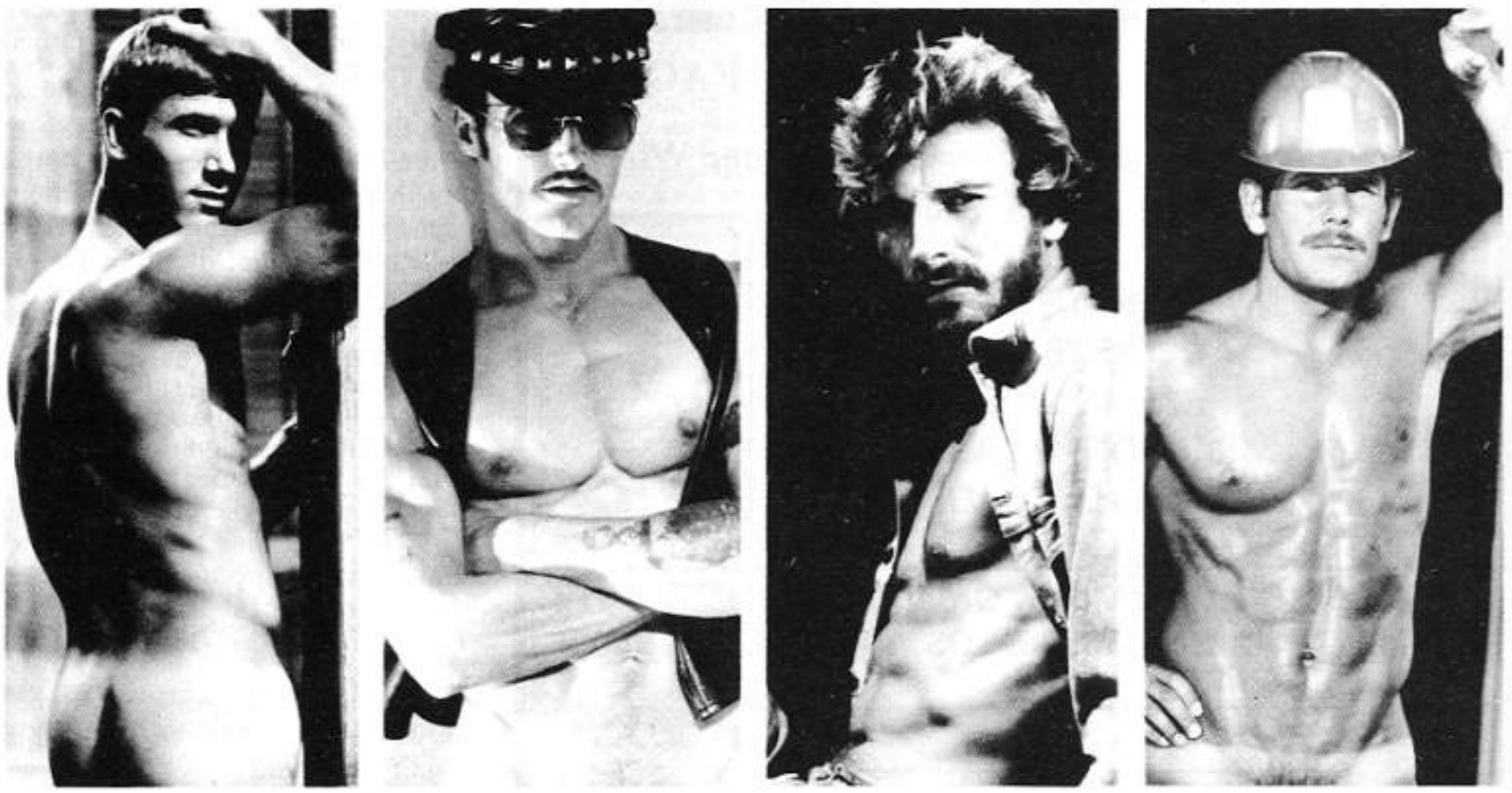
"Number 96" is set in a block of flats (Don and Dudley live in one of them, have been lovers, but are now friends) where meetings of Gay Lib have commenced being held in the flat of a gay woman activist . . . planning a demonstration. Don and Dudley are being confronted with the decision to become activists or not . . . and the straight tenants are having their say . . . one way or the other about gay lib, gay rights, demonstrations (in between all the other minor dramas that occur in each episode).

Television came to this country in 1956 and, except for imported shows, homosexual portrayal has been above reproach and that says as much for the scriptwriters, producers and actors as it does for the oversensitivity of gay activists to jump on any, as they see it, incorrect portrayals.

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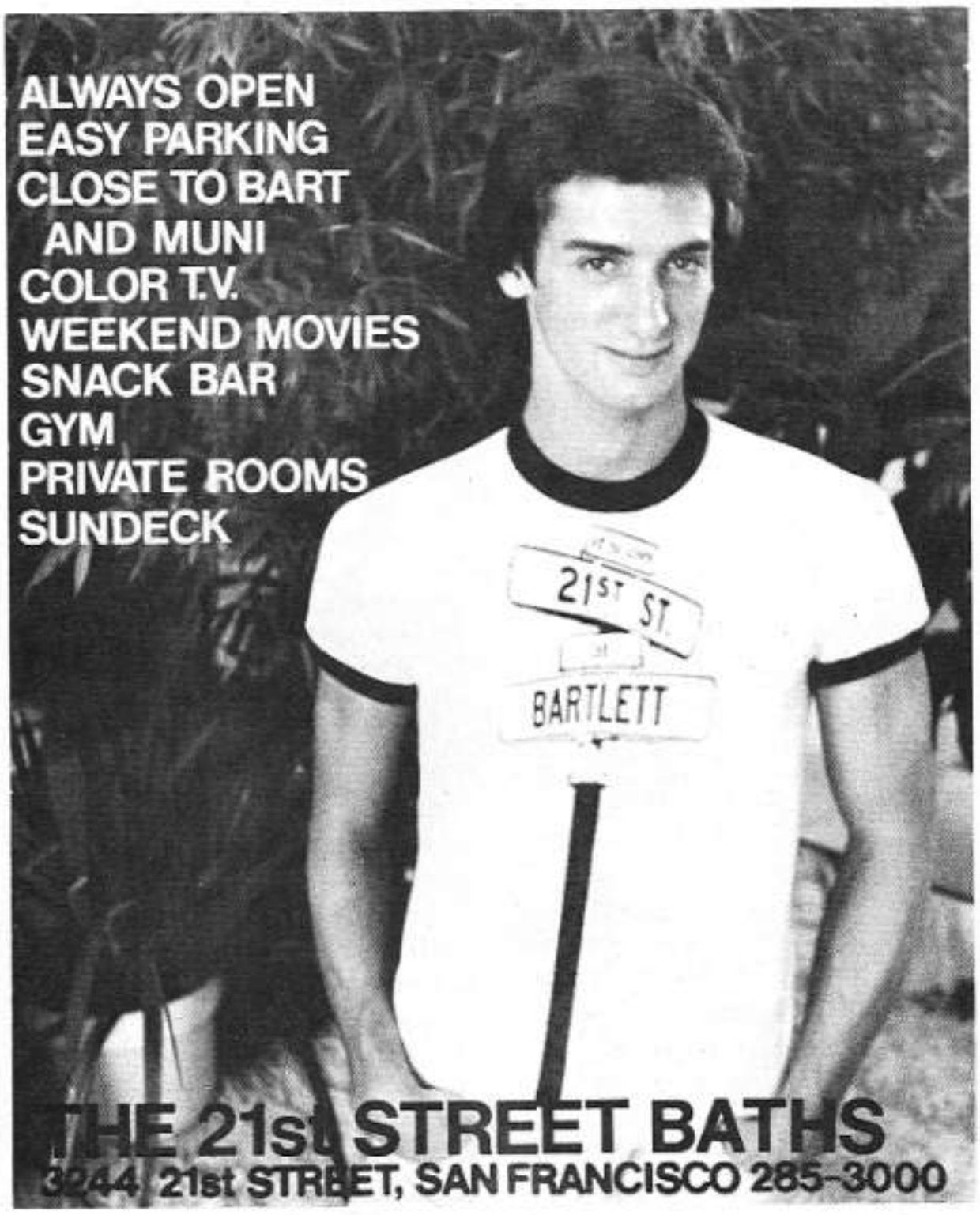
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(Continued From Page 77)

and a shoot-out began which reverberated from coast to coast.

The Outlaw was banned in its entirety in Syracuse, Wilmington, Bridgeport and Providence. It was declared off-limits in Memphis but for a unique reason: "too much shooting." As afore-stated, the State of Maryland would have none of it, and neither would the State of Ohio, not till 1954. The most unexpected blackout occurred in Sweden, long perceived by Americans as the Land of Swinging Socialism. On Ingmar Bergman's native soil they had heard the Cries and Whispers from abroad. Shame, proclaimed the Swedish authorities, and forbade *The Outlaw* The Seventh Seal, or any seal whatever. No Swede could view the film even Through a Glass Darkly. It was to be The Silence till 1964.

Back in America, *The Outlaw* was again condemned by the Legion of Decency and ordered denounced from the pulpit of every Roman Catholic Church in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. In Philadelphia, Cardinal Dougherty gave the Erlanger Theater a 48-hour ultimatum: yank *The Outlaw* or he would order one million Catholics in the area to boycott that theater for one year. (Upon the founding of the Legion of Decency in the early '30s, Dougherty had ordered a similar boycott against all theaters and crippled business for two months.)

New York City officials saw it at a private screening (doubtless packed wall-to-wall) and unanimously agreed it should be banned. "An offense against morality, decency and the public welfare," declared the severely-shaken city fathers. (Hughes got that one overturned in court.) In San Francisco, at the United Artists, promptly at 9 P.M. of a Tuesday evening, the projectors clicked off, police seized the print and all advertising and arrested the manager for "salacious advertising" and "salacious performance." (He was out on $100 bail the next day.) At his trial "for showing a lewd and obscene motion picture," he was acquitted. As for Jane: "She is a comely and attractive specimen of American womanhood," the judge declared forthrightly. "God made her what she is."

The U.S. Government took a darker view. "*The Outlaw* would tend to motivate our young men who attend movies toward crime, rather than away from it," pronounced a juvenile delinquency panel named by Attorney General Tom Clark. To

hear the movie industry tell it, everything achieved since *The Great Train Robbery* now trembled in the balance. "The labor of years and the repute of the industry is at stake," warned Terry Ramsaye of the *Motion Picture Herald* in his customary role as Cassandra of the Cinema. *Photoplay* agreed. "The fact that only six states maintain censor boards today is proof of how thorough a job of self-regulation Hollywood has done." Let a wicked thing like *The Outlaw* loose to romp at will and then where would we all be?

Naturally all of this produced its share of sillies. Three learned papers were submitted by Birmingham University to the British Association for the Advancement of Science solemnly asserting that most boys, 13-16, "remembered, enjoyed or dreamed about Miss Russell's low-cut dress, voluptuous figure, and challenge to another character to take off her dress." Ooh! Girls 13-16 reported that seeing *The Outlaw* was "very embarrassing if you are with a boy."

Critical reaction to the film was exemplified by one scribe who judged it "an unexciting, sub-standard western that lasts too long." Another treid to exempt Jane from the indictment. "Miss Jane Russell's two attributes are too well known to go into it further here. Suffice it to say they are genuine, generously displayed, all she's got, and plenty. Behind them, there is a helpless, bewildered girl who doesn't know how to act, ordered to do so by a director who knows how to make airplane motors perform." Dorothy Master of the *Daily News* gave the film ** (for symbolic effect, the wags said). It remained for *Mademoiselle* to beat everyone to the wire with the inevitable. "All in all, the long-delayed debut of Jane Russell in *The Outlaw* is a bust." ("Inevitables" have a long pedigree, coming right down to present-day observations that *The Blue Bird* "is a turkey" and *Won Ton Ton* "is a dog".)

Whatever the critics had to say, pro or con, was totally submerged and ignored in the roar at the boxoffice. 100,000 Los Angelenos, eager for a tussle with Russell, stormed the theaters during the first week. In Atlanta its first week beat even *Gone With The Wind's* first week by $3,091. In Chicago it easily topped the Oriental Theater's all-time record by $21,749. Business was so incredible in Rochester that a second theater was hired, a private ambulance requisitioned, and the print was bicycled between the theaters. "The

(Please Turn To Page 82)

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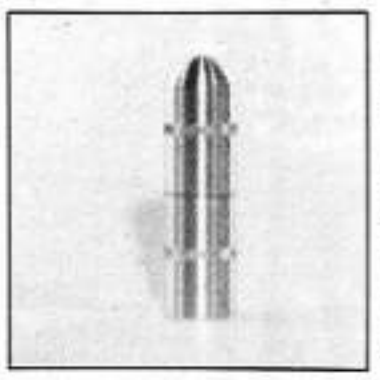
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(Continued From Page 81)

heavens have been falling in America," one British commentator observed sardonically. "Civil War broke out over the scantily-clad appearance of Jane Russell." Yet when *The Outlaw* finally opened at London's Pavilion Theater, it smashed the boxoffice record there, too.

Gradually all the furor subsided and official peace was made in October, 1949. Certain cuts were made and the Legion of Decency reclassified *The Outlaw* from "C" to "B" ("morally objectionable in part for all"). The MPA screened this edited version and reinstated the Code Seal. In 1952 it was officially withdrawn from general circulation, and a 1968 *Hollywood Reporter* estimate put the worldwide gross at around $20 million.

Bob Hope and *The Paleface* rescued Jane Russell from her fate as a footnote among famous freaks of filmdom (though her demeanor in this film prompted *Life* to run her neck-and-neck with Dorothy Lamour in the "Deadpan Derby" that year). She went on to subsequent co-starring stints with such as Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable. Interestingly enough, Jane and Howard Hughes again fell afoul of the censors in 1953, this time over something called *The French Line*. No Code Seal because of "some glaring breast shots" and a dance by Jane "that will certainly bring the cops to any theater where it shown. After a minor flap the demanded changes were made. Jane had the last word. "First time you fool me, shame on you. Second time you do it, shame on me. There won't be a third time." In 1954 she and Howard Hughes wrapped up their long association with a legendary $1,000,000 contract, which Jane called her "social security": in return for six films, $1000 per week for twenty years.

As for title-star Jack Beutel, he remained under continuous and inactive contract to Howard Hughes for ten years (three of which were spent in the U.S. Navy). He subsequently did 3 "B" films, endured two marriages and divorces, a 1949 conviction for reckless driving in Beverly Hills, and was last publicly noted, in 1962, headed for the tall timbers of Portland, Oregon and a third marriage.

Looking back at all the fuss and fury — screaming billboards, raging censors, agony in Yuma, Grand Tetons over Pasadena — it would be only fitting that *The Outlaw* be the

most sizzlingly and searingly sensational saga of sex and sin ever seen on celluloid. It is not and it never was. And lest yet another generation grow up feeling severely deprived, it is time for what Sergeant Joe Friday used to call "just the facts."

On the one hand you have a completely inexperienced director infinitely more at home up in the clouds than he ever was on a movie set. Plus two handsome young people as Billy the Kid and his girl, Rio, whose acting ability is nil. On the other hand, Walter Huston as Doc Holliday, Thomas Mitchell as Pat Garrett, and, on camera, Gregg Toland (*Wuthering Heights, The Grapes of Wrath, Citizen Kane*). What you might expect from this mixed bag is exactly what you get — as erratic a film as was ever made.

Spurts of power and interest alternate with long stretches of tedium. Much of the film has such a cheapie look and feel to it that you expect Gene Autry and Smiley Burnett to come peeping through the sagebrush at any moment. For musical scoring Hughes got the estimable Victor Young. "He goes off the deep end," the *Reporter* originally noted and you better believe it. The lofty strains of Tchaikovsky's **Sixth** continually accompany Billy and Rio, the better presumably to take the curse off of illicit sex. At other times Young underscores comic lines and situations with such a blatant heavy hand that you can easily imagine him composing at a piano with hayseed scattered all over the ivories.

The big surprise is in the fact that Jane as Rio is really peripheral — a girl Billy inherits from Doc along with the latter's horse (which he prizes far more). *The Outlaw* is actually a complicated triangle of love and jealousy featuring Billy the Kid versus Pat Garrett with Doc Holliday at the apex. The final scene — in which all the hostilities are sorted out, resulting in tragedy — has shape and dynamic power which are on a very high level. First, in an attempt to provoke a showdown, Huston grazes Beutel's hand with a bullet, then nicks both his ears. Beutel still refuses to draw on him, and as the two men reconcile in an awareness of how close they have become, Mitchell goes beserk with jealous hostility and ultimately kills Huston. It is an amazing scene for its time, a long sequence, and far above anything else in the film.

As for the three key "sex" scenes which presumably riled the censors:

1. As the sister of one of Billy's victims, Rio ambushes Billy in the barn,



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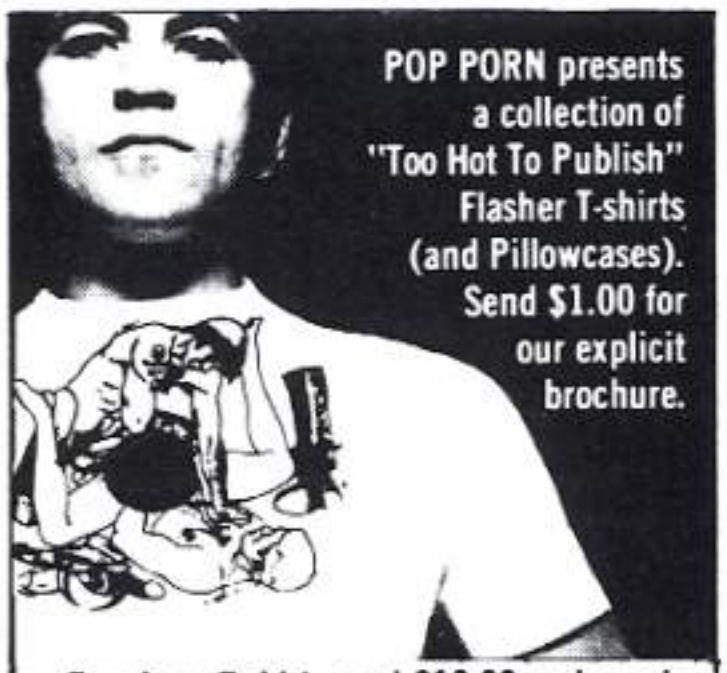
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HOWARD & JANE

(Continued From Page 83)

takes a shot at him and misses. He pins her down in the hay attempting to reason with her. She is foiled in a further attempt to stab him with a pitchfork, at which point they wrestle off into a totally darkened area of the barn and suddenly the thrashing stops. Fadeout.

2. With the wounded Billy in the grip of a fever which has chilled him to the danger point, the desperate Rio decides to warm his body with her own. She banishes the housekeeper from the bedroom, sits down on the bed, strips her stockings off. Fadeout.

3. During his convalescence Billy draws Rio into a passionate embrace. She breaks and exclaims, "You're not well enough yet. It wouldn't be right." He reaches for her and we get a series of quick cuts of her face as she comes at him — a corny montage straight out of the Theda Bara School of Erotic Passion. Fadeout.

The whole relationship in which two men share one girl — and the callous, casual, unapologetic feel of it — must have irked the bluenoses. Plus a couple of bosom shots in which Jane bends over and severely strains the law of gravity. That's it, folks.

Jack Beutel is a gorgeous man with a lean-figured, full-lipped sex appeal, but his one expression is right out of the Alan Ladd School of Facial Dynamics. As for Russell: sometimes she is photographed looking really glamorous, other times its early Rossellini. There is nothing anywhere in the film to indicate that Toland photographed any of it. And Thomas Mitchell is way out of shape, both physically and histrionically, for these overheated goings-on. He never refered to *The Outlaw* in any interviews, no mention of the credit is made in any of his studio bios, nor does it appear in any of his lengthy 1962 obituaries. It was far from his finest hour. For that you have to go to *Stagecoach* (for which he won his Oscar) or *The Long Voyage Home* (his personal favorite).

All of which leaves the wily, knowing, accomplished centerpiece who almost single-handedly floats the whole enterprise: Mr. Walter Huston. "As a Western, *The Outlaw* has one great virtue to balance its host of vices," Archer Winsten wrote in the *New York Post*. "It has Walter Huston. A great actor can rise above even the least promising material." Can and does. Hughes even gave Huston a bonus, a black-and-white pinto pony which Huston named "Doc" and stuck up on his 10,000 acre ranch near Porterville. That spread plus a place in Arrowhead were home since Huston wouldn't live in Hollywood. When he came down to work he prided himself on never accepting a dinner engagement because he hated to talk business "and that's all they talk." Once asked to give a one-sentence description of Hollywood, he gave it in one word: "Fear." In 1949 he clutched his Oscar for *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, beamed at his son John (who was holding two more, for writing and directing it) and announced: "A long time ago I brought up a boy. When he became a writer I told him one thing — 'Some day you write a good part for your old man.' Well, by golly, he did!" A year later Walter Huston suddenly died a day after his 66th birthday. "He was too big a man to get sick. When the time came he just died," Spencer Tracy said at the funeral. "Professionally he's easy to rate. He was the best."

A vivid demonstration of that fact is on view in *The Outlaw*, because in this very ordinary, run-of-the-mill western blasted into legend by monumental publicity, Walter Huston is really all there is. It would be an act of mercy all around if the competing Hughes interests keep *The Outlaw* permanently locked up with the legend intact. The reality is just too deflating.

R.I.P. Billy and Rio and Doc and Pat. And H.H., too.

The Cinema Rendezvous Film Society, which screens "The Outlaw" in the Los Angeles area, is accepting new members (dues $1 per year) and anyone wishing to join may call (213) 788-6584.

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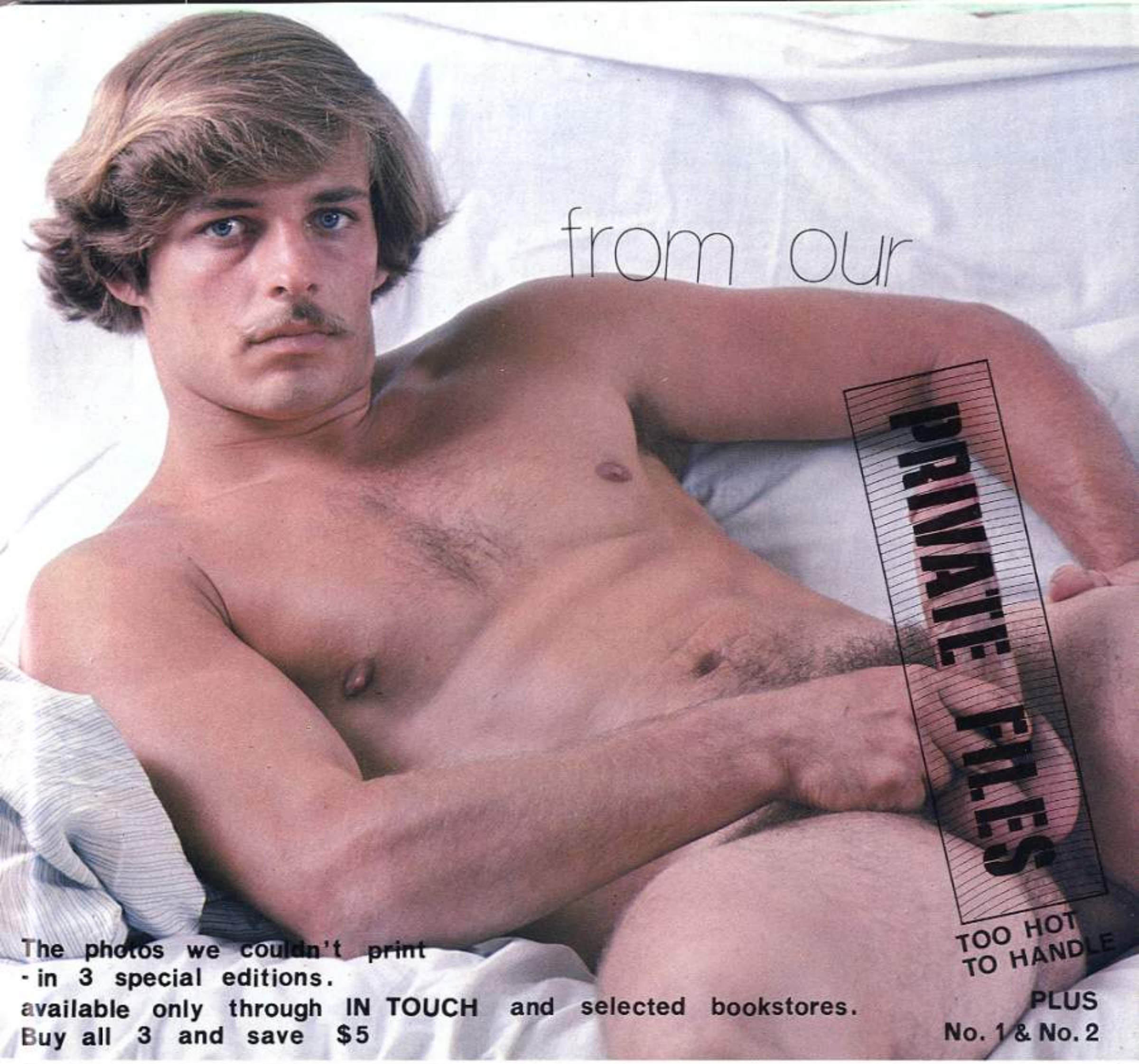
(Continued From Page 68)

the first of his I've read, and it's easy to see why he's been popular with thousands of gay readers who don't dig the more sophisticated modern verse styles. These are pleasing, warm, smoothly written, and many can be read as gay if the reader chooses to. "Sea Days on the Island" is not ambiguous. It's a clear description of cruising on Fire Island. . . .

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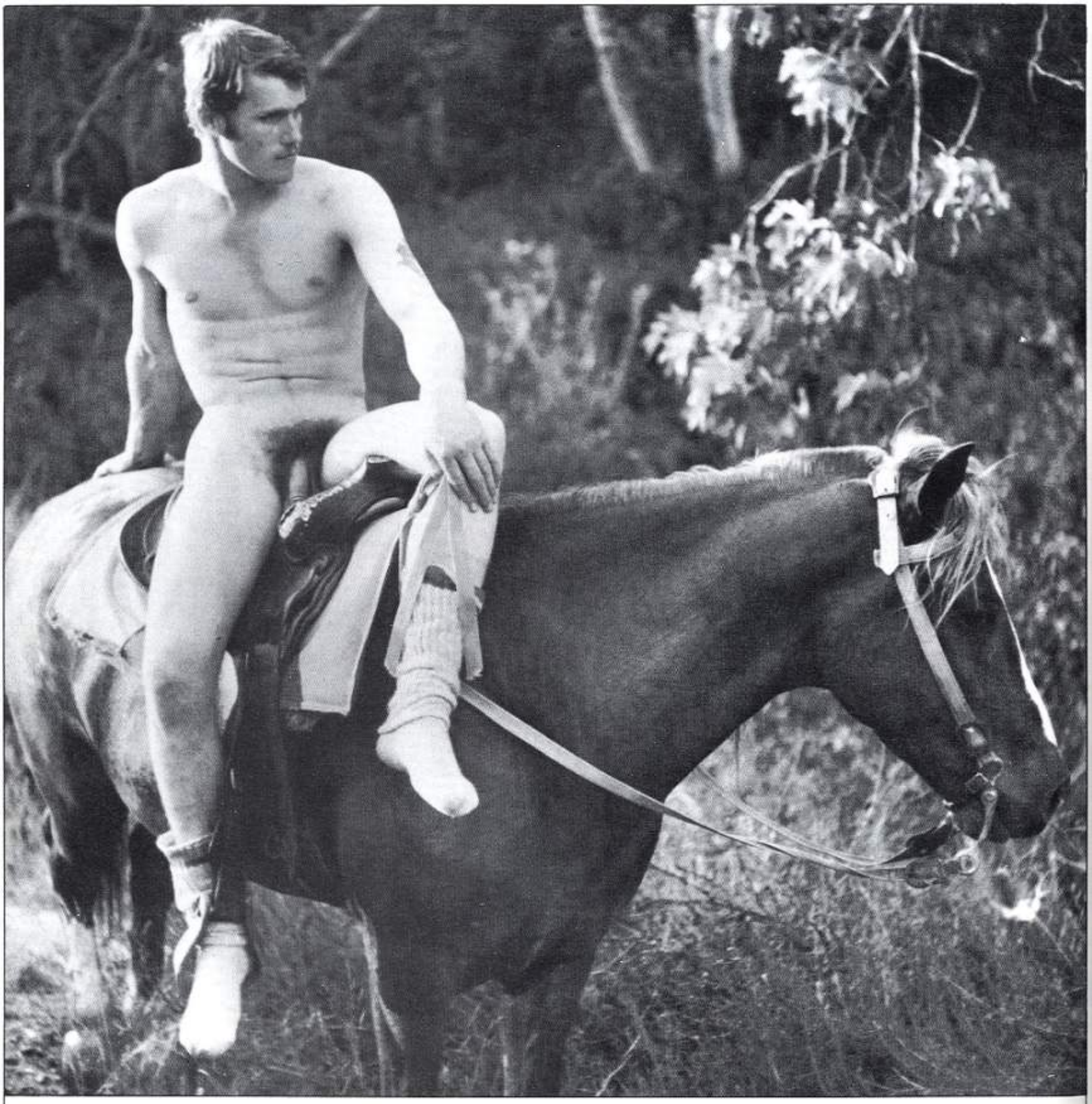
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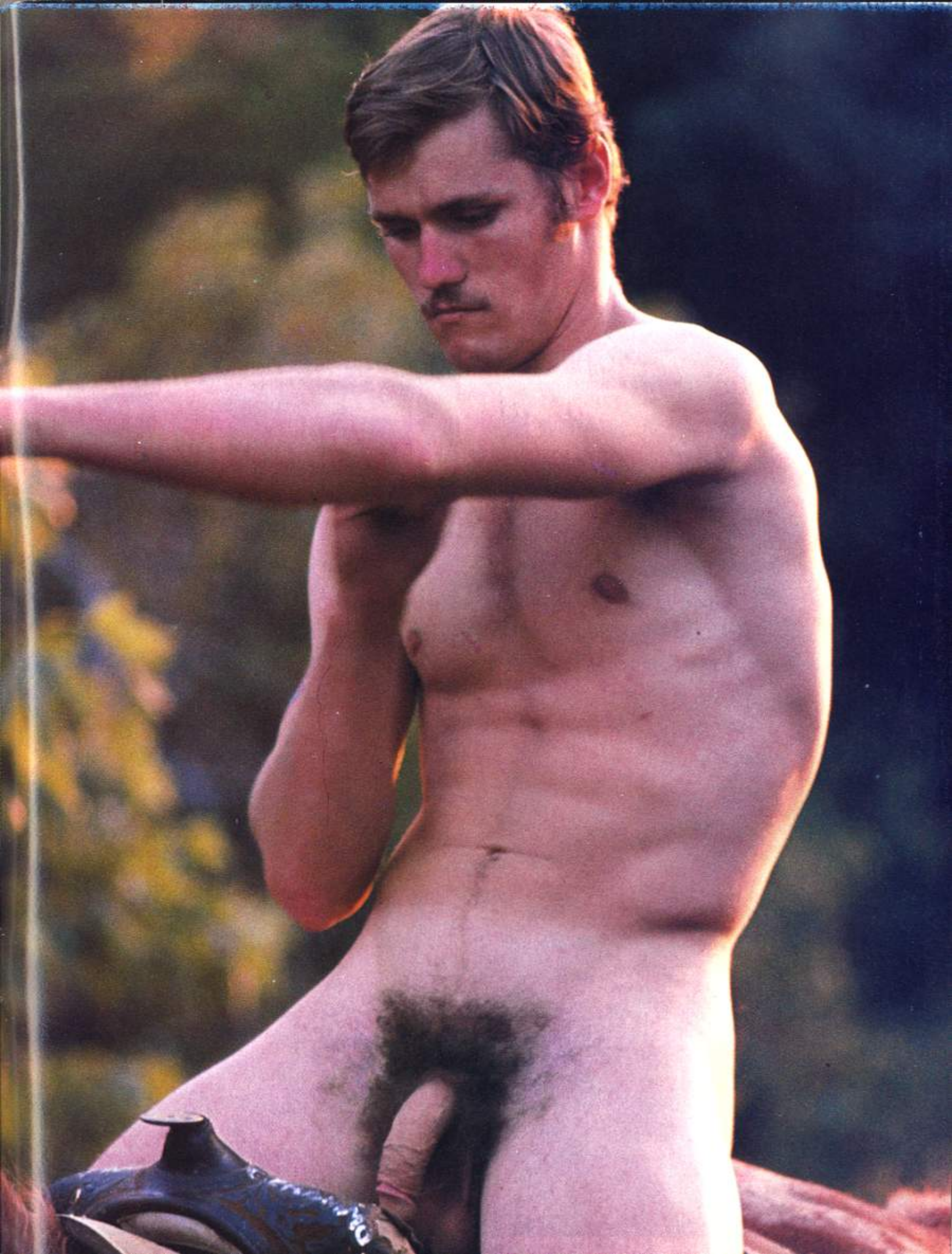
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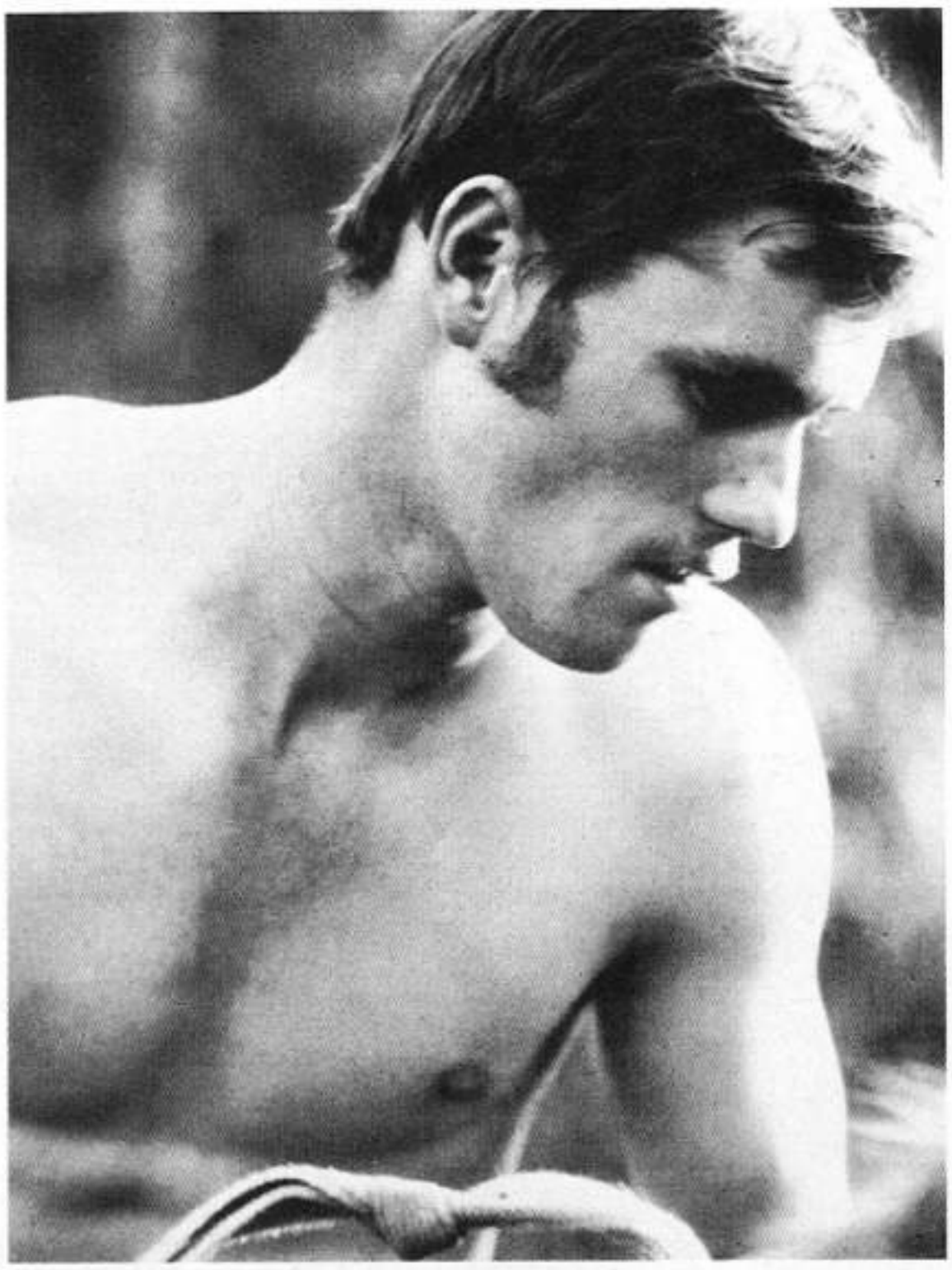


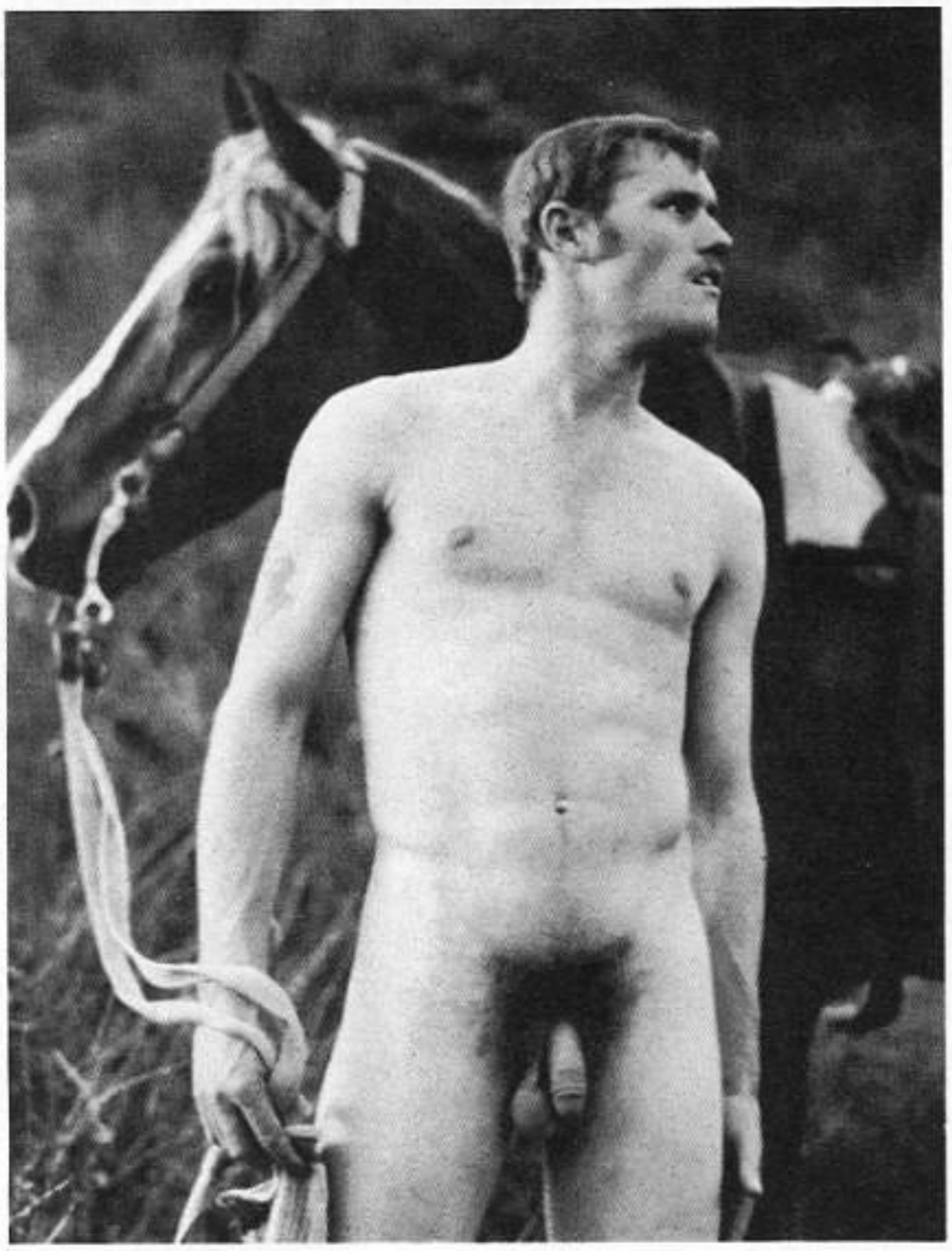
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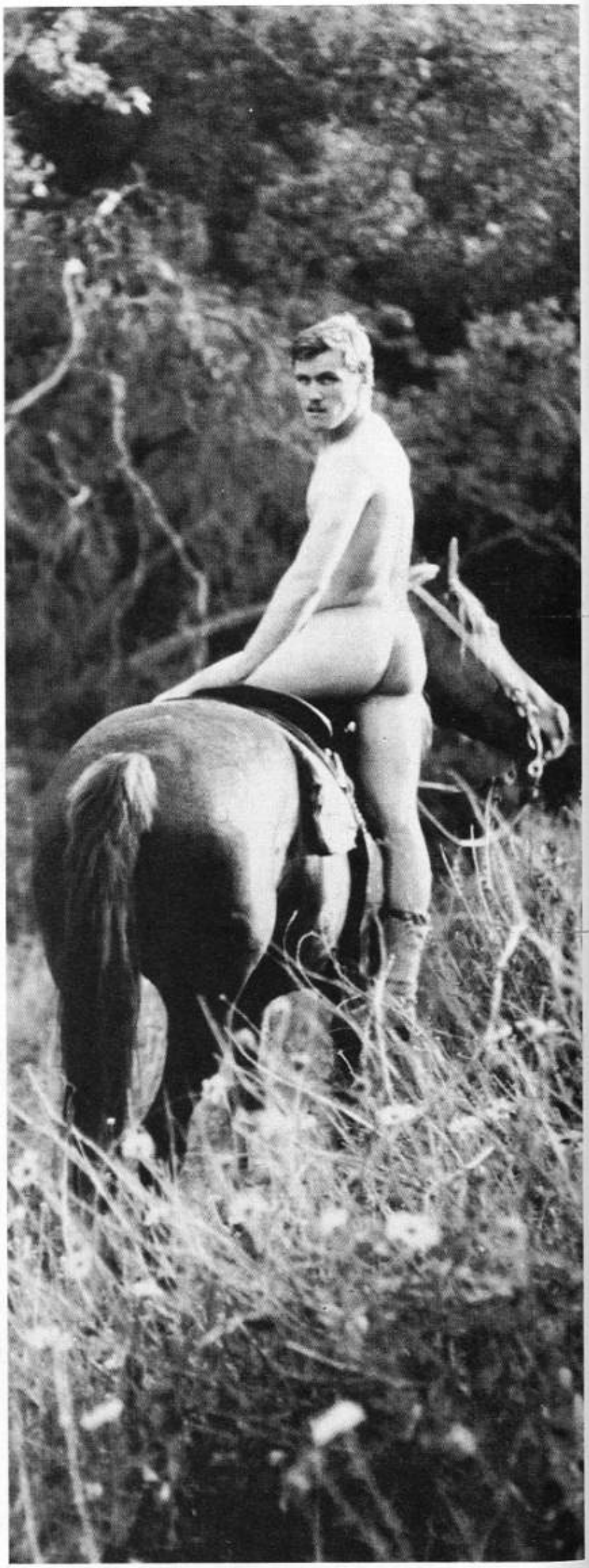
Mike Hartford. Former biker and just out of the Marines, with a black belt in karate. Cocksure, footloose and fancy free in Hollywood where he works all night long at Gino's II, an after-hours disco, keeping the rowdies out. He ought to know how. An Army brat, born right on the base at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. His father was a Green Beret. So naturally Mike ended up in the service too; as a recon demolition expert; stationed all over Southeast Asia. As a teenager back in Detroit, he got himself tatooed, joined up with a motorcycle gang called the "Outlaws," and drove around on a "Black Widow" Triumph. He's 22, likes scuba diving, riding horses and creating with acrylic paints. But if you ask him what his favorite form of relaxation is, he'll say quickly it's purely sexual.

Photography by HUGH HOLLAND















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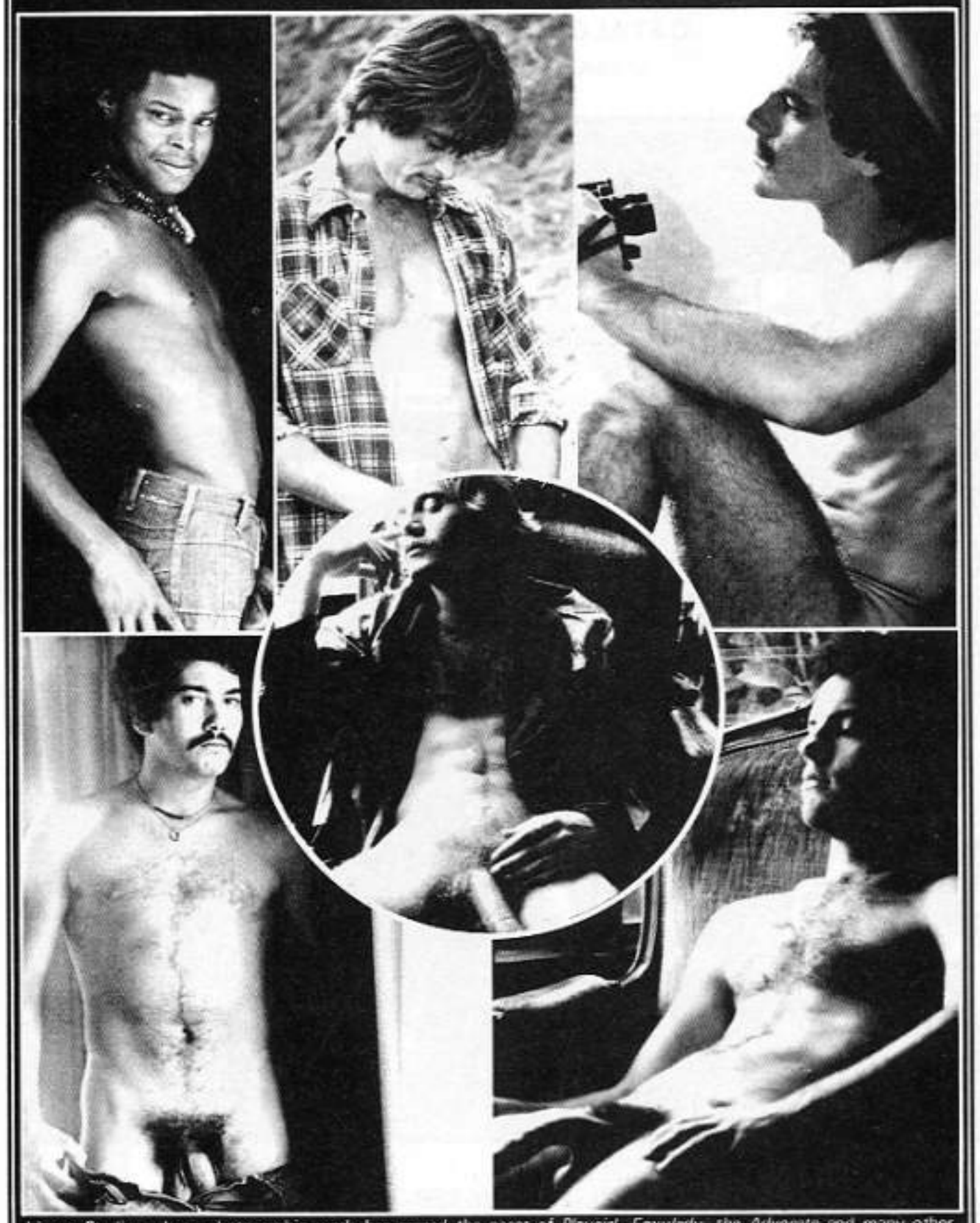


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locker

Continued From Page 42

1964. After four years in San Francisco, he was traded to Detroit where he spent one year before going to the Washington Redskins. Later he played with both the New Orleans Saints and the Green Bay Packers.

During his career Kopay gained more than a 1000 yards rushing and another 600 yards as a pass receiver. Without a job offer at any college or from a pro football club, Kopay has been living off his savings and looking for other ways to support himself.

Recently he spoke to more than 300 listenters who paid $10.50 each at a banquet sponsored by the Dorian Group, the Seattle affiliate of the National Gay Task Force.

Kopay's primary concern in revealing his sexuality was to help others who are facing a double life in order to preserve a sports career. "I hope it will help those who haven't had anyone to talk to about it. I always thought if someone knew I was a homosexual it would be the end of the world. Well, what I've found out is that it's really the beginning of a whole new world for me. And I love it."

Not only is he picking up some change by appearances on TV and radio talk shows and speaking engagements, but a New York publisher has offered him an advance to write a book. Life has changed dramatically for Kopay, but he is coping. For the moment he is out of sports, but with the opening of more gay resorts, he may find they need his skills as a sports-director or coach.

As more gay athletes refuse to be boxed into silence and self-denial by the macho myths of the sportsworld, surely they find their skills are still marketable.

You can bank on it.

teaching

Continued From Page 41

of the senior cheerleaders.

I have been visited in my apartment on many occasions by a 16-year-old boy who lives in town and attends the school in which I teach. He is not a student of mine, but I know him in school because he spends so much time with two female students of mine who are apparently infatuated with me, and who regularly come after class to chat. Joshua has been visiting very frequently, and I can't help but believe that he has recognized me as, if not gay, at least

sympathetic to homosexuality. He is obviously troubled and, because of his slight build, his lisp and his glasses, he has been beaten up several times, both in and out of school.

Many times, when we talked in my apartment, he seemed to be trying to steer our conversations to the subject of homosexuality; there was some indistinct quality in his choice of words and his discussions which made me think that he was trying to tell me that he is very unsure about his homosexuality, and is asking for help. He is always telling me about how he trusts me, and is always inviting me to go hiking or mountain climbing with him. I have always been too busy to go with him on the weekends he has chosen to go, but I keep assuring him that I will go with him sometime.

I feel so badly for him because he is so insecure and relatively friendless, but my fear for my job prevents me from really opening up to him. I also have the feeling that, were I to expose myself fully, he would react very negatively and defensively; he has exhibited to me several times the same sort of homophobic logic that my other students have shown. Until I feel more secure about my job and community, I cannot deal with him in a totally honest manner.

I am sure that much of what I have stated would be abhorred by many heterosexual teachers and by parents. I am obviously not attempting to "proselytize," that is, to "promote" homosexuality, but I could very easily be accused of it if the above paragraphs were to be misinterpreted.

Being a teacher, I am able to see very clearly the myths that continue to be perpetrated and nourished. These myths of Man and Woman, Masculinity and Feminity are obviously harmful, especially to adolescents, for they have not yet had the chance to determine their own conditions or their own sense of values. Many of them are still clinging to what has been forced into them through so many sources for so many years. Until adults can refrain from allowing their children such narrow conditions to live by, we will continue to breed neurotic, prejudiced, unhappy people, both homosexual and heterosexual.

Excerpted with permission from the anthology "After You're Out: Personal Experiences of Lesbians and Gay Men," published by Links Books, 33 W. 60th St., NYC 10023.

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BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

(Continued From Page 31)

He was wearing a white suit, very elegantly disarranged, as though his body were constantly clawed at by sex-starved people. He was deeply tanned and emanated an almost palpable aura of money, power and mean sex.

The beautiful are different than you and me. They are more beautiful. While that may appear self-evident, it has far reaching implications. For instance, they possess an overweening self-confidence based on never having to wonder where their next fuck is coming from.

Warren Beatty's confidence is like that. He arrived at the party and assumed the center of attention naturally and normally, as though by divine right. As cameras popped and people oggled, he smiled slightly and allowed his gaze to casually sweep the room, alighting gently, seductively, on first this person and then that.

The victim of the gaze was, in every case, transfixed. And stood quivering, like sex in aspic, waiting for the verdict. Would they be good enough? No, the gaze seemed to say as it moved on, you-will-not-quite-do. A very wicked party prank.

As I watched him toy with the others, I had fantasies of my own.

Wouldn't it be nice to be Warren Beatty's best friend? I would hang out at his penthouse at the Beverly Wilshire. Tell him, no, of course that Phillips woman didn't understand him. How could she? That . . . that . . . singer.

Of course people would talk. There would be innuendo. But we would deny everything.

"We are just friends," I would tell the *Times*, demurely. But no one would believe it.

And then, one night, after a particularly chic party, probably at the Bistro, Warren and I would wearily return to the hotel.

We would step out onto the terrace for fresh air. It would be a mild, delicate night. Warren would take off his ruffled shirt. His bronzed body (yes, bronzed) would gleam golden (yes, goddam it, golden) in the moonlight (yes, moonlight). He would turn to me and smile with 10,000 teeth. And while all L.A. glistened around us, I would give Julie Christie plenty to worry about.

But, no. Cinderella seldom gets the prince in these proletarian times. Not even in this column.

I wandered over to the bar to muf-

(Please Turn To Page 94)



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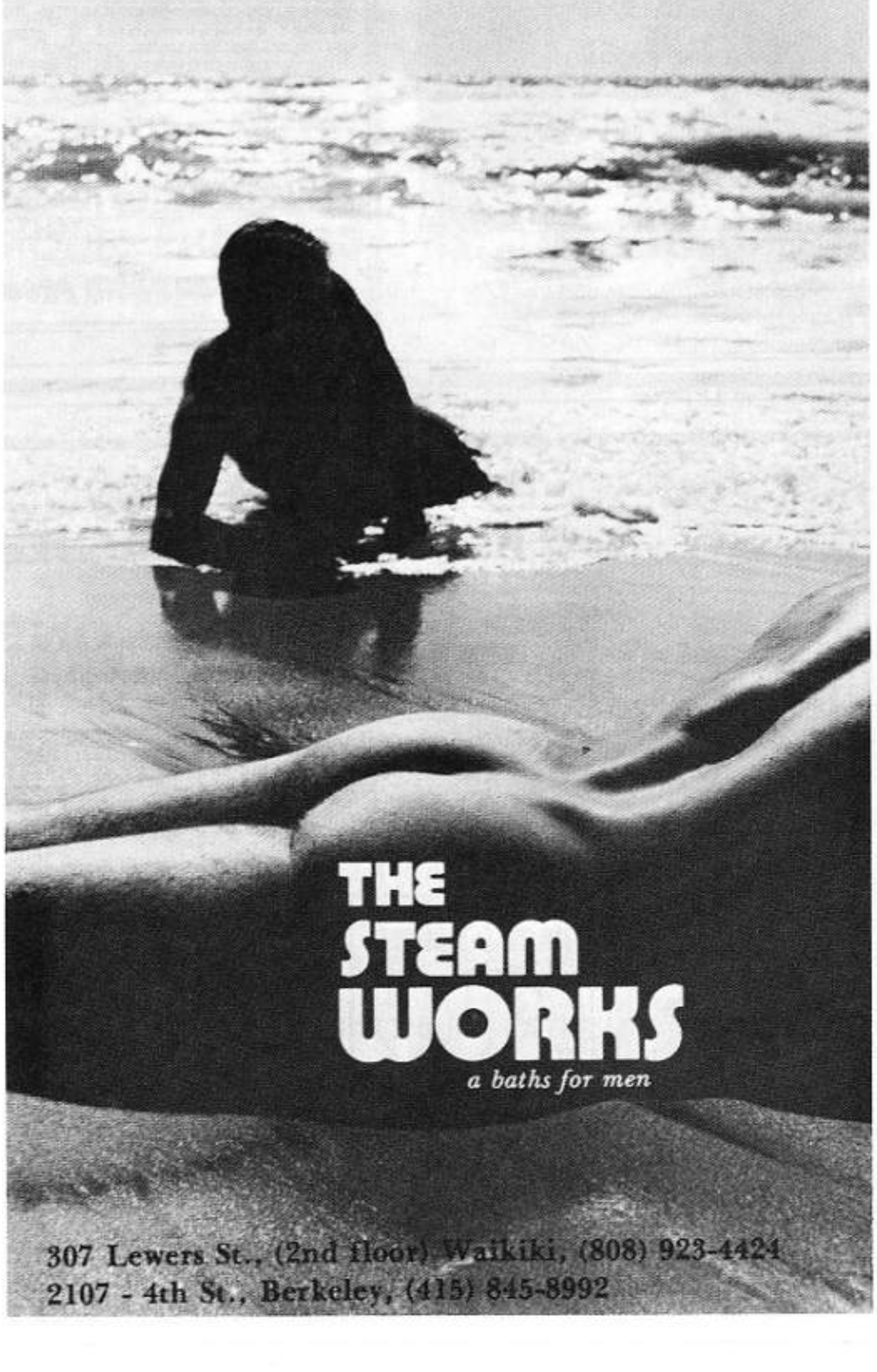
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BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

(Continued From Page 93)

fle my sorrows with chicken liver canapes.

I had scarfed two or three when I noticed Warren was moving in my direction. I had another canape. This time Bulga on pumpernickel. I turned around to check on Warren's progress and there he was, about two inches from my nose.

"Hi," he said, as though we had gone to high school together, "my name's Warren Beatty. Don't I know you from somewhere?" I stared at him like an idiot character from a Faulkner novel. Assuming I was deaf, he tried again, a little louder, "What's your name?" he said. "I'm Warren Beatty."

"I know your name," I blurted, the way they blurt in comic novels and Marx Brother movies, showering him in the process with an obnoxious mixture of chicken liver, Bulga and pumpernickel.

Warren looked at me as though he hoped, one day, to see me writhing beneath the wheels of a tourist bus.

"Oh, my God," I said to no one in particular, "I got chicken liver on Warren Beatty."

I pawed ineffectually at his manly chest, hoping to dislodge some of the goo.

"You do have a name," he said.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I have a name." Was it too late to be coy?

"Well, what is it?" he asked. He was losing his patience.

"Lucille Ball," I said, taking a final swipe at a salmon egg before disappearing into the mild, delicate night.

ROYAL MANOEUVRES

(Continued From Page 66)

we want. It's a good bargain I reckon.'

The following month that corporal took me to a party I'll always remember. There were 10 officers and the same number of guardsmen and we marched up and down the lounge of this enormous London house in our uniforms and then allowed each officer allocated to us to undress us and then we'd go off to a bedroom. I remember coming back for more drink, leaving my officer fast asleep. You could say I made the most of those years. I remember Christmas was a good time with unexpected presents, sometimes from officers whose names you had forgotten. I made enough to buy myself out and start a small business and I sometimes wonder what happened to the many others."

HY CONRAD

(Continued From Page 63)

are in the midst of such an unreal whirlwind. It's easy to forget about ambitions and other life-plans. Fortunately he still had a strong tie with the theatrical world. When the Royal Shakespearean Company came to town he made sure he got a ticket. There was a party after the show for the actors and he was asked to attend. This turned out to be a fortuious invitation since he was destined to meet someone very special.

It was amazing to find someone out in the middle of the desert — which is where Las Vegas happens to be — who has so many of your same interests. Dick was a graphic artist who also loved the theatre.

Dick was on vacation from Laguna Beach. He invited Conrad to come and experience the California sunshine and also have an entirely new kind of lifestyle.

"I'm easily influenced by other people with stronger wills than my own. I know I have to get away and be by myself if I want to come to the right decision." The right decision here was to go with Dick to Laguna and start his acting career once more.

Once he became settled, he started checking the trade papers. Again he was in the right place at the right time. There was a casting call for an off-Broadway musical in L.A. This sounded great only the next line cancelled out his original enthusiasm: "Nudity was required!"

Although he was certainly not ashamed of his body he was also very covetous of his privacy. He had no intention of parading around any stage in the nude. That was asking too much of any actor who was serious about his profession.

Memories of those lonely times in New York and Lancaster came back to him and they seemed to be saying, take a chance and see what happens. The musical would be a new challenge, something like this might never happen again in his life.

He appeared for the audition and was swept into the cast that same week. "We only had 2½ weeks of rehearsal and there was no written music. The arranger typed out some lyric sheets and that's how we memorized the words!" Portions of "Let My People Come" were ad-libbed which made each performance unique and sometimes a big surprise. "Like the time the drummer threw up in the middle of my number."

The sudden notoriety of being in a nude show brought a number of invitations to a few hilltop Hollywood parties. "The Hollywood parties were the same as the New York parties. There was only one minor difference. People didn't ask what you did for a living, they already knew. The famous people were all on one side of the room while the others stood on the opposite side talking about the famous people on the other side. It got a little topheavy after awhile."

After several months of playing on The Strip, he became an astute observer of human nature. All kinds came to see the show, some as many as 10 times in a row! Martha Raye came backstage one night and had a long talk with the cast. Esther Williams was out front applauding like a first-nighter. And then there are those constant phone calls asking "is there any chance of seeing you later?"

"I find that a gay audience is the most receptive. It's like entertaining the troops; you want to keep going on for hours!"

Right now he's writing a historical screenplay. He may yet end up as one of those very famous people at a hilltop Hollywood party.

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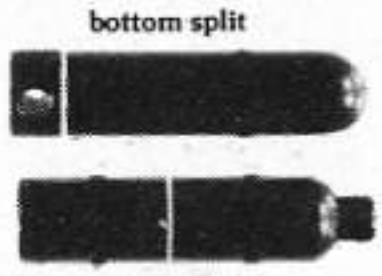
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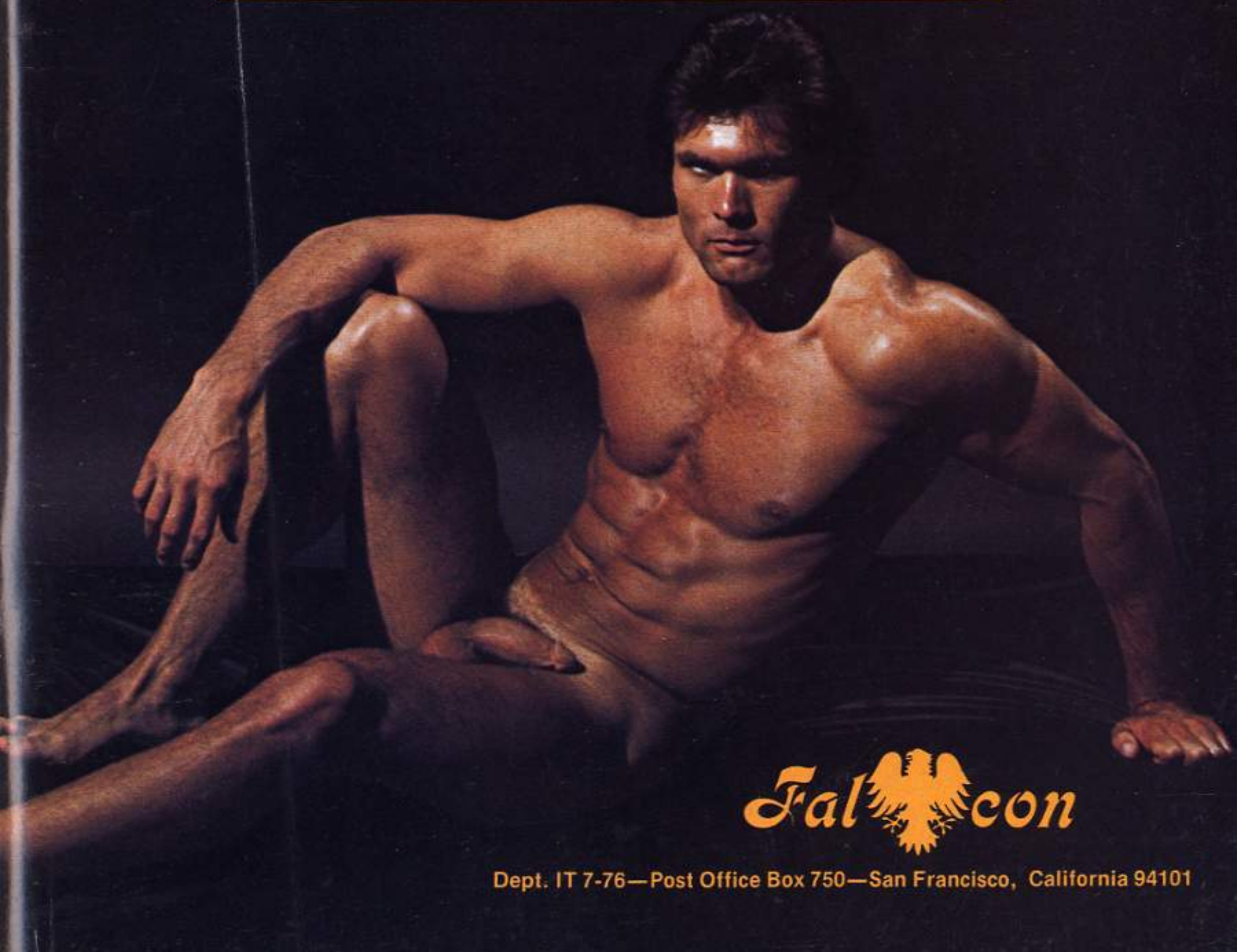
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